
THE PASSING OF A RACE



BY



D.W.HIGGINS





The Passing of a Race

and MORE TALES of WESTERN LIFE



By D. W. HIGGINS

Formerly Speaker of the British Columbia Legislature

Author of "*The Mystic Spring and Other Tales
of Western Life*"



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TO MY WIFE

In affectionate remembrance
Of her many noble qualities
This book is dedicated , . . .



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PREFACE.

THE success which attended my first literary effort, "The Mystic Spring," has induced me to issue another volume of Western tales. I have adhered as closely as possible to descriptions of the peculiarities of speech and mode of life of the men and women who peopled the Pacific Coast forty or fifty years ago—peculiarities that have engrafted themselves upon society of the present day, and may ever remain prominent features of life in the West.

The stories of the occult, which comprise several chapters, are left to the judgment of wiser heads than mine. I have seen much that puzzled and mystified me, and I am still seeking light, thus far with indifferent success; but I am not prepared to attribute the phenomena to either Satanic or spiritualistic influences.

The reminiscent stories are all founded upon actual occurrences, and in the years to come may be found of value to the student of early events in California and the British Pacific. I have aimed to write history, so far as it came under my own observation, in an entertaining manner. How far I have succeeded I leave to the judgment of the reader.

D. W. H.

Victoria, September 1st, 1905.

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THE PASSING OF A RACE

THE PASSING OF A RACE.

“Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness;
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened ;—
Listen to this simple story,
To this song of Hiawatha.”

—*Longfellow.*

IN my “Mystic Spring” chronicle of “The Haunted Man,” I did not claim for John Taylor the virtues, the perspicacity and the shrewdness of a Sherlock Holmes. I did not say that he could trace a criminal through the devious windings of a wicked career and, taking a piece of twine or a yard of thread, or a footprint, or a thumbprint on a door-post as a clue, bring him to justice at last. No, Taylor was not a Sherlock Holmes. For the matter of that, there was never a Sherlock Holmes in real life. The character we know and admire

by that name never existed. It was a fancy creation, born of the fertile brain of Sir Conan Doyle, the great novelist. All his fine work was imaginary and unreal, and much of it was impossible. Sir Conan Doyle is Sherlock Holmes, and an amazingly clever detective he makes—in imagination. Our local detective was a living, breathing reality. He did his work here in the full sight of all. His methods were not always clean and the ends he aimed at were not always creditable, nor were they conceived in the public interest, but he was a shrewd, calculating, observing and brave person who could read a man as others read a book, and who generally turned the information he gathered to the best account for himself. By the exercise of these faculties he accumulated a snug little fortune, and for the last ten years of his life, as age crept upon him, he was enabled to live in comfort and luxury, and when he died he did not forget the orphans.

* * *

“Captain John” was an Indian chief. He was King of the Hydahs, then the most powerful of all the Northern Coast tribes. At one time it was estimated by the Hudson’s Bay Company officials that “Captain John” had three thousand warriors under his command. When I first saw him he was about forty years of age and above the average height of an Indian. His sallow face was surrounded by luxuriant black whiskers and his upper lip was adorned with a sweeping black moustache. His stature and his light complexion and the

hirsute appendages gave rise to the impression that he was the son of a Russian and an Indian woman. Perhaps he was, but his origin was shrouded in doubt. It was a fact that when a youth he was taken to St. Petersburg in one of the Russian trading ships and that he remained there two years. Afterwards he was turned loose in London and contrived to get back to the Coast in one of the Hudson's Bay Company's ships. How he became chief of the Hydahs I never heard. He always claimed to have been born in Alaska. He could read and write English a little, and his language was a puzzling maze of Russian, English, Chinook and Indian. With the aid of pantomimic gestures and broken words he managed to make himself understood. He was always well clad, and winter and summer wore a long blue military overcoat. His head was crowned with a blue cloth cap, around which was wound a heavy band of gold lace. When accosted by strangers his invariable custom was to point to his cap with his forefinger and exclaim, "Me big Chief," and then stalk away with an air of gloomy grandeur intended to impress the visitors with his importance. There was much that was absurd about "Captain John's" appearance, but, taken for all in all, he was the finest specimen of the Indian I ever met. He ruled his subjects arbitrarily, and it was death or severe punishment to any member of the tribe who might disobey his orders. The Hudson's Bay Company officials knew how to manage and control the

native tribes, and they gave John to understand that they depended upon him to maintain order amongst his clansmen. It is possible that he was in the Company's pay; but one thing is certain, to Captain John the whites who came here during the first rush for gold were indebted for their immunity from harm. The entire water front on the west side of Victoria harbor, at the time of which I write, was occupied by Indians—mostly Hydahs and Stickeens from far up the coast.

On one occasion, in the summer of 1860, the Hydah youths became very restless. They had imbibed "hiyou" (whiskey) and wanted to fight the whites. John told them they were fools—that the whites would drive them off the face of the earth. "But," said he, "if you must fight, why not attack the Stickeens?" The Stickeens were a rival tribe that had erected their huts on the harbor-front not far from where the E. & N. swing-bridge now spans Victoria harbor. So that evening a drunken Hydah, observing a little Stickeen boy pass along the road, attacked him with a knife and nearly severed the child's head from his body. Upon the discovery of the corpse the war-drums were beaten, the natives daubed their faces with paint, and the women began to sing the weird songs that always presaged an outbreak of hostilities.

The hostile tribes entrenched themselves on rocky points that overlook a small cove on the west side of Victoria harbor, above the railway bridge. Take a horseshoe and the two ends will represent the spots chosen by the tribes for their respective forti-

fications and the space between will represent the cove. The natives dug pits and felled trees, from the shelter of which they peppered away at each other through the interstices of the logs. For a few days the authorities did nothing to quell the miniature war, and although several of the belligerents were wounded, none were killed, so far as was known. The third day of the conflict was Sunday, and in the afternoon, in company with several other foolish young fellows, I walked over to the Hydah "fort" to see Captain John. We watched our opportunity, and by keeping well behind the standing timber that then thickly covered the reserve, and dodging from tree to tree, managed to reach the Captain's quarters without injury. We found the Chieftain and about a dozen of his warriors in the pit busily engaged in watching for opportunities to shoot their enemies, who were similarly employed. Every little while the sharp crack of a musket or rifle would be heard, and then a bullet would bury itself with a loud "ping!" in the earth or logs that formed the breastwork. While there was really no danger if one kept within the "fort," the passage through the trees was hazardous. The Captain chided us for coming, but he was anxious to know what the papers said about the fight, and I told him, much to his satisfaction, that they reported that he was getting the better of the Stickeens. He was very grave and serious in his demeanor, and seemed to feel that a great responsibility rested upon him. We waited until sundown before leaving the shelter of the logs, and on our way back we encountered two

men who were supporting a third. The latter appeared to be in pain, for he was moaning piteously.

"What is the matter?" was asked.

"One of those Stickeen bullets has gone through his leg," was the reply, "and we're helping him to town."

One of the party had had a little experience with wounds, so he wrapped a handkerchief about the leg above the spot from which the blood oozed, and with a piece of wood made a sort of tourniquet, and drew the handkerchief so tightly that the blood soon ceased to flow, and we managed to get him to the hospital that then stood on the present site of the Marine Hospital. The next day Drs. Helmcken and Trimble amputated the shattered leg above the knee, and the last time I saw the unfortunate man he was limping about on one leg and a crutch.

The police department was stirred to action by this untoward event, and the constables, with a reserve force of heavily armed marines from H.M.S. *Hecate*, proceeded to the spot, destroyed the fortifications, and arrested the principal men. Among those seized was Captain John. The leaders were soundly lectured, cautioned not to repeat their conduct, and sent back to their respective camps.

* * *

For some time peace reigned at the reserve. I have always believed that it would never have been broken at all had it not been for the unlimited quantity of strong drink with which the natives were

supplied. The so-called whiskey was the vilest stuff that the ingenuity of wicked-minded and avaricious white men ever concocted. What it was composed of was known only to the concocters. I was told that it was made of alcohol, diluted with water, toned up with an extract of red pepper, and colored so as to resemble the real thing. It was conveyed to the reserve under cover of night by boatloads. What the Indian wanted was something hot—something that would burn holes through his unaccustomed stomach and never stop burning until it reached his heels. Quality was not considered. The rotgut must be cheap as well as pungent, and those two elements being present the sale was rapid and profitable. An Indian's love of strong drink is so keen that he will sell his wife or his children into worse than slavery to obtain the money to buy it. No sacrifice is too great, no price too high to gratify his appetite for the inebriating bowl. Several of these so-called "importing" wholesale liquor establishments were the headquarters, the manufactories, where most of the vile liquid was made and sold by a bottle or a thousand gallons at a time. Several large fortunes were made from this awful traffic; but I heard and believe that the parties either lost the money so acquired, or if they kept it that they never enjoyed its use. How true it is that money acquired in a vile way carries its own curse with it!

* * *

Did the police know that this infamous business was being carried on under their eyes and noses, the reader will ask. The answer is that they were

well aware of the methods by which the Indians were being cleared off the face of the earth. They knew that the hot stuff for which a dollar a bottle was paid by the Indians did not cost the maker ten cents. The maker and seller could well afford to cut the profits in two and still realize handsomely. For the makers and dealers to refuse to divide meant exposure and ruin for men who went to church regularly or occupied a good position in society. Did they divide? It cannot be said with any certainty that they did; but it was a notorious fact that certain firms were never disturbed. They were immune from the visits of constables, and Justice was not alone blind—she was so deaf that she could not hear the plaintive cries of the wretched victims of man's greed and rapacity as they rent the night air and seemed to call down heaven's vengeance upon their poisoners. This is no fancy sketch. There are men and women now living who can recall the awful scenes of debauchery, outrage and death that were enacted on the reserve and all along the island and mainland coasts, because fire-water was ladled out to the savages in unlimited quantities. Is it any wonder that the grave-digger found frequent employment at all the Indian reserves, and that sometimes now when a posthole or a cellar is dug, the bones of the wretched people who perished before the withering blast of the illegal liquor traffic are turned up?

* * *

In a few weeks the lesson inculcated by the

officials faded from the Indian mind, and Captain John's drunken wards grew pugnacious and drunken again. Captain John, who formerly had been noted for his sobriety, yielded at last to temptation and became an imbibor of the destroying liquid. It was even said that for a money consideration he connived at the sale of spirits to his tribe, and soon pandemonium reigned supreme all over the reserve. Outrages multiplied and deaths became more frequent. A man or woman perfectly well in the morning filled up with liquor in the afternoon, and by nightfall was carried dead from his or her lodge. The craving spread to children. Boys and girls of tender age, following the example of their elders, drank the "liquid damnation" and died, sometimes with the bottle to their lips. A negro, named Jasper, walked past the Hydah reserve one afternoon and a drunken boy stabbed him to death. The boy was hanged on Bastion Square. How piteously he sobbed as he ascended the scaffold! A number of Indians witnessed the execution. They were told it was intended as an example and a warning to them to do no murder. What hideous mockery! If the officers of the law had not allowed the liquor to be sold, there would have been no murder, and a man visiting the villages would have been as secure from harm as if he were in the streets of Victoria. A gambler who visited the reserve was set upon by natives, and in self-defence shot and killed one of his assailants. A Royal marine, strolling along the public road one evening,

was attacked by Hydahs and his head nearly cut from his body. A peaceful citizen crossing a lot from Pandora to Johnson Street after dark was killed and robbed by intoxicated natives. King Freezy, monarch of the Flathead tribe, in a fit of drunken jealousy, decapitated one of his wives, and soon afterwards was upset while in his canoe, and drowned. A canoe with three Indians was capsized and all were drowned. H.M. gunboat *Forward* proceeded to Cowichan to quell an Indian outbreak. The vessel was fired upon and one of the sailors killed. A terrible punishment was inflicted upon the savages. Their village was blown to pieces and numbers of them killed by the ship's guns. A British bark was wrecked near Clayoquot on the west coast of the island. The officers and crew got safely ashore, but were afterwards murdered by the Indians, who were headed by a drunken chief. All along the coast the horrid traffic went on unchecked. Sloops, canoes and schooners, laden at Victoria, touched at all the villages and sold the Indians liquor which was dignified by the name of "tanglefoot." The Indians died like flies, and soon tribes that numbered thousands were reduced to a few score. The scenes enacted were too awful to be told here. I might continue to cite tragedy after tragedy which resulted directly from the sale of liquor to the poor red man by white men who worked under the actual protection of the constabulary; but the instances I have given will suffice to show the conditions that pre-

vailed in and about this Christian town, beneath the shadow of church spires and within ear-shot and stone's throw of the peaceful and happy homes of pioneer settlers.

* * *

Affairs went from bad to worse. Men's lives were not considered safe when the inflammable bowl flowed at the reserve, and Captain John was fast becoming a besotted, quarrelsome creature in place of the fine-looking and dignified man he was formerly, when an event occurred which put an end to his career, although it did not stop the sale of liquor to Indians. That went on just the same, and was continued until the powerful tribes domiciled here were reduced to mere remnants, and all that was noble and good in the survivors had been burned out.

* * *

One day a small schooner called the *Royal Charlie*, sailing out of the harbor, was treated to a volley of musket balls fired from the Hydah village. Several shots entered the hull, and the schooner returned to the wharf. Officers were sent to the village. They arrested Captain John and a sub-chief and brought them to the police barracks. Preparatory to being placed in the cells they were being searched, when John drew a knife and made several thrusts at Taylor, who promptly shot him dead. The chief's brother also drew a knife and tried to cut another constable. He, too, was shot down, and died instantly. Half an hour later I saw

both men lying where they had fallen. Captain John's face was covered by his lace-bound cap—the cap of which he was so proud—and his body lay beneath the navy-blue overcoat. I raised the cap and gazed long at the features, which were placid and peaceful in death. Something of the old-time nobleness lingered there and his coal-black eyes, which were still open, seemed to gaze sadly, if not reproachfully, into mine. As I replaced the cap these words from Wolfe's great poem occurred to me:

“He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.”

* * *

Many years afterwards the warehouse showed signs of decrepitude and was torn down when there was laid bare a number of trap-doors through which were lowered into vessels that lay in the cove the cases of liquor intended for consumption by the wretched natives. The sufferings of the tribes encamped near Victoria have never been fully described. They cannot be. It is beyond the power of the ablest pen-painter to convey to the understanding of readers of the present day a graphic description of the misery and woe that follows the trail of the Indian whiskey-seller. No more horrid scenes were enacted anywhere on this round globe than were seen on the Victoria Harbor reserve. A perfect carnival of crime, with which the authorities would not or could not cope, went on for years;

but let a drunken Indian commit an offence and he was quickly punished by the strong arm of the law. No mercy was shown him. As I look back and in memory contemplate the awful condition of the natives at that time, I can almost fancy that I hear the poor creatures, as they appeal for vengeance to the Most High, exclaim:

“I know that Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow’s fall.”

THE LIONS.

"We sentry stand by Heaven's command,
At the portal of her sway ;
No threatening foe dare pass below
While her Lions guard the way.
Stern and grim on the mountain's rim
We crouch in our cloudy lair ;
Behind the veil of snow mist pale
We are waiting and watching there."*

—*L.A.L., Vancouver, B.C.*

THE day had been one of the most beautiful of a mild and delightful winter. On the Pacific Coast there had been neither ice nor snow, high winds nor heavy falls of rain. Throughout the length and breadth of British Columbia railways and wagon roads had been unobstructed, and open-air industries were prosecuted without a moment's cessation. The inhabitants revelled in the warm sunshine; tender flowers bloomed in the gardens, and buds on the trees burst with fullness; birds carolled on every bush, crocuses and violets raised their pretty heads, and fields were verdant with young grass. It was, therefore, with a feeling of deep sympathy that the people of the province read in the daily despatches from the Eastern States dismal stories of deep snows and intense cold ; of

* From "The Lion's Gate," published by the Thompson Stationery Co., Vancouver B.C.

entire families being frozen to death in their homes; of railway trains stalled for many days in great drifts; of fierce blizzards that scattered misery and starvation and death in their paths; of destructive conflagrations that could scarcely be quenched because water in the pipes was frozen solid; of long lines of miserable, underfed men, women and children who besieged the soup-kitchens in all the cities, some dropping dead while awaiting their turn to be fed; of starvation, privation and crime as a consequence of the weather that condemned honest bread-winners to involuntary idleness and reduced whole families to pauperism.

The day, as I have said, had been bright and beautiful and the sun had sunk to rest behind the Lions, those wonderful carvings from the workshop of Nature which challenge the admiration and excite in all beholders a feeling of awe, as high up in the mountain at the entrance to Burrard Inlet they crouch like huge sentinels keeping watch and ward over the gateway through which is destined to pass the commerce of our mighty Empire. As the rays of the declining orb of day shone upon those remarkable figures they became alight with tints of crimson, gold and azure, so exquisitely delicate and beautiful in their delineation that no painter's brush could faithfully portray, or poet's muse fitly describe their glories. It seemed to need but the touch of a magician's wand to endow with life those cold images in stone which, shaped ages and ages ago by unseen hands, have

kept their vigil since the dawn of creation. If they could but form their experiences into words and tell of the vast changes that have been wrought since they began their watch, what an interesting volume their revelations would fill. A glimpse of the Lions as they bathe in the soft sheen of the setting sun, with its rapidly changing colors, is a picture which photographs itself on the mind and remains there a lasting memory.

As the sun went down and its dying beams gave the Lions a good-night kiss, the full moon arose in majesty and splendor, and casting its rays on the massive images, clothed them in a white garb of matchless beauty. A brief while before, gold with a rich setting of red and blue had captivated the senses. Now there was a wonderful transformation scene—gold had turned to silver, and the vivid coloring had fled, giving place to a dark background of sky, from the depths of which sparkled and glinted innumerable stars like diamonds reposing in a gigantic tiara. As the moon advanced on its course its light fell on the cresting of the tiny waves in the harbor that had been fanned into action by a gentle breeze, and imparted a rich, phosphorescent glow to the moving waters.

In the light of the moon on that evening a stranger stood upon one of the wharves of the city of Vancouver. He was tall and spare, with a swarthy complexion. His hair was streaked with grey, and he looked like one who had worked hard and lived hard, for his hands were calloused with

toil and his face was furrowed with deep lines of care and exposure. He had been there a long time, gazing with rapture upon the lovely scene, and as he paced up and down he conversed audibly with himself. At intervals he addressed the Lions as though they were sentient beings and could divine his words. He paused often as though he expected a reply. For the twentieth time he asked the sentries:

“How long have you been on guard?”

And the only answer was the lapping of the piles by the waves and the rush of the cool evening breeze as it swept by. A boating party of young men and women came into view. They were full of life and mirth as they landed at the wharf. The stranger withdrew into the shadow of a shed and watched them as they secured their boat. Then they passed out of sight, and their voices died away in the distance. The man emerged from the shadow and stood again in the moonlight. He paused to take in the enchanting scene once more, and then, raising his arms, apostrophised the Lions, demanding a reply to the question:

“How long have you been on guard?”

A voice at his elbow responded:

“About two hours.”

The man started and trembled. He turned quickly, and saw standing at his side a tall young man with smooth face and long, light hair. He was of athletic build and was clad in a grey ulster. In his hand he carried a heavy walking-stick.

"Who the devil are you and what are you doing here?" demanded the startled stranger, with a threatening gesture.

"I am the watchman on this wharf, and it is my duty to ask, Who the devil are you and what you are doing here? Strangers are not allowed to loiter here after dark. You needn't be so cheeky, either."

"I wasn't speaking to you," the man said, after a pause.

"Well, who were you speaking to, then? There were none but you and me here."

"I was talking to myself," replied the man.

The young fellow gazed into the depths of the other's face long and searchingly before he replied. His inspection was apparently satisfactory, for he presently said:

"I guess you wouldn't set these sheds afire? or rob them? or waylay anyone, would you? You're the right sort, I think; but I fear you're a bit dotty. Now, ain't you—just a little bit gone up here?" he asked coaxingly, as he tapped his own forehead with his finger.

"Do you mean crazy?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," replied the watchman. "When a man goes along talking to himself and asking all sorts of fool questions in the dark of nobody, the police run him in, and sometimes he is sent to Westminster for treatment. I am not sure but I had better take you in charge as a vagrant."

"If you do, my friend," returned the man, "you

will have your trouble for your pains. I am not mad and I am not a vagrant, as this wad will show," and he produced from a hip pocket a good-sized roll of bank bills, which he held before the watchman's eyes. "I am as sane as you. I am a miner just down from Cariboo, where I have lived and mined for thirty years without once coming to the Coast. I have saved a few thousands, and I came here to blow part of them in with friends whom I used to log and run with years ago. I have been here two days, and I'm blessed if I have yet found a man or woman whom I knew when I was last here; and now I find myself liable to be run in as a lunatic or vagrant by a man who must have been in short clothes when I went away. Funny, isn't it? Everything is changed—everything save the magnificent harbor, the mountains and the wonderful animals. They're the only things that have not altered."

The watchman again looked hard at the stranger, and waited until he resumed:

"Yes, I knew this place when it was marked Granville on the map, but its common name was Gasstown, after Gassy Jack Deighton, who was a good old soul, if he was rough and raw, and did have a tongue that was never still. There were about two dozen mean little shacks in Granville when I went away, and the inhabitants numbered only about fifty. All over this townsite were forests of great trees and tangled underbrush. These have passed away, and I find in their places a busy city

of forty-five thousand people. Where I left narrow trails and logging roads I find paved streets with sewerage, and on every side handsome business and residential structures. Where I groped my way with a lantern my path is lighted by electricity. Where I climbed hills with difficulty I now ride in a street car. Where I drank from a slimy well there is now a full supply of pure water. Where there were only a muddy beach and a few ships at the mills there are now miles of wharves at which lie the argosies of every nation discharging or taking in cargo. Where there was not a railway in any part of the province I find this city the terminus of two great transcontinental systems whose trains arrive and depart every hour of the twenty-four. But I weary you," remarked the man.

"No, no," responded the constable; "on the contrary, you interest me. Go on, please."

"Granville and Gasstown exist no longer save as memories. You call the big town that has brushed the others aside and sprung up upon their site, Vancouver. I have walked the streets and ridden in the cars until I am tired, and found, as I have said, none whom I knew. I am going back to the mines. Before starting, I thought I would come down this evening to the waterside to—to—talk awhile with the—the—animals."

"The animals?" queried the watchman. "What animals do you mean? There are no animals here that I can see, excepting you and me. What do you mean? Are you getting off your nut again?"

"Young man," said the other, with an air of solemnity, "cast your eyes upward to the summit of yon mountain and you will see two majestic lions bathing in the moonlight. I watched them when the sun was going down, and now I see them arrayed in robes of silvery brightness and matchless beauty. They are just as they were thirty years—aye, thousands of years ago. They are as unchangeable as the laws of our Maker. When I speak of animals I mean those lions."

"Do they answer you when you talk to them?" asked the young man, with a mischievous smile.

"No; but it's mighty comfortable to think that they would if they could. There are heaps of people who possess the power of speech, but who never know when to hold their tongues. It would be better for the world if they had never learned to talk. But those Lions—they are old enough to be discreet. How I'd like to hear them roar! You have everything here to make a big city. You have a grand harbor, commodious business premises, hotels, schools, churches, overland and street railways, sewerage, water cheap and abundant, good streets and a lovely park. You live at a fortunate time, young man. Just think of it: In 1873 Henry Edmonds held a sale of Government lots in the Granville townsite. The highest bid he could get for a lot was one hundred dollars, and he only sold six. Those very lots are held now at twenty thousand dollars each, and a lot on Hastings Street, for which no one would bid in 1873, has recently been disposed of for forty-one thousand dollars.

"The street noises, the cars, the cabs, and the delivery vans and carriages, the rush and crush of business and the throngs of people confuse and deafen me. They drive me almost mad. I sigh for the solitude of the hills and valleys of golden Cariboo, and there I shall go to spend the balance of my years, while you will grow and prosper with the town. Now, tell me some of the great things that have occurred since I went away."

"Well," began the young man, "I was very little when my parents came to reside at Granville. Of course, there was a good deal of talk of a railway coming in; but as the years slipped along many people who had settled on the Inlet got discouraged and left. But others came in and took their places, and the town began to grow slowly. Then the railway was built to Port Moody, and a struggle began between the people of Granville and Port Moody to be made the terminus. While this struggle was going on a terrible thing happened. On the 13th of June, 1886, I was playing with my brother in the road near where Cambie and Cordova Streets come together. Lots were being cleared and brush fires were burning. Suddenly a high wind sprang up and smoke and flames were carried directly towards the lightly-constructed buildings. The atmosphere grew so hot I could scarcely breathe, and a dense cloud of smoke swept along Water Street. Some one cried, "Fire!" and there was a rush of people towards the spot where we boys were playing. Then I saw a great tongue

of flame shoot out of the cloud of smoke and cast itself like a fiery monster upon a small wooden hotel that stood in its way. In an instant it seemed as if the hotel was in flames from cellar to attic. The guests fled, barely escaping with their lives, leaving all their effects behind them. We boys were paralyzed with fear, and stood looking at the fire as it swept towards us, until a man dragged us away. Then we began to cry. Men were shouting and women wailing and shrieking. Some who tried to save their goods had to abandon them, for both sides of the street were now in flames. Others who lingered too long in their houses were burned to death. We never saw our home again, for it was one of the first to go with everything in, except the family, who saved themselves by flight. The hungry flames swept on, the frenzied inhabitants fleeing before them, and in less than three hours the town-site was swept almost clean, and, worse than the loss of property, there had been a lamentable loss of life. Thirteen bodies, many of them burned beyond recognition, were found on the streets or among the dying embers. Three men who had sought refuge in a store were burned to a crisp. A mother and her young son, whose retreat was cut off, descended into a well, and when the flames passed by both were found dead. They had been suffocated by smoke and heat. There were many narrow escapes, and the calamity would have paralyzed most communities. But not so here, for at four o'clock the next morning, while the ashes of their buildings were

still glowing, Pat Carey and Duncan Macpherson began to rebuild. Others followed their example. Relief was sent from all quarters, and under the stimulating influence of Mayor McLean and an energetic board of aldermen, the town soon recovered itself.

“After the fire the battle for the terminus was renewed, and raged fiercely for some months. Then one day the Port Moody people were plunged into a state of deep despair by the announcement that the railway would be extended to Granville. The residents here were elated. Granville was then a straggling village of about two hundred buildings and twelve hundred inhabitants. The first train reached here in May, 1887, and you can be sure that there was great rejoicing, and town lots went up with a bound. The name of the town was changed to Vancouver, and people began to flock in and buy property and build. And so things have gone on ever since until the city has reached its present size, and it is growing faster now than ever before.”

† The moon had sunk behind the distant hills and a chill wind swept over the sleeping city. The stranger rose from his seat. He said that he was tired and would seek his couch, for to-morrow he must start back for his claim. “Besides,” he added, “the Lions have drawn the curtains of night about them and gone to bed. So I, too, shall say good-night and good-bye.”

The next day and the next the watchman, cursing his stupidity in not having asked the stranger’s

name, searched the hotels and boarding-houses in vain for a trace of him; but he was gone and had left no sign.

* * *

The Lions remain faithful to their trust. Day following day finds them grim, watchful and incorruptible, presiding in silent majesty over the western gateway of the Dominion. And so will they continue to guard countless generations of men, as they come and go, until heaven and earth shall be rolled up like a scroll, and there will be no more sea.

THE PESTHOUSE MYSTERY.

“ I have supped on horrors.”

—*Shakespeare.*

NEARLY forty years ago a remarkable discovery was announced at Victoria. It was reported, on what was believed to be excellent legal authority, that a strip of land lying along the line of Dallas road, south of Beacon Hill park, was not included in the acreage reconveyed to the Imperial Government by the Hudson's Bay Company at the time Vancouver was created a colony, and that the strip in question was open to pre-emption. Several enterprising persons took advantage of the information and settled on the land. Amongst others a former Speaker, Dr. Trimble, and Geo. E. Nias, a publisher, impressed with the idea that there was something in the report, erected habitations thereon, after trying to record the claims at the lands and works office. Dr. Trimble had a small shanty erected, and sent a man to reside in it; but Nias built quite a substantial cottage and a cow-shed and stable, fenced in the land to which he laid claim, and went there to reside with his family. The case came before the courts and was partially heard, and after one or two adjournments Dr. Trimble dropped out, and there remained only Nias

to be dealt with. He held on to his "rights" with true British fortitude, and continued to reside there under the belief that possession was nine points of the law. Neither the strip nor Beacon Hill park was then included in the corporate limits of Victoria city, and I cannot remember that any steps were taken to dispossess Nias by the Government. I only know that he went away to Australia some years later. When his family moved off the land I do not know; but in 1871 the buildings were vacant, the doors swung wildly on their hinges, and the wind rioted through the broken windows, the panes of which had been broken by mischievous boys. Soon the house fell into a condition of dilapidation and disrepair; and if there are such things as ghosts and hobgoblins they must have had a gay old time disporting in the empty rooms and playing hide-and-go-seek through the stables and sheds. The strip presently began to be regarded as a sort of No Man's Land, and the Nias homestead as belonging to anyone who might wish to occupy it.

* * *

In 1871 the ocean mail service was performed by an iron steamer called the *Prince Alfred*. The trip was usually made at that time in four days, for the *Prince Alfred* was by no means speedy, and when, on one occasion, seven days elapsed without the steamer having put in an appearance, much anxiety was felt by those having friends and goods on board. The anxiety was at its height on the

eighth day when the old ship crawled into Royal Roads with her ensign set at half-mast and the yellow flag flying. What had happened? Simply this: The passage had been unusually tempestuous, and on the second day out smallpox developed on board—a young American girl, travelling with her parents, having been stricken. The vessel was quarantined. The old house of Nias was requisitioned for the purposes of a pesthouse, and the Victoria passengers, some seventy-five in number, were landed at Macaulay's Point, where the military barracks are now, and a guard was placed over them. There they remained for three or four weeks, no communication being allowed with the city—that is, newspapers and letters and food might be sent to the camp, but nothing could be brought out.

Every necessary and luxury, including ice-cream and strawberries, and the best of wines, liquors and cigars, were provided for the sustenance of the quarantined persons. At the pesthouse there were confined the girl patient, her father and mother, Mr. Hunter, second officer of the steamer, who volunteered to bring the child ashore; a colored steward, also belonging to the ship, upon whom the disease had made its appearance, and one or two others who were similarly affected. After a brief stay at the pesthouse the girl died, and was buried not far from the building. This was the only death, and when, six weeks later, the quarantine was lifted,

the building was once more deserted, and the rats and bats and owls and hobgoblins again came into possession; and so it remained, forlorn and tumbling gradually to pieces, when the mysterious and tragic incident I am about to relate directed renewed attention to it.

* * *

On the 28th of November, 1872, a respectably attired man entered the Angel Hotel at Victoria and registered as "P. Locker, San Francisco." He said he had just arrived by steamer, and intended remaining some time. A room was assigned him, and he came and went as the other guests were in the habit of doing. He seemed to have no employment and to desire none. He made few acquaintances, and had the air of a person upon whose mind rested a heavy weight, either of guilt or fear. When at the dining table he would always sit so that he commanded a view of the front or entrance door, and narrowly watched every person who might enter. Being a good checker-player he was very much in demand at the tables, but it was remarked that he never would play except with his face turned towards the door. On Sundays, morning and evening, he attended church with much regularity. Sometimes he would remain away from the hotel for four or five days, but always retained his room, and every Monday morning he would appear at the office and pay his bill in advance. Taken altogether, Locker was a model boarder, but he was not very communicative, and on no occasion volunteered any

information about himself, beyond that he was a native of Scotland and had lived in New Brunswick. To one man he said he was a landscape gardener. On another occasion he described himself as an architect, and again as a merchant. His object in giving these various descriptions of himself was probably to destroy all trace as to his identity. So matters ran on until after the advent of the new year, when Locker informed one of the guests at the hotel that he expected his wife to arrive shortly from the East, and that he had decided to take up his residence permanently at Victoria. Could the guest tell him of a small building that would be suitable as a dwelling? As a joke the man directed him to the pesthouse on Dallas road. The same evening Locker informed his acquaintance that he had visited the house, and that if he could get an allowance from the owner he would put it in repair and stay in it for a year. He was then told that the premises had been used as an hospital for smallpox patients. He replied that that would not change his purpose. He had had the disease, and his wife did not fear it.

After that Locker made many visits to the pesthouse. He was seen sitting in the stable reading a book; he was seen examining the dwelling, and on one occasion he was observed mending a fence with hammer and nails. No one seemed to take any interest in the building, and it was suggested to Locker that he had better pre-empt building and

land and go there and live rent and tax free. One day a young man, known as Rufus, who boarded at the Angel, reported that he had seen Locker standing near the pesthouse talking earnestly with a tall woman. As he neared them the pair ceased to converse, and turned their eyes seaward. Rufus touched his hat as he passed, and Locker bowed in return. Rufus continued that he had placed about three hundred feet between himself and the others when he heard an exclamation, and turning quickly saw the woman strike Locker in the face. Locker seized her hands and held her, and Rufus, as he explained it, not wishing to be a witness, hurried away. At the usual hour for dinner Locker appeared, and took his accustomed seat at the table, with his face turned towards the door. Across his cheek and nose there was a red welt as if made with a stick or whip. He was more than usually taciturn, and went to his room early. In the morning it was found that he had not slept in his bed over night; but as that was a not uncommon occurrence with him, it excited no comment. The next night and the next, Locker was absent, returning on the morning of the third day to pay his bill and resume his checkers. No one rallied him about the scene described by Rufus, although the identity of the strange woman and her whereabouts after the strife were often discussed in private. Whoever or whatever she was, the woman was never seen again by mortal eye in or near Victoria. If she

was Locker's wife he never mentioned the fact to anyone; nor did he ever speak again of his intention to occupy the pest or any other house. Gradually the occurrence faded from men's minds, and Locker came and went as before, unquestioned and disregarded.

* * *

On the afternoon of the 17th February, 1873, or about one month after the altercation near the pesthouse, as seen by Rufus, a man walking along the Dallas road looked into the Nias stable casually, and was startled to discover lying on the floor near one of the stalls the dead body of a meanly-dressed man. He had been shot through the head, the ball passing in at the centre of the forehead and lodging, as was afterwards shown, in the brain. No pistol lay near the corpse, a circumstance which was accepted as presumptive evidence that a murder had been committed. The body was brought to Bastion square, where it was exhibited in all its ghastliness for the purpose of identification. Several of the boarders at the Angel thought the body resembled that of Locker, who had absented himself since the day before; but the clothing was not such as he wore. He was always dressed neatly. The corpse had on a ragged coat, a coarse shirt, patched trousers, and shoes that a beggar would scarcely have picked up. A dirty old hat lay near. There was no vest, and the watch Locker was known to have carried was not found. For several hours the body remained unidentified, until in

Locker's room was found a penciled note which read :

"I give the landlord everything.—P. Locker."

* * *

This discovery only deepened the mystery, although it was now seen that the body was that of Locker. If it was a case of suicide, where was the pistol? How did the corpse come to be clad in such indifferent garments, for when last seen Locker wore good clothes? Who was the strange woman with whom Locker had had the altercation four weeks before? The police were baffled at every turn, and but for an accidental discovery the mystery might have remained unexplained to this day. On the day succeeding the one on which the body was brought to the square, an Indian boy offered a pistol for sale at a second-hand store. The dealer questioned him as to how he came into possession of the weapon, and evasive answers having been returned he seized the lad, and sent for a constable. The police forced the boy to tell where he resided, and in a hut occupied by Indians were found another pistol and a quantity of clothing. The latter was identified as worn by Locker when he was last seen at the Angel. The Indians, being placed under arrest, stated that two of their number, named Joe and Charley, had found a man lying dead in the stable, with a pistol at his side; that they possessed themselves of the weapon, and that Charley exchanged clothes and shoes with the dead man. Charley, when arrested subsequently,

wore Locker's trousers, coat, vest and boots. The coroner's jury were not at all satisfied that the man had committed suicide, and returned a verdict that there was no evidence to show by what means, or by whose hands, he met his death. The Indian thieves were turned loose to prey on society, and the story of Locker's fate and that of the unknown woman soon passed from the minds of people thereabouts.

* * *

Now mark how the leniency shown the men who stripped the body of Locker, reacting upon a distant community, was the indirect cause of another and still more horrid tragedy. On the 13th of May, or nearly two months after the pesthouse horror had excited people's minds here, Harry Dwyer, a Nova Scotian by birth, and a farmer on San Juan Island, was engaged in ploughing in his field. He had lately married an English girl, a resident of Victoria, and had erected a comfortable dwelling on his land. As he ploughed that day the young wife sat on the verandah of their dwelling in full view of her husband. She was engaged in making a garment for an expected baby. The morning was soft and balmy, and the sun shone brilliantly. The prospects of the young couple were roseate, and to all appearances they had before them a long and happy life. The thoughts that occupied their minds on that lovely morning can only be imagined by those who may have begun married life under like auspices. The very last impression that could

have crossed their minds, as a cloud drifts across the face of the sun and obscures its rays, was the thought of death—death in its most awful and repulsive form, sudden and present. All nature had awakened from its long winter sleep. The new grass was there with its tender blades; the wild-flowers were clothed in all the hues of the rainbow, and the song birds poured forth melodious notes of praise and thankfulness. How that young wife's heart must have overflowed with sensations of joy and happiness as she mused upon the bright future that lay before her and the man of her choice. But even while her eyes watched the figure of her husband as he guided the plough across the field in the last furrow he was to make, the cup of happiness was destined to be dashed from her lips, never to be raised again. A sharp report, a curl of smoke rising from a hedge, and without a moment's warning Dwyer fell dead across the plough. The evidence of an eye-witness, who turned Queen's evidence, showed that the girl dropped the half-made garment on the verandah and fled to the house, locking the door as she went; that one of the fiends—there were two—thrust his rifle through the window, which he broke in. The woman fired her husband's shot-gun, but failed to hit him. The murderers then leaped through the window. The poor woman sank on her knees, and implored them for the sake of her unborn child to spare her. But her pleadings fell on stony hearts. An appeal to a hungry tiger would have been as

effective. They shot her through the body, and as she lay writhing in her death agony, one of her slayers crushed in her face and chest with the boots that he wore—Locker's boots. For it came out in evidence that Joe and Charley, who robbed the body at the pesthouse, were the murderers of Harry and Mrs. Dwyer, and that the boots Charley wore when he kicked Mrs. Dwyer had been the property of Locker.

The bodies of the Dwyers were brought to Victoria, and buried from Odd Fellow's Hall amid the tolling of the church and fire bells. Charley was hanged at Port Townsend, Washington Territory.

* * *

A year slipped away and summer was again approaching, when a young lady who had been a passenger on board the *Prince Alfred* at the time of the outbreak of smallpox, and who had escaped contagion, sent a gown which she wore while on board the vessel to a dressmaker at New Westminster to be made over. There was not then, nor had there been at any time, the slightest suspicion that the gown was infected. A member of the household was directly afterwards stricken with a disease which baffled the skill of the Westminster doctors. So a physician (since dead) was sent from Victoria, and he was as much puzzled as his Royal City brethren. In the midst of a consultation, there arrived at New Westminster a medical gentleman who accompanied

Principal Grant in his famous journey across the continent. He was requested to visit the patient. As the Eastern doctor crossed the threshold of the patient's residence he sniffed the air for a moment, and then said:

"There's smallpox in this house! I can smell it."

And so it proved. The case was in its confluent stage, and no power on earth could have saved the patient. Had his malady been understood at first the result might have been different; but when the Nova Scotia physician saw him it was too late. The dressmaker and several others contracted the disease from the gown and died.

* * *

With respect to the tall, dark woman, little or nothing was ever ascertained. The only clue that reached the police was furnished by a householder. He said that a woman, giving the name of Gourlay, applied for and hired a room in his house on the 3rd of January, 1873, paying a month in advance. She did her own cooking in a chafing dish, and all her belongings were contained in a small hand valise. The impression of the landlord was that the woman was very poor. She seemed to be an utter stranger and to know no one. When she left her room it was always in the afternoon, and she returned about dusk. She went out one afternoon about a month before Locker's body was found, and never came back. Her valise, when searched,

contained very little of value, and not a single scrap of paper that might show whom she was or where she belonged. The day of her disappearance coincided, as nearly as could be ascertained, with the date on which Rufus saw a woman struggling with Locker on the Dallas road. The pesthouse mystery is the darkest that has ever agitated police circles in British Columbia, and I often think that some day, should explorations be made near the site of the pesthouse, that another body, that of a female, will be uncovered.

* * *

The reader will want to be told, in conclusion, what became of the pesthouse. One dark night, a year or two subsequent to the events narrated, the southern sky was illumined by a great glare, and when the firemen reached the scene of conflagration it was seen that the pesthouse was wrapped in flames. And so the old building passed away, as all things made of mortal hands are destined to pass, and to-day it would be a difficult task to point out the spot where it once stood, and where the mysterious guest of the Angel came to his mysterious end.

* * *

Some time ago, in one of my chapters, I took occasion to deny a published statement that the American author of "Ben Bolt" wrote "Tell Me Ye Winged Winds." I ascribed the latter poem to its rightful author, the late Charles Mackay, and

proved my assertion beyond the shadow of a doubt. I find in a late number of a Chicago paper an article on Lady Flora Hastings, in which the assertion is made that Lady Flora wrote "Tell Me Ye Winged Winds," at a time when she had been dismissed from court and was dying of a broken heart. This statement is pure rubbish, so far, at least, as it relates to the dying girl having conceived that exquisite poem, which, in my opinion, deserves to rank with the finest productions of the last century. Lady Flora Hastings, I need scarcely remind my readers, was a maid of honor in attendance on Queen Victoria, at a time when Britain's Queen was herself in her teens, and had not then met Prince Albert, whom, as all the world knows, she afterwards married. Wicked court gossip ascribed a tumor, which afflicted Lady Flora, to disgraceful causes. A medical examination confirmed the gossip, and the girl was retired from court. She died three months later, having fretted herself to death, and a post-mortem examination proved her innocence. It is a sad story. The mother of the late Marquis of Bute was Lady Flora's sister, and both were the daughters of the first Marquis of Hastings, the famous Governor-General of India. The Hastings family never forgave our late Queen (although I cannot see how she could be blamed for her action in the face of the report of the court physicians), and would never be presented to Her Majesty or appear at

any public function in which the Queen took part. I have any amount of sympathy for Lady Flora. Her story is one of the saddest in late English history, but my sympathy does not extend so far as to permit, without protest, her panegyrist to rob Mackay of the credit that will always attach to his name of having written one of the finest hymns that the English language contains.

THE LONGEST SPEECH AND THE LONGEST NOSE.

“Speech is like the cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they do not lie in packs.”

—*Bacon's Essays.*

DENNIS E. LENNOX was an English solicitor. He came to Victoria in 1859 from Australia. At that time, the legal professions here not having been united, a solicitor could not act as a barrister, or a barrister as a solicitor. His chief feature was an enormous nose. Mr. Lennox was past his prime when he came to the colony, and from the style in which he dressed one would have thought that his one object in coming was to wear out his old clothes, relics of past decency, so to speak. He invariably wore a tall hat of the breed which the small boy irreverently refers to as a “plug,” and of a fashion dating back some twenty years. His coat was such as is now worn by gentlemen at evening parties and balls—black, with clawhammer tails. His trousers were not always black; oft-times they were grey, and on some occasions they were a light blue. His vests were of still more uproarious and incongruous hues. He seemed to have a suit for every day in the week, and when he strode to court in his vari-colored garments,

with his bag over his back, and took a seat behind the bewigged and begowned barristers, his appearance was, to say the least, striking, and created a marked impression. Mr. Lennox was a good man, as things went in British Columbia forty odd years ago, and the fact that he was inordinately fond of brandy and water and pretty girls did not weigh a feather in the social scale against him. He had a good practice, dividing much of the solicitor's work with a bright but unfortunate man, Robert Bishop. In an evil hour Lennox stood for the Legislature, and was elected to represent Salt Spring Island. He took his seat, and from that day until he left the colony he began to decline in practice. In vain he donned his tallest and most unfashionable hats; in vain he aired his brightest-hued garments on Government Street and in court; in vain he got himself puffed in the papers upon every convenient and inconvenient occasion; in vain he indulged in oratorical outbursts in the legislative chambers—his name was "Dennis," indeed, and in a double sense, and continued to be Dennis until a financial crash came a year or so later. I liked the old man. He was good-hearted and generous, and grave in demeanor; and he could take a joke, and never retaliated.

* * *

Amor De Cosmos founded the *Colonist* in December, 1858, and at the time of which I write he had sold the property to W. A. Harries & Co. Leonard McClure was the editor of the *Colonist*. He was

a North-of-Ireland man, the son of an Anglican curate, clever as a writer and speaker, and a deep and original thinker. His articles were much appreciated, and he had a small circle of readers and admirers. He was hostile to the maintenance of Victoria as a free port, and never missed an opportunity to give free trade a dig, as the saying goes. He was never popular; but he had warm friends. All his associates liked him, and he seemed to exert a sort of hypnotic influence over those with whom he was brought intimately in contact. He was a man of good physique, but to look at him one would not have imagined that he was capable of performing a feat of endurance for which he has become world-renowned, and in the performance of which he lost his life. He sat for Victoria city as colleague of Mr. De Cosmos in the Legislature of 1866.

* * *

The afternoon of the 23rd and the morning of the 24th of April, 1866, will ever be memorable in the political annals of the old colony of Vancouver Island. They are dates into which a pin should be stuck for the information and instruction of budding politicians and suckling statesmen. A week before those dates a bill had been introduced to provide for the cancelling of sales of land for taxes which had been made the year previous. The period when the land could be reclaimed by the owners would expire at one o'clock on the afternoon of April 24th. Times were very bad. The Cariboo

mines had been over-rated, or business had been overdone, or something had occurred to place it out of the power of many property-owners to meet their tax bills. It might as well be stated now that the taxation then levied was direct. There was a one per cent. tax on real estate, and there was a light business and liquor tax; but the colony was destitute of a customs house, there being no impost of any kind upon goods entering the port. When the cancelling bill was introduced the members present were equally divided. One-half proposed to vote for the measure, the other half were pronounced against it. The Speaker was known to favor the bill, so in the event of a tie the presiding officer's vote would insure its passage. Now Mr. Lennox was notoriously opposed to the measure; but he was not to be found. He had not been seen for several days. Should he arrive in time his vote would kill the bill. The excitement in the lobby was intense. Messengers were despatched in every direction in search of the missing legislator, but their efforts were futile. The Opposition were in despair, and the Government were jubilant. The most sought-for man in the colony was Dennis E. Lennox, and messenger after messenger returned with the report that he was lost—at least, that he could not be traced. The debate had closed, and the Speaker was in the very act of putting the motion when the door of the chamber swung noisily back and revealed the lean figure of Mr. Lennox, nose, dress coat, tall

hat and all, as he stalked into the room and took his seat at the board. The old man was in a deplorable condition. He looked as if he had been rolled in the James Bay flats, for he was mud from head to foot, and his hat was smeared and pressed down over his eyes. He had found himself! His vote was recorded against the bill, and it was killed.

The proceedings of the 23rd and 24th of April began in this way: An address was moved to Governor Kennedy asking His Excellency to refund the amount received from the sale of land for taxes. To this resolution Mr. De Cosmos and Mr. McClure offered a strenuous objection, while four of their supporters who had voted against the bill announced their intention of voting for the address. But where was Mr. Lennox? it will be asked. Why did he not appear at the House? For the excellent reason that he had meanwhile been declared a bankrupt and his seat had, therefore, become vacant. There was keen political work done in those days as well as in these, and Lennox's political enemies were not idle, as their method of getting him out of the House showed. The rules were suspended, and the address was read a first time. On a motion to read a second time Mr. McClure rose to speak at three o'clock in the afternoon, and proceeded to refer to matters and read articles which had no relation whatever to the point at issue, he claiming that the rules having been suspended there were now no rules. In spite

of the cat-calls, howls and interruptions of other honorable members, he remained upon his feet until six o'clock the following morning, having spoken sixteen hours without rest or intermission or relief of any kind. Mr. De Cosmos, who had left the chamber in the evening and gone to bed, returned at six o'clock in the morning, and spoke until one o'clock in the afternoon, when the time for redemption expired, and there was no necessity for the address, the property having passed in fee to the purchasers at the tax sale.

The members present on that memorable occasion were: Dr. Helmcken, Speaker, and Messrs. Trimble, De Cosmos, Dickson, Ash, McClure, Cochrane, Tolmie and Carswell, five out of the nine being doctors of medicine and two editors.

The legislative building is now occupied by the Bureau of Mines. It has been enlarged and altered; but evidences of its former greatness, when its walls resounded to the eloquence of the legislators, may still be seen in and about it. There were originally no side galleries; they were provided after Confederation. In the hall where Dr. Helmcken presided, and where McClure made his great speech and committed involuntary suicide, there was a long pine table in half circular form, covered with green baize. Around this table the members, who were unpaid, sat on wooden-seated chairs and faced Mr. Speaker, who occupied a desk slightly raised above the floor. The session lasted usually about nine months in each year. The

hour of meeting was two o'clock p.m., but frequently there would be no quorum, and after waiting for half an hour the members would depart, to come again some other day. Sometimes there would be six members present, who would watch the old James Bay bridge anxiously for the seventh member to appear. Mr. Waddington was nearly always behind time, and often just as the members were about to depart he would be seen crossing the bridge. Then the cry would go up: "Old Waddy's coming!" and when he arrived a quorum was secured, and business began. There were some lively scenes in the old hall, especially between Mr. Cary, the Attorney-General, and Mr. Waddington. The Attorney-General was ill and irritable. Waddington was old and irritable. The manner in which those two would hammer away at each other was most refreshing to the outsiders who gathered at the hall.

* * *

Leonard McClure never recovered from the effects of his long speech. He became an annexationist, and went from the colony to San Francisco. While editing a newspaper there he succumbed to Bright's disease of the kidneys, which was brought on by the tax on his system when he made the great speech. In this case it might be as well to ask, Was the game worth the candle? Was the end that was secured by his oratorical efforts worth the sacrifice of his valuable life?

* * *

And Dennis E. Lennox, what became of him? I think I hear the reader ask. He got into a money difficulty with a client, and the sheriff was on his trail. He ascended Fraser River to Yale and fled into the Okanagan country, then traversed by Indian trails and visited only by a few trappers. It was the abode of hostile natives. The old gentleman was desirous of reaching Oregon by the overland route. He was light in the matter of baggage (the sheriff having seized his trunk), carrying nothing in the way of a change, and wearing his plug hat and dress coat in all weathers. Everyone who met him going into the Okanagan predicted that he would be killed and scalped, his long locks were so tempting to a Siwash. But he wasn't. He got through to Oregon all right, and how do you think he managed it? The Okanagan Indians had never before seen a tall hat. They immediately decided that Lennox was a great tyee (chief) and fell in love with him and his hat, regarding the man with awe and his head-covering with veneration. They fed him and bedded him, and passed him on to the Nez Perces tribe with every mark of consideration and respect. The Nez Perces admired his great nose—their own noses, as their name indicates, being their chief feature. They didn't care for the hat (Lennox had presented it to the Okanagans in return for their hospitality) for that could be taken off and put on at pleasure; but the nose, it was a fixture. Besides, a big nose was an evidence of

gentility and nobility, and was a war emblem. They had nothing like it in the tribe, and after a consultation they proposed that Lennox should remain with them and become in all respects one of themselves. They felt that the nose was a gift of the gods to the Nez Perces nation, and that it was their duty to keep it among them and perpetuate it. Therefore they proposed that Lennox should marry one or more daughters of chieftains and lay the foundation broad and deep for a race of big-nosed Indians. Lennox demurred. He was married already, he said, and must first go to England to get a divorce. The chiefs consulted again. Some were for taking the nose by force and preserving it in whiskey, not knowing that it was well-preserved already in spirits; but the majority agreed to liberate Lennox if he would solemnly promise to return within a year. He promised, and they let him go, providing him with a horse and an escort to the nearest Hudson's Bay post, where he was well received, and sent on to Portland. In course of time Lennox turned up in London with his nose intact. Some years afterwards he died in Melbourne, having first committed his adventures to a small pamphlet, which had a limited circulation.

In the brochure referred to Lennox details his experiences with the Indians. He says he presented his tall hat to the Okanagans to serve as a war talisman, and adds that they gave him a coon-skin cap in exchange. He heard after he reached

the Nez Perces that the Okanagans immediately made war on a neighboring tribe, relying upon the hat to carry them safely through. But they were soundly licked, and had to give a thousand blankets to compensate their opponents. They also surrendered the hat, which the others burned amidst great rejoicing. Lennox adds that he heard incidentally that the Okanagans sent a messenger to the Nez Perces asking for his return—that they were desirous of enjoying a short interview with him in the course of which a white man's scalp would play an important part. The Nez Perces, however, knowing they had a first mortgage on the old man's nose, declined to surrender him.

The Nez Perces, having consented to Lennox's departure, presented him with a woolly coat. The garment was densely populated, and it was some time, Lennox says, before he got accustomed to his numerous travelling companions. When his departure was decided upon the chief arranged a farewell ceremony. Drums were beaten and the men, women and children of the tribe gathered in front of the chief's lodge, where Lennox stood on an inverted barrel. The Indians filed by the guest of the occasion, and the members of the tribe were instructed to gently touch the old gentleman's huge proboscis as they passed by him. One young buck, writes Lennox, who was probably inspired by the spirit of jealousy, gave the organ a vicious tweak which brought tears to his eyes, and as the hand was not over clean the odor that saluted Lennox's



“Were instructed to gently touch the old gentleman’s huge proboscis as they passed by him.”

nostrils was not the odor of sanctity. "The affair came to an end when a very old lady made a dash as if she intended to bite me," continues Lennox. "I knew that if I lost my nose I should lose my little—or rather big—all. So I leaped from the barrel with a yell, and fled to the bush in terror. I was followed and brought back, when it was explained to me that the old lady only wanted to kiss me. I objected to even being kissed, and my objection was noted and sustained on appeal to the chief."

BENCH AND BAR.

“ No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one-half so good a grace
As mercy does.”

—*Measure for Measure.*

THE first Chief Justice on the British Pacific Coast was David Cameron. He was a Scotchman, and in early life had been a manufacturer of woollen and linen goods in his native country. He never studied law, although he had had a liberal education. He was connected by marriage with Governor Douglas, and to that fact he probably owed his preferment. When I say that Mr. Cameron was a man of good, strong common sense, that his library consisted of three law books—one on criminal law, one on contracts and a third Burns' "Justice," the legal reader of to-day will have some idea that the justice dispensed here at that time must have been of the Jedburgh variety. As there was no Appellate Court the Chief Justice's word went without question. He was an amiable, kind-hearted old man, and if his head was not filled with legal knowledge, his heart overflowed with the milk of human

kindness. He was a timid man withal, and when learned barristers from Great Britain began to flock here and besiege the court with their wigs and gowns, their bags and piles of law books, they threw the old gentleman into a state of mental confusion and physical trepidation that well-nigh overwhelmed him. There was no finality about his rulings, either; many trivial cases hung on from court to court and year to year until the litigants' purses, as well as their patience, were exhausted. The lawyers reaped the harvest. They always do. I have known the old gentleman to decide a point offhand, and ten minutes afterwards reverse the decision in deference to the demands of the Attorney-General or some other leading barrister. Sometimes his Lordship's indecision would give rise to exciting scenes and provoke the use of violent language.

On one occasion Barrister Babington Ring scored a point over his learned brother George Hunter Cary, the Judge deciding adversely to the latter.

"But, my Lord," persisted Cary, "Chitty says so-and-so."

"If Chitty says that," remarked the Chief Justice, "I must decide in your favor. The order is reversed."

"But, my Lord," urged Mr. Ring, "Burns' 'Justice' says this" (and he proceeded to read from the authority).

"What do you say to that, Mr. Cary?" asked the learned Judge.

"I say," retorted Mr. Cary vehemently, "that the authority quoted has no bearing on this case."

"I think that it has," replied the Chief Justice, after a long pause, "and the Court decides against you."

The next moment Cary's wig sailed across the court room, and he leaped from his seat and made a wild dash for the door, as he ran divesting himself of his gown and bands, casting them on the floor, and shouting: "I'll never appear before that — old fool Cameron again!" The solicitor who instructed him and the litigants whom he represented ran after him, and after a few minutes' pleading prevailed upon the irate gentleman to return. His legal toggery was recovered, and having put it on again, he went back to the court and resumed his efforts to induce the Chief Justice to again reverse his order, which he actually did in spite of the fervid appeals of Mr. Ring and liberal quotations from English authorities, of the existence of which the Chief Justice had not the slightest knowledge.

* * *

Mr. Cameron was a merciful man. It always cut him to the heart to sentence a prisoner to death, and when delivering a charge to the jury in a hanging case he always assumed an apologetic air towards the criminal. He was very gentle in his demeanor, but sometimes he would lose patience and flare up at the goading of counsel; but it was only for a moment. The old gentleman's amiable

nature would soon reassert itself, and he would pardon the indiscretion of speech or the offensive manner of the barristers. He wore neither wig nor gown, for the reason that he had never read law; and he never insisted that the barristers who appeared before him should be properly clothed. He used to refer privately to a certain pompous barrister who pleaded before him in wig and gown, as "that gorgeous creature," and another he referred to as "an uncertain quantity"—forgetting his own inability to arrive at a determination. Cases, as I have said, lingered on for years. The Court of Sessions was farcical. Every lawyer who asked for an adjournment of a case got it. The Assize Court, although only convened once or twice a year, was not much better. Jurors when summonsed appeared promptly, but were frequently told that their services would not be required till some future day. Litigation drifted on for years to the serious injury of the whole country, until some good angel took pity upon our condition and represented to the Queen that a judge who knew law was required in the colony. Then Mr. Joseph Needham came out, and Mr. Cameron retired with a pension, which he enjoyed till his death some years later.

* * *

Chief Justice Needham was a strong man mentally and physically, and his knowledge of the law was phenomenal. Of all the crown colony judges he was one of the cleverest. He could grasp the

fine points of a case almost by intuition, and he had the English practice at his fingers' ends. His memory was prodigious, and his explanation of the law was lucid and unanswerable.

Mr. Needham always wore the wig and gown. On assize days he donned a red robe, and on a hook just back of the judicial seat hung a black cap, which he put on when imposing the death penalty. Mr. Cary had returned to England in ill-health before Mr. Needham arrived; but there remained his old antagonist, Mr. Ring, Mr. W. T. Drake (now a Justice of the Supreme Court), Mr. T. L. Wood (afterwards a Judge in China), Mr. J. F. McCreight and Mr. Locke Robertson, who were both subsequently elevated to the bench.

* * *

The new Chief Justice was most punctilious in insisting upon a strict observance of court etiquette as it is practiced in England. Under Mr. Cameron the rules were not enforced, and a barrister frequently rose in his place and secured a hearing without having his wig and gown on. A few days after Mr. Needham had taken his seat, a young Canadian barrister who was not properly gowned advanced to the table, and said:

“My Lord, in the case of—”

The Chief Justice, with a quick glance in the direction of the speaker, turned to the Registrar and said:

“Call the next case.”

The barrister, supposing that he had not been heard, raised his voice and repeated:

“My Lord, in the case of—”

The Chief Justice—“Do I hear a voice, Mr. Registrar?”

The Registrar—“Yes, my Lord, Mr. R— is addressing you.”

The Judge looked along the line of counsel, and then glancing around the courtroom, said:

“I hear some one speaking, but I don’t see any one. This is very strange.”

“My Lord, in the case of—” the barrister again began.

The Chief Justice—“Really, this is most perplexing. I hear, but I do not see.”

At this moment one of the solicitors whispered something in the barrister’s ear, and a wig and gown were handed him by a brother practitioner. Having donned these he began as before. This time he obtained the Chief Justice’s attention at once, and with the remark, “I both see and hear you now, Mr. R—,” the request, which was one for an adjournment, was granted.

* * *

One day Mr. Hopson Walker, barrister, appeared before Mr. Needham in wig and gown, but visible below the gown was a bright-hued Baltic shirt-front. Walker failed to catch the Judge’s eye, and was puzzled to know why. Presently the Registrar whispered, “His Lordship objects to your

colored shirt!" Walker withdrew into one of the rooms, tucked a sheet of white legal cap into his bosom, and came back to court with the colored shirt-front no longer visible to the judicial eye. The case then proceeded.

* * *

When Mr. Needham took charge he found no less than 216 cases pending in the Court of General Sessions. Some had hung for several years. His Lordship took his seat at ten o'clock one morning, and by six o'clock in the evening the last case had been disposed of, and the docket was cleared for the first time since the court began to make history.

Some of the suits disposed of were very amusing. A man named Feigh kept a bar on Yates Street. Under the Tippling Act a publican cannot bring suit for drinks; but he can recover for bottles of wine or liquor supplied. Feigh brought suit against a customer to recover \$95, and in order to comply with the Act he made out the account as for nineteen bottles of champagne at \$5 a bottle. The charge was fraudulent, and the Judge recognized its character at once.

Feigh was put in the box.

"So you charge \$5 a bottle for champagne?"

"Yes, sir."

"Twenty shillings for a bottle of champagne?"

"Yes, sir."

"A pound for a bottle of champagne?"

"Yes, sir."

“Well, you charge too much. Your bill is exorbitant, and I find for the plaintiff.”

* * *

The suit of C. B. Young, a noted political writer of the day, against the *Chronicle* newspaper for libel, damages laid at \$10,000, was tried before Chief Justice Needham in 1866. The paper had called Young “an old reprobate” because he presided at a meeting which had been convened for the purpose of advocating the annexation of Vancouver Island to the United States. The paper pleaded justification, and produced witnesses who swore that the plaintiff was a wicked person. The *Chronicle* won the suit, the Chief Justice showing a decided leaning towards the defendants. One of the allegations was that the plaintiff had frequently stated that the power and greatness of Britain were on the wane. Asked if he had made the remark, Young replied:

“Yes, and I do believe Britain is on the wane.”

“Mr. Young, Mr. Young,” exclaimed the Chief Justice, “the power and greatness of England will outlive both you and me.”

And so it has. Great Britain is greater and more powerful to-day than it has ever been, and Needham and Young are dead.

* * *

Mr. Needham was fond of entertaining. He had a charming wife and two equally charming daughters. They were very musical, and threw themselves heart and soul into every movement

that had for its object charity. They were the life of colonial society at the time, and the dinner and dancing parties were frequent and most pleasant. The Chief Justice's eldest son was a lieutenant in the navy, and was stationed at Esquimalt.

* * *

In 1867 a serious disturbance arose on Grouse Creek, Cariboo. The trouble was about a mining claim which had been jumped by a company of Canadians. The mining laws allowed a company to lay over an alluvial claim from November till the first of May or June—that is, during the season when the ground was frozen. The miners who owned this particular claim were not on the ground when the first of May (or June) arrived, and a number of miners who called themselves the Canadian Company jumped the ground, appropriated the cabins, tools and sluices of the original company, and began to take out quantities of gold. They were ordered off by the Gold Commissioner, and refused to go. Mr. Trutch, who was then Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, sent orders to expel them. The Canadians armed themselves, and defied the officers who were sent to enforce the orders. Next Chief Justice Begbie issued an injunction, but the papers were torn up, and the pieces thrown in the officers' faces. The miners began to fortify the claim, and meanwhile the sluices ran day and night with rich pay dirt. The miners generally sympathized with the intruders, and the lives of the officials were threat-

ened if they should venture on the property. Governor Seymour, who was a very timid man, began to fear that he had a rebellion upon his hands, and cast about for means to settle the difficulty without bloodshed. He declined to back up Mr. Justice Begbie, as he should have done, and while the dark cloud lowered the miners themselves suggested a method for settling the trouble. They said: "We have no confidence in either Mr. Begbie or Mr. Trutch. They are prejudiced against us. But there is a man in Victoria whom we feel we can trust. His name is Needham, and he is Chief Justice of Vancouver Island. Ask him to hear the case. Whichever way he decides we shall abide by the decision."

The Governor grasped at the proposition, and Chief Justice Needham accepted the task of hearing the case judicially. A special commission was issued, and Mr. Needham went to Cariboo post-haste. He was accompanied by Lieut. Needham. Arrived at Cariboo, his first step was to visit the disputed ground. He was enthusiastically received, and shook hands with the rebels and accepted their hospitality. Observing that mining was still proceeding, he said:

"Gentlemen, on Monday I shall hear this case at the Richfield courthouse on William Creek. But the first step must be taken by you. You must discontinue working the claim at once. The next step you will have to take is to pay into court the gold that you have washed from the disputed ground."

The miners were charmed with the manner of the judicial arbitrator, and fell over each other in their efforts to comply with his wishes. They regarded their case as strong, and were certain of success.

The trial opened at Richfield as announced. Several special constables had been sworn in, and when Mr. Needham, attired in red robe and wig, took his seat on the bench, his son, in the uniform of a British naval officer, sat by his side. The presence of the young officer had a marked effect on the spectators. The courtroom was filled, and the approaches to the building were packed with miners.

The proceedings were begun in a most solemn and ceremonious manner, advantage being taken of every opportunity that would lend dignity to the scene. The money paid into Court amounted to about \$6,000. It was impounded by the Judge, who ordered it to be placed in the Government safe.

Witnesses on both sides were heard. The failure of the original company to represent the claim within the legal limit was clearly proved. It was also shown that the Canadian Company had "jumped," or taken possession of, the property, declaring that it was forfeited because of non-representation.

The decision was rendered the next day. It was against the Canadian Company on every point. "It is true," said his Lordship, "that the original

owners failed to appear on the ground within the legal limit; but the power to forfeit the claim resides in the Crown and can only be exercised by the Crown. The Crown has failed to act and the power that it has not exercised cannot be exercised by individuals. The claim reverts to the original holders, and the money paid into the Court must be delivered to them."

The losing side accepted the disappointment with as good grace as possible and surrendered the property. It was never believed that the money paid into Court represented more than a small percentage of the gold that had been taken out by the jumpers.

After the union of British Columbia and Vancouver Island Mr. Begbie (afterwards Sir Matthew) was made Chief Justice of the united colonies. Mr. Needham went to Trinidad, where he was knighted. Some years later Sir Joseph Needham retired on a pension, and went to England to reside. He was hale and hearty at the age of eighty odd, and was as fond of a good dinner at that age as when he was much younger. He had an abiding faith in the saving virtue of brandy and water, and would often strike his chest with his clenched hand, and exclaim: "I'll tell you what is the matter with the Englishmen of the present day—they don't drink enough brandy."

One evening the great jurist ordered his team of spirited horses to be brought to the door, for he was an excellent driver. He took the reins, the

horses ran away, and Sir Joseph was thrown out and killed.

* * *

“W. S.” sends me a most amusing incident that occurred at the gaol in 1861, and which will fit in this chapter. Sergt. Blake at that time was a chain-gang guard. He started out one morning with thirteen prisoners to do some work on the Government grounds. When he counted the gang in the evening he found only twelve, instead of thirteen, prisoners. To account for the missing man he could not at first devise a plan, and saw dismissal looming before him. He was walking moodily towards the gaol with the balance of the gang when he saw an old Indian wrapped in dignity and a new red blanket gazing at some pretty things that were displayed in a shop window. A bright idea occurred to the constable. Seizing the old Siwash by the arm, he led him into the midst of the gang, and told him to march with the others towards the gaol.

“Ikta?” (What does this mean?) asked the astonished Indian, who was inclined to resist.

“Copet wa-wa, hyas clatawah” (Don’t talk, but go on), responded Blake, who presently handed his thirteen men over to the gaoler and took his receipt for them. The wondering old Siwash could not make himself understood, for no one would believe that he was Archivan while the prison record insisted that he was Avalang. So he served the balance of the sentence of the other

Indian, who, a little later, came back on another charge, and the two men, the guilty man and his substitute, worked side by side in the same gang for months. The innocent man, who was an honest creature, was in a chronic state of surprise, like Alice in Wonderland, all the time he remained in the gang, and whenever he caught sight of Blake would ask, "Ikta?" Blake would reply, with a threatening gesture, "Copet wa-wa" (Hold your tongue), and the Indian would resume his duties until he saw Blake again, when he would repeat the question with the same result. He was ever afterwards known to the police as "Old Itka." The affair was a standing joke with the constables for a long time, but it was anything but a joke to poor Ikta.

TWO CELEBRATED CASES.

“How lov’d, how honored once, avails thee not ;
To whom related or by whom begot ;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee ;
’Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.”
—*Pope*.

FORTY years ago, on the 24th of November last, there was tried before the Supreme Court, sitting at Victoria and presided over by Chief Justice Cameron, a suit for damages against a naval commander. The damages asked were twenty-five thousand golden dollars. The plaintiff was Mr. Charles William Allen, editor and one of the owners of the *Evening Express*, an enterprising newspaper published by Wallace & Allen at Victoria. The defendant was Hon. Horace Douglas Lascelles, lieutenant commanding Her Majesty’s gunboat *Forward*. Lascelles was a scion of the influential and noble Harewood family. He was very wealthy, very free with his money, and consequently very popular with his friends and the colonial shopkeepers. He was one of the most genial and pleasant gentlemen one would care to meet. Lord Charles Beresford, now Admiral Beresford, and one of Britain’s bravest sailors, was on this station at the time of which I write. He

was a lieutenant on the warship *Clio*, and had inherited the mischievous traits of his ancestors. In "The Mystic Spring" I narrated his prank at Honolulu, where he tore down the American coat of arms, and was forced by the commander of his ship to climb a ladder and restore the emblem to its place over the U. S. consul's office. At Esquimalt our future fighting admiral was often in hot water, but everyone liked him. Even old Driard, of the Colonial Hotel, smiled blandly when Lord Charles one afternoon mounted a marble-top table in the restaurant and proceeded to knock down in true London auctioneer's style the contents of the hotel larder, which was composed of a sucking pig with a roast apple in his mouth, dressed fat fowls, and a few dishes of sweetmeats. The bidders were all subs and midshipmen from the men-of-war. I think the pig brought three shillings, and a turkey sold for a half dollar. The auctioneer made many witty remarks in extolling the articles offered, and having disposed of everything in sight, he paid Driard for the articles at the full rates, and sent them by van to the *Clio*, where the young fellows had a glorious feast the following night.

Commander Lascelles maintained a phaeton, a dog-cart and several horses. He also maintained at a little cottage on the Esquimalt road, not far from the Admiral's road, a number of young English friends, who had gone broke at the mines, and were waiting for money to take them home. It

was stated that Lascelles spent about \$15,000 a year in Victoria, and as he was the best of pay the reader will understand why he was a very well-liked young man. There is a vast difference in the behavior of naval officers and men then and now. Then money was plentiful—everyone having a goodly share. The officers, mostly the sons of rich fathers, were a happy-go-lucky lot, and the sailors were as free and easy in their habits as their superiors. While the officers were gentlemen and generally comported themselves as such, the sailors were a wild and untamable lot. On every liberty day Esquimalt road was lined with half-drunken tars wending their way to town, and when the town was reached the streets were filled with hundreds of men from the ships, singing and shouting, and sometimes fighting. A sailor on horseback was a ludicrous sight; I used to pity the horses. The Jacks were beyond pity, for although many were thrown few were hurt. Nowadays one scarcely knows when the men are ashore, they are so quiet and well-behaved. But turbulent and dissipated as the old-time sailors were, they were never guilty of offences against citizens or their property. The trouble was all between themselves, and if they were finally landed at the barracks the sentences imposed were usually very light.

* * *

Commander Lascelles never made any virtuous pretensions, nor posed as a moral man, and yet he was a kind-hearted fellow and was constantly help-

ing some poor devil out of a financial hole or a scrape of some kind. The sister ship of the *Forward* was the gunboat *Snapper*. She was commanded by Lieut. Blank. He was a very religious and proper young person. He was leader in every movement with a good object. Charity balls, tea-fights, lectures and readings, either found Mr. Blank in the chair or not far from it. On Sundays he read prayers as a lay-reader at the Cathedral. I have no reason to think that he was not sincere at that time, and I admired him for his professions and practice in that ungodly era.

* * *

But to return to the celebrated case of *Allen vs. Lascelles*. A serious disturbance had broken out among the Cowichan Indians. They had been tuned to the fighting pitch with Victoria-made whiskey, and were ripe for the commission of any atrocity. Having tired of fighting among themselves they turned on the settlers, destroying one or two homesteads and killing two farmers. The *Forward* was sent to investigate. The Indians fired upon her, killing a young sailor named Newcombe. The *Forward* returned for instructions and effective ammunition. The *Express* quoted these well-known and variously-ascribed lines from Ray:

“He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day,”

and denounced the *Forward* for coming away without wreaking vengeance on the savages. The

article gave great offence to the navy. The *Forward* had returned to the scene immediately after securing the ammunition, and bombarded the villages, killing many and destroying the lodges. A few days later she returned to her anchorage in James Bay, and two sailors were sent ashore in a small boat to invite Mr. Allen, with Commander Lascelles' compliments, to come aboard. Allen responded, and upon addressing Lascelles was ordered to the fore-castle. He demurred, and the two sailors who had brought him off conducted him to the fore-castle steps, and he descended. There he was kept a prisoner by the two sailors for about an hour. Meanwhile the *Forward* raised her anchor and was steaming out of the harbor, when Allen, evading his guard, reached a spot where the Commander was conning his ship, and demanded to be told why he had been subjected to this outrage.

"Go below, sir!" said Lascelles, in a voice of thunder.

Allen advanced to protest, whereupon the Commander pushed him away with his foot, and Allen leaped into the harbor off Sehl's Point, which was then an Indian graveyard, and struck out for the shore, for he was a fine swimmer. The vessel was stopped, a boat lowered, and the editor was brought back to the ship. In the fore-castle he was given a change of clothes, and when the gun-boat was off Beacon Hill, shortly before dark, he was put ashore, and walked back to town. The

Commander's offense was a very serious one. Had it occurred in England then, or were it to occur here to-day, severe punishment would have been visited upon the offending officer by his superiors. But, as I have said, it was a happy-go-lucky age, and the colony was remote from the governing centre, and but little attention was paid to things happening in the colonies then. When it is remembered that until last year the practice of "ragging" has prevailed in England beneath the very shadow of the War Office, and that it was carried on for many years without remonstrance or disapprobation from the high officials, it is not to be wondered that such an offense as kidnapping an editor and placing him in confinement, to escape from which he imperilled his life, would receive little attention. The article was inexcusable. Commander Lascelles was not a coward. He was a brave officer; and he was a prudent officer, too. He knew that to overawe the Indians he must be prepared to deliver a telling blow. He did not run away; he came back to complete his preparations for attack, and when those had been completed, he returned, and smashed the tribe so effectively that they never again broke into open rebellion, although they are a sneaking, treacherous lot, and have often cut off lone settlers from ambush.

* * *

Damages were laid at \$25,000, and the case came on for trial on the 24th of November, 1863. Commander Lascelles did not appear in person.

The Attorney-General having opened for the prosecution, and reviewed the evidence he proposed to produce, called the plaintiff, who told his story as it has been given in brief above. Other witnesses testified that they heard Lascelles tell the sailors to invite Allen to come on board. Then the plaintiff's counsel called William Runyon, one of the two sailors who brought plaintiff aboard, had him in charge in the fore-castle, and picked him up after he jumped overboard.

The moment Runyon entered the witness-box it was evident that he was the worse for liquor. As he leaned on the side of the box to steady himself he swayed backwards and forwards, while his eyes roamed over the courtroom, and took in the spectators, at whom he winked and grinned furiously, much to their enjoyment.

"Swear the witness," said the Attorney-General.

Mr. Richard Woods, the Registrar, said: "The evidence you shall give between the plaintiff and the defendant shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help you God. Kiss the Book."

The man gazed at the Registrar with a knowing look, but refrained from touching the sacred volume.

"Take the book in your right hand," said the Registrar.

The witness shook his head, and turned his back on the official.

"Why don't you kiss the Bible?" demanded the Attorney-General.

"Becos I wants my fee," returned the witness. "I'll 'ave it, too."

Mr. Dennes, a solicitor, who instructed Mr. Cary, being a little deaf, asked the Attorney-General, "What does he say he'll have?"

"A little gin and sugar with a small dash of water," shouted the man, from the box. "Thanks, hawfully." Then raising his hand to his mouth as if it contained a tumbler, he said with a most ludicrous leer at Mr. Dennes: "Chin-Chin, old man," which expression I believe is Chinese for "drink 'arty."

When the boisterous laughter had subsided Dennes was told that the man wanted his fee before giving evidence.

"That'll be all right," said Mr. Dennes, "I'll pay you."

Now it happened that Dennes was more than usually seedy that day, and Runyon looked long and hard at him, and shook his head doubtingly.

"How much do you want?" asked the Attorney-General.

"What's fair between man and man," he replied. "'Ere's my 'and. A quid 'll do it. Just drop a suv'rin into it, and I'll tell hall I knows and a good bit more. No suv'rin, no hevidence," he concluded, and he gave his trousers a fore and aft hitch in true sailor fashion and winked rapidly at the delighted spectators, who manifested their keen

enjoyment by frequent bursts of laughter and loud stamping with their brogans.

After a short delay the sovereign was placed in the man's hand, the kiss was administered with a resounding smack, and the agony began.

"What's your name?" was asked by the Attorney-General.

"What's yours?" he retorted.

The Court explained that the question was a necessary formality, and he answered, "My name's Runyon."

"Runyon what?"

"No, not 'Runyon Watt'—just Runyon."

"I mean what is your first name?"

"Oh! William—William Runyon. What's yours?"

"Never mind my name."

"Oh! but I does mind it. I 'ave as much right to arsk yours as you 'ave to arsk mine, 'aven't I, your Warship?" noddin' and winking at the Chief Justice.

"You have no right to ask questions," indignantly returned the Chief Justice. "You are here to answer questions. You have got your fee, and must give your evidence. Answer the Attorney-General."

Runyon then proceeded to give his evidence, which went to show that he had invited the plaintiff on board "horf his hown bat," which meant that he tendered Allen the hospitalities of the Glory-hole on the *Forward* at his own volition.

"The Captain never knew nothin' about Mr. Hallen comin' on board till he got there, and never gave no horders. I puts 'im down in the Glory 'ole myself. I goes after 'im when he jumped hoverboard, and I brings 'im back to the ship harfter I 'auls 'im hinto the small boat. I lends 'im a suit of clothes, and puts 'im hashore off Beacon 'ill, and I dries 'is hown clothes and takes them to 'is hoffice next day, and this is what I gets for it (producing the sovereign and the subpœna). Cheap at 'arf the price. Do you call that gratitood? I calls it downright mean, that's what I does. The next time I saves a man from drownin' I'll take a receipt before I pulls 'im hout. Hit's my hopinion, speaking between man and man, that Capt. Lascelles is a gentleman, which is more than I can say of some as is a persecutin' 'im this 'ere day."

"Runyon!" cried the Chief Justice, "you are an impudent fellow."

"Axin' your Warship's parding, I means no hoffence. I was honly givin' my hopinion as to these 'ere proceedin's."

"Silence!" roared the Bench. "You have no right to an opinion, and the Court does not ask it. Answer the questions, or you will be committed for contempt."

The witness subsided at this threat; but all attempts to get him to connect Capt. Lascelles with the assault on the plaintiff failed. As the witness retired he gave his trousers another hitch, winked violently at the Chief Justice, and regarded Mr.

Dennes with a malignant stare for so long a time that the old gentleman was fain to turn his head in alarm, while the spectators, who had been convulsed with laughter during the examination, roared until the old building shook like a fever and ague patient.

The jury found for the plaintiff—damages \$1,000, which carried costs.

* * *

Commander Lascelles went to England, where he retired on half-pay with the rank of captain. He came back some years later to reside in his little cottage on Esquimalt road. He was in a very bad state of health when he returned; but was the same genial soul as ever, generous and kind-hearted. He burned the candle at both ends, and by and by the day came when the wick was all consumed, and the candle had melted away. Then the officer took to his bed. In a few days he turned his face to the wall, and when the nurse examined him he found that, like the candle, he had gone out. The next day H. M. S. *Sparrowhawk* came in from Bella Coola with the flags set at half-mast. She bore Governor Seymour's body, he having died on the passage north, quite suddenly. So there were two high-class funerals on the next and the following days. Both bodies were laid away in the naval cemetery at Esquimalt with honors, and there may they remain undisturbed until the last trump shall break the stillness of their repose and summons them to

the judgment seat to render an account for the deeds done in the flesh.

* * *

The *Forward* and the *Snapper* were sold out of the navy after nearly twenty years' service in these waters. The *Forward* was purchased by Mexican revolutionists, and as Mexico had no navy the new owners of the boat proposed to prey on the commercial marine of that republic. They were making fair progress when the engines broke down, or the boiler leaked, or the boat ran aground. At any rate, she was beached for repairs, and while lying helpless on the mud bottom of an estuary the government officers captured the rebel navy. They hanged the principals, at least all whom they did not pistol or put to the sword, confiscated the vessel, stripped her of her machinery, and sold the hull for junk to a dealer who bought the wreck for the copper bolts which were not in her. It turned out that what seemed to be copper bolts, worth eighteen cents a pound, were wooden pins with a veneering of copper melted and run into the pin-holes to represent bolt-heads.

* * *

The *Snapper* met with an equally tragic fate. She was bought by a company, and made several profitable trips along the north-west coast. One lovely spring day she left Victoria with a full cargo of supplies for the canneries and mines, and about one hundred ambitious, industrious young men who had accepted employment, and were

bound for their respective fields of labor. On the second day out, and while the gunboat was steaming through the narrow canal known as Seymour Narrows, a cry of "Fire!" was heard, and the cargo was found to have ignited from some unknown cause. The engineers were driven from their room by the flames, and neglected to shut off the steam as they went. So the engines kept on working at full speed, and nearly every effort to launch the boats proved futile. The motion of the vessel caused the flames to spread rapidly. The passengers and the crew dropped off one by one as the boat steamed on. Many were drowned. Some were burned. How many were lost will never be known until the roll is called elsewhere. One or two boats got safely away with a few occupants. The captain before leaping overboard grasped a bag of money. He was found lying insensible on the beach with the bag of money still in his grasp. The vessel and cargo proved a total loss.

* * *

Having disposed of Captain Lascelles and the two gunboats, it is fitting that I should relate the subsequent career of Commander Blank. As already intimated, he was attentive while here to his religious duties, and was highly thought of by all, especially the church people. It was a picture worth seeing to behold him, prayer-book in hand, land on a Sunday morning at the James Bay

bridge, rowed there in the captain's gig from the gunboat by a crew of neatly-dressed and well-behaved seamen, and to hear him read the prayer was a privilege. Moreover, he was a thoroughly well-behaved gentleman, a bachelor with lots of money, and a big property in entail. There were managing mammas and nice girls in those days, as in these, and no social function was complete that did not include among its guests Commander Blank. When his vessel went out of commission he went home, and some years afterwards retired with the rank of captain. Then he was elected to Parliament.

* * *

About ten years ago the London smart set, and, in fact, all England, were shocked by an extraordinary charge that was brought against a prominent elderly member of the charmed circle. He was a man universally respected, rich, and connected closely with the nobility. He was a leading agnostic—one of those self-important individuals who profess not to believe in anything. It was said that this gentleman while strolling along Regent Street one sunny afternoon was accosted by a comely, well-dressed young lady, who stepped in front of him and, laying a hand on his arm so that his progress was stayed, demanded his card. The gentleman threw off the hand, but the lady again grasped the arm and barred his passage. "I want your name, sir," she said. "You shall

not escape me. I shall cling to you until you give it me." The gentleman with a lofty air hailed a passing Bobby with the remark:

"Here, you, I wish to give this woman in charge!"

"What for?" asked the man, lifting his hat as he recognized the gentleman.

"On a charge of obstructing the Queen's highway."

"And I," said the lady, calmly, and without the least show of excitement, "give this man in charge. I charge him with being—" and she whispered something into the constable's ear.

"My goodness, lady!" said the policeman, with a horrified air, "do you know what you are saying? This gentleman is Captain Blank, and he is a member of Parliament."

"I do not care if he is the Queen's son. I do not care what he is to the world—to me he is what I have said he is." She said this loudly, but without the least show of passion or excitement.

A vast crowd had by this time collected. The great shopping street was thronged. The people sided with the lady, and the patrolman, who was joined by an inspector, conducted both parties to the nearest police station. There Blank, who was strangely agitated, withdrew the charge against the lady, and the inspector asked her if she wished to withdraw her charge.

"Never!" she exclaimed with warmth. "Never. I have tracked him for months, and now that I

have run him down I shall not let him go till justice has dealt with him."

The gentleman, who trembled visibly, was admitted to bail, and the next day the police court was thronged with fashionable clubmen, friends of the accused, and by friends of the accuser, many of whom were highly respected tradesmen.

The woman testified that she was lured to France, through the medium of an advertisement in an English newspaper and the representations of a woman resident in London, to accept the situation of governess in a French family. At Paris she met the accused, who made certain proposals to her. She fled from the apartments, and he tried to stay her egress from the house. After a sharp struggle she escaped, and returned immediately to London and consulted a solicitor. Acting under his advice, she watched the clubs at intervals for months, and on the day of the arrest she saw her quarry as he was walking leisurely along Regent Street unsuspecting of the fate that awaited him. She knew him, she said, by a slight limp, which she had noticed while in Paris. She added that she had reason to believe that scores of English girls had been deceived by the prisoner, who was one of an organized gang. Blank was committed for trial, convicted and sentenced to imprisonment in the common gaol. His seat in Parliament was declared vacant, his clubs expelled him, and society set its seal of condemnation upon him.

THE PORK-PIE HAT.

" I know it is a sin,
For me to sit and grin
At him here ;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer ! "

—*Holmes.*

You want me to tell you something about Burrard Inlet in the early days. Well, although I can tell you a good deal, I did not get here until 1865, when Stamp put up the Hastings mill, but the first sawmill was built by Hicks & Graham in 1863. The first white men who settled on the site of Vancouver were John Morton, William Hailstone and Sam Brighthouse. About Christmas, 1862, they located 550 acres, and when the government came to survey the land it was sold to them at one dollar per acre. Morton and Brighthouse afterwards divided their land, which lay west of Burrard Street and took in English Bay, by tossing a coin—head or tail. The land which had been bought for \$550, and was disposed of by the toss of a coin, is now worth between five and six million dollars. A single lot has been sold for \$45,000 ! I was employed as a hand logger at that time. Most of the hands at

the mills were Americans and Indians. There were no Chinese or Japanese then. The little village which sprang up near the Hastings mill was called Granville. Deighton's hotel was the only place of entertainment. Its owner was called Gassy Jack, for the reason that he was such a gas-bag, always talking and blowing. After a while people got to calling the place Gasstown, after Jack. He used to keep his money in a "safe," as he called it; but it was in reality a cigar-box, such as holds a hundred cheap cigars. This "safe" used to rest on a shelf back of the bar during the day, and at night Jack would lock it up in a drawer and go to bed. No such thing as a robbery being possible ever entered his head. He was honest himself, and imagined every one else was the same.

At the time of which I am speaking I worked at Hastings. Captain Raymur was in charge, with Mr. R. H. Alexander as his assistant. I was on the day-shift, and one evening—it was at the close of a beautiful day, warm, clear and still—I came up to the hotel from my work. I was just tucked out, I was that tired and hungry, and was taking a swift wash in a tin basin that stood on a packing-case near the hotel door. Half a dozen other hungry men were waiting their turn to wash and dry themselves upon the one towel, when I heard the clattering of horses' hoofs on the hard road. Looking up I saw two Indian ponies, on which were seated a gentleman and a lady. The

gentleman was dressed in a suit of dark clothes that looked worn and dusty. He was light complexioned, and his hair, which was parted in the middle, was streaked with grey. He wore a long, heavy, tawny moustache which swept across his face and almost lost itself in his ears. I remember I thought at the time that but for the hairy ornament he would be quite good-looking. The lady seemed to be about eighteen. She had the loveliest black eyes, large and lustrous, and fringed with the longest lashes that you ever saw. She had on a dark-green riding-habit, and on her jet-black hair was perched a little turban of a style then much worn, and known as the "pork-pie." She had a sweet, engaging face, and sat her horse gracefully. The man dismounted, and assisted his companion to alight. She leaped down, with the skirt of her riding-habit gathered in her hand, and after taking in the crowd with a quick glance of her glorious eyes, she busied herself with beating her habit with a riding-whip, sending up little clouds of dust from the folds.

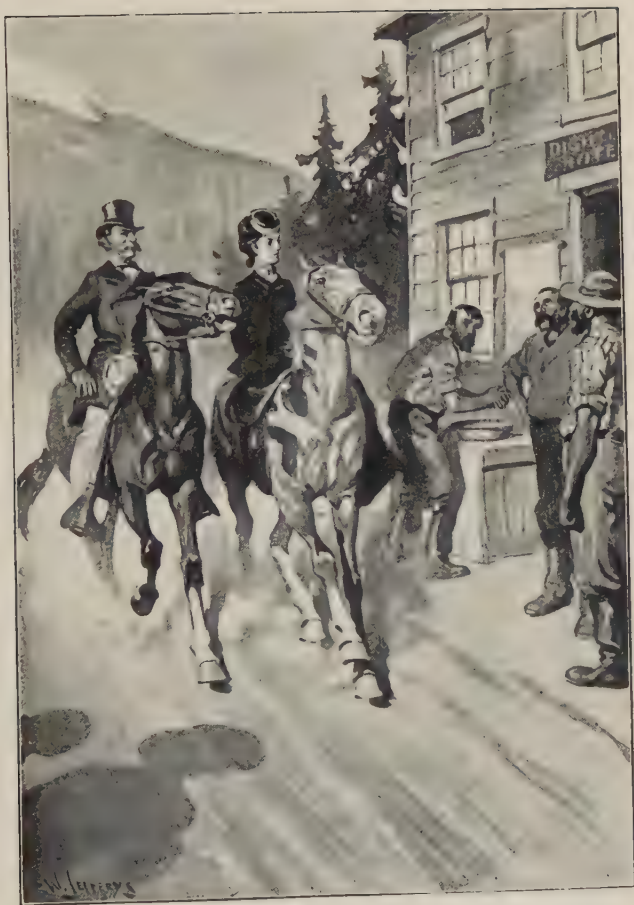
"Gentlemen," exclaimed the man, in a soft and pleasant voice, as he removed his hat, "good evening."

"Good evenin'," returned one of the boys.

"Kindly direct me to the landlord," said the new arrival.

"You will find him at the bar mixin' lickens," said the spokesman.

At this moment Gassy Jack appeared at the



"She had a sweet, engaging face, and sat her horse gracefully."

door, and seeing the gentleman and the beautiful lady, removed his hat and bowed almost to the ground, for he was awfully soft on the woman question.

"You are the landlord, I presume," said the gentleman.

"I ham," replied Jack.

"Well, my daughter and I have ridden over from New Westminster, and she is very tired. Can we get two rooms, with supper to-night and breakfast in the morning?"

"Sure!" cried Jack, in his most effusive manner. "Yer can have the best the house has got, and what it hasn't got I can get yer."

"We heard," said the gentleman, "that there is a vacancy here in the school-teaching line, and as my daughter is a teacher we thought we would cross and look at the surroundings before applying for the place. We like the appearance of things. My name is Crompton—Lionel Crompton—and my daughter is Miss Crompton."

"By gracious!" said Jack, striking his fat thigh with his hand, "it's just what we want—a school-marm—and I'm a trustee, and I'll help your gal git the job."

"Thanks, awfully," returned Mr. Crompton. "We'll stay here overnight, and perhaps two or three days longer. Kindly have our horses looked after."

Jack summoned the Indian hostler, and the animals were led off to the stable. While this con-

versation was in progress Miss Crompton continued to dust her habit, occasionally raising her pretty eyes to survey the group that stood spell-bound by her beauty.

"Come, daughter," said Mr. Crompton, "we will remain here," and giving her his arm he conducted her to the parlor, as Jack called his best room. The parlor was small and low-ceilinged. Its walls were adorned with cheap pictures of uproarious color and design, and a card bearing the legend, "God bless our home." There were two or three books, among which was a hymnal, for Jack allowed church services to be held there on Sundays. In one corner was a piano with a few sheets of music lying upon it. The girl laid down the whip, removed her "pork-pie," and went to the piano. After running her fingers over the keys she began to play, and, oh! the music that she brought out. It swept through the house in a great gust of melody, and floating outside filled the woods with delicious sounds. It was a great treat, in the midst of that wildwood, to hear such strains. Presently she sang in a clear and strong contralto several popular airs, and when supper was announced she was in the midst of "Robin Adair." Didn't the boys who were gathered at the door just go mad with excitement, and didn't they clap, and whoop, and shout for more. Some who were due on the night-shift at Hastings wanted to stay and listen all night.

As father and daughter passed into the dining-

room we regular boarders sheepishly followed, and took our seats on either side of the table. The evening meal never amounted to much. The food was generally wholesome enough, but on that occasion it was rich. Pork and beans were not in evidence for a wonder, and there was cold chicken on the list, and Jack, who could not take his eyes off the beautiful vision, waited on the pair in person and saw that they wanted for nothing. We boys supped high that night, and when the meal was over and the party had gathered on the verandah, Deighton passed around the cigars. As daylight faded the girl returned to the parlor, and again attacked the piano, to our intense delight. In the meantime a few of the boarders managed to pluck up courage and spoke to her, and found her affable, but very prudent and sedate.

Some one in a burst of enthusiasm proposed a dance, with Indian girls as partners; whereupon the young lady said she did not play dance music, and dancing was sinful; besides, it was bed-time and she would retire. Wishing all a sweet good-night, she again swept the group with a glance from her expressive eyes. Then she kissed her papa, and gathering up her long skirts with the remark, "Don't be late, dear, and don't drink any more," she walked towards the stairs. There were two coal-oil lamps burning on the table, and I seized one and volunteered to light the girl to her room. She thanked me, and we went upstairs, and I led the way to the door. Then she said:

"May I ask your name?"

“Certainly,” I replied; “my name’s Simmons—Bill Simmons.”

She laid a little hand on my arm and looked long and searchingly into my eyes. I trembled like a leaf on a tree. The floor seemed to be giving ’way beneath my feet. All things were in a whirl and my knees just knocked together. In my excitement I almost dropped the lamp, and how I refrained from falling at her feet and telling her that I loved her, I cannot say. Perhaps I did—I don’t know—I was so upset. In a few seconds I recovered myself, and then I saw that her sweet eyes were filled with tears. In broken accents she said:

“Oh, Mr. Bill—Simmons, I mean—can I trust you?”

“You can,” I remarked; “hope I may die if you can’t,” and I drew a cross on my chest with my finger as a mark of fidelity.

“Oh! my poor, dear father,” she moaned.

“What’s the matter with your old man—I mean your ‘daddie?’” I asked.

The poor thing just leaned her head on my arm and her body shook with emotion, while I trembled and felt like sinking through the floor. I wanted to put an arm about her, and tell her that she was dearer to me than life, but I couldn’t, for she held one arm, and the other was occupied with the lamp. At last she said:

“How can I tell you? But I must. My father is addicted to drink. When he gets among a lot

of nice, handsome young fellows like you and Jack he never knows when to stop. I want you to promise me that when you go downstairs again you will do all in your power to get him to bed."

"All right," I said, "I'll do it."

The dear girl murmured her thanks, and resting her hand again upon my sleeve gave my arm such a squeeze that the blood seemed to leave my heart and fly to my head. Again everything seemed to give 'way. My head went round and round like the great fly-wheel at the mill, and a buzzing sound, as of a circular saw ripping through a plank, filled my ears. At this critical moment the girl released my arm and opened the chamber door. Then I recovered myself and said, in faltering tones:

"Don't thank me—you are quite welcome."

Again she murmured her thanks, again she placed her hand on my arm, and again the hot blood flowed like a current of electricity through my veins. The door stood open behind her. She gave me another long, searching look, and then, quick as thought, she sprang backwards and slammed the door in my face! Then the key was turned in the lock, and when I came to I found myself standing alone on the threshold. I pulled myself together with difficulty, and tumbled, rather than walked, down the stairs. In the bar I found the strange gentleman "shouting for the house," as they say in Australia, or "standing treat," as British Columbians put it. All hands lined up at

the bar, and Jack, who was very much "on," insisted upon toasting the strangers.

"'Ere's to the new boarders!" he shouted, "'specially to the young 'un. Her father's a dandy, but she's a peach."

The toast was drunk with cheers. The health of the old 'un was next washed down the parched throats of the millmen and loggers. Then Jack got his share of toasting, and before midnight all were in a state of how-come-you-so? and wobbled on their legs. The old gentleman had to be assisted to his room, where he was put to bed with his boots on. While we were tucking him in the covering he knocked on the partition of his daughter's room and called out:

"Alish—Alish, dear (hic), are you all right (hic)?"

"Yes, papa."

"And (hic) are you very, very comfor'ble (hic)?"

"Yes, papa."

"Then good-night, my sweetheart (hic), pl-plesant dreams to you (hic); may good digestion wait on appetite (hic)."

"Oh, fie, papa!" cried the girl.

"Yesh, dear (hic), what ish it?"

"You've been drinking again. Oh, my! What will poor mamma say?"

"Shay? Why, she'll shay, 'I'm a jolly good feller, which nobody can deny.' Good-night (hic). Shay, Alish, to-morrow I'm to be Queen of the

May (hic), and they're going to kill the fatted calf in my honor (hic)."

Alice, apparently disgusted with her father's condition and incoherency, made no reply, and he presently turned over and went to sleep. Then the house fell into a deep slumber, broken only by the snoring of the inmates as they slept off their heavy potations.

The morning broke brightly. The sun was high in the heavens, and the little birds in the woods had breakfasted and were carroling their thanks, when the Indian hostler, who had joined in the revelry, awoke from his drunken stupor and proceeded towards the stable to look after the horses. He stopped at a spring to cool his parched throat, and then dragged his aching head and unwilling limbs to the barn. He opened the door and peered into the stalls. To his surprise they were empty! Where he had fed and bedded two ponies the night before there was a void. Scarcely trusting his eyes at first he stood open-mouthed, gazing into the untenanted stalls. Then, uttering the one word "Clattawahed" (Gone), he rushed to the hotel, and knocked up Jack, who, in turn, ran to the stable, and then back to the house. He ascended the stairs two steps at a time and knocked at the door of the old man's room, gently at first; but meeting with no response he gave a thundering bang and shouted:

"Beggin' your parding, Mr. Crompton, but your horses is stolen."

Still no reply. Then Jack turned the door handle and slowly pushed his red face into the room. The bedclothes were tumbled and the room was in disorder. The window was wide open, but the gentleman, like his ponies, was gone!

Jack flew to the room to which the girl had been conducted. He tapped gently. Then a little harder, and still meeting with no response, he softly opened the door. The blind was closely drawn down, and the light in the room was uncertain, but he could discern the beautiful black hair which he had admired so much the evening before straggling over the pillow, and, what struck him as most singular, resting on what seemed to be her head, was the pork-pie hat!

"Strike me lucky," he shouted, "I'm jiggered if the gal hasn't gone to bed with her hat on for a nightcap! Miss," said he, "wake up! Your daddy's gone, and the horses is stolen."

There was no answer, and, with an air of becoming modesty, Jack tiptoed into the room, and advanced to the side of the bed before he discovered that there was no girl there! She, too, had gone, leaving behind her a wig and a hat. On a chair was spread her dark-green riding-habit. Jack beat his head with his clenched fist, and bounding downstairs to the bar ran straight to the drawer in which he nightly deposited the "safe." The drawer had been pried open and the "safe" was gone, too.

"Robbed, done up, buncoed, ruined!" he wailed.

"There was four hundred dollars, nearly, in that 'ere safe, and that man and that girl is the thieves."

A hue and cry was raised, and a party was soon on the trail of the supposed robbers. A short distance away were found eight gunny sacks that had been tied about the horses' feet to muffle the sound of their tramping as they were led past the hotel; and near the same spot the "safe," rifled of its contents, was picked up. The pursuers reached New Westminster quickly, but the robbers had got away by crossing to the American side and reaching Washington Territory. It was afterwards learned that they were male members of a strolling theatrical company, who, learning of Jack's careless habit with money, had disguised themselves for the purpose of robbing his "safe." The fellow who acted the part of the girl and captivated the lumbermen was one of the most expert impersonators of female characters then on the Coast. They were never caught.

Jack returned from the search a wiser man. He bought a real safe and became a woman-hater. The wig he committed to the flames and the pork-pie hat adorned the head of the wife of the Indian chief of the tribe for a long time. When it became so dilapidated that even the Indian woman would not wear it, the hat was sent to a museum as the cooking utensil of a prehistoric race, unearthed on the shore of Burrard Inlet. It was classified and may still be seen there.

GHOSTS.

“There are times
When Fancy plays her gambols in despite
Even of our watchful senses ; when, in sooth,
Substance seems shadow, shadow substance seems,
When the broad, palpable and marked partition
'Twixt that which is and is not seems dissolved
As if the mental eye gained power to gaze
Beyond the limits of the existing world.
Such hours of shadowy dreams I better love
Than all the gross realities of life.”

—*Anonymous.*

I THINK it is well in beginning this chapter of shadowy events that I should disavow any responsibility for the incidents that are herein set forth. As I had no part in their creation, I must ask to be regarded merely as the pen-painter of actual occurrences which no person has yet been able to explain to my satisfaction. To the Spiritualist or the Theosophist their meaning may be clear ; but to one who, like myself, gropes in a fog-bank of uncertainty, not unmixed with suspicion, they convey no lesson, bring no moral. I am aware that more than one church has denounced the phenomena as the work of Satan and counselled its adherents to have no dealings with his

Satanic Majesty when he appears in the form of materialized spirits or makes his presence known by raps on table-tops. Indisposed as I am to regard so-called spirit manifestations as the work of spirits, I am equally indisposed to attribute them to machinations of the devil. May there not be some law of nature, as yet unrevealed to mortals, by the action of which these remarkable effects are obtained, and which, once understood, will seem plain to the simplest minds? Scientists, who are hard at work upon the many problems that disturb the minds of men, may some day furnish a key to all that is mysterious at this moment, and lay bare to the world much that is now hidden behind a veil of uncertainty. Twenty years ago who would have believed that the human voice could be thrown a distance of hundreds of miles by the agency of a chemical battery and a thin wire? Or five or six years ago who would have believed that Marconi would discover a method by which messages can be sent through space three thousand miles without the aid of wires or of any agency save a transmitter at the starting-point and a receiver at the other end? "Wireless telegraphy," said Canon Wilberforce, preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral, "wireless telegraphy! It is no new thing. It is as old as creation. What is prayer but wireless telegraphy—an instantaneous message from earth to the Throne of Grace?" That is a pretty idea, and the Christian mind, in common with the commercial mind, has accepted

wireless telegraphy as a harbinger of greater discoveries yet to be made in the realm of space. Marconi explains that his discovery is based on natural laws, and promises more developments along the same line. He would be a bold man who should say that Marconi has dealings with the Evil One and that his invention should be shunned by all good men and women. I regard spirit manifestations as susceptible of explanation upon other than supernatural grounds, only we are not sufficiently enlightened or advanced to work the problem out. But step by step the knowledge necessary to place Spiritualism where it belongs—on the plane of natural science—is being gained, and on some not far-distant day all will be made clear and plain to the weakest intellect without the aid of table or planchette.

* * *

A remarkable man I once met came from Australia to New Westminster. He rejoiced in the title and name of Professor Bushell. He was a Spiritualist and necromancer—not very clever at sleight of hand, nor eminently successful as a medium. One of his acts was to kill a sheep shortly before the performance opened. Then he would place the carcass on the stage and make it walk, bleat and gambol under his touch. When he removed his hand the carcass would fall lifeless, but it would revive again and again at the professor's will. Asked to tell the secret of his power, he replied, with a knowing grin, "Spirits,"

and that was the only explanation he would give. The professor claimed to be a healer of disease by the laying on of hands, and some persons who submitted to his touch claimed to receive great benefit therefrom. One old woman went to the theatre on crutches, and left them behind when she came away as a fee for the treatment. In a short time her trouble returned, and when she went for her crutches again she found that the professor had sold them to another lame patient, and the townspeople had to subscribe a sum sufficient to buy the old lady another pair.

There was a certain blind man who, having submitted to the professor's touch, joyously declared that he could see as well as ever; but when he tried to walk off the stage he tumbled and fell in a heap into the place reserved for the orchestra, spraining one of his ankles and nearly breaking his neck in the fall. A young woman who complained that her lover was being won from her by another young woman, was given a powder to mix in the faithless one's beer. There must have been some mistake—either the wrong powder was prescribed or the wrong man took it, for the young fellow it was intended for married the girl whom the professor assured the other girl he would never marry, and another man made violent love to the discarded girl and after a long siege won her. It was a queer mix-up, and afforded the wits of the day much amusement.

The greatest feat, trick or delusion—call it what

you will—of the professor was to produce a ghostly shape at the back of the stage and command it to approach the footlights with a slow and measured glide. The coal-oil lamps were turned low, and the figure was that of a tall woman habited in long, white robes, which trailed behind her as she walked. The face was as white as newly-fallen snow, and the features bore an expression of intense grief and anxiety.

“That,” remarked the professor, “is the shade of one who lost her husband and children—both of them twins!”

This absurd announcement caused a burst of laughter from the audience in spite of the solemnity of the scene.

“I calls her Mary,” continued the professor. “Mary Doherty. She is in great trouble. She is looking for the pearl of great price which she has lost somewhere. Walk on, Mary,” he said one night.

Mary obeyed, but Mary had been drinking spirits, and with her eyes turned towards heaven she glided clean over the footlights and fell into the orchestra pit where the blind man had come to grief a few evenings before. As she went over the train of her dress caught on a projection and the robe was torn from the figure, revealing the lusty form of a half-clad youth named Seymour, who had been personating for several evenings the ghost of Mary Doherty. The oaths of the late ghost as he rubbed his bruised shins were fearful

to hear. The professor gave no more entertainments, and got out of New Westminster as quickly as possible.

* * *

Perhaps a leaf from my own experience with the uncanny may prove interesting here. More than seven years ago I was stricken with a severe illness. Having retired at eleven o'clock in apparent health, three hours later I awoke in fearful agony and scarcely able to breathe. Drs. Davie and Watt were summoned, and they diagnosed my trouble to be pneumonia. The days and nights of pain and suffering through which I passed need not be described; but I wish to tell what happened (or rather what I thought happened) one night. My memory has been quite clear and remarkably good at all times, and I have a vivid recollection of my experience on that occasion. My hallucination was that I had died, and my body was prepared for burial. The undertaker came, and mourners gathered about the bier on which the coffin rested. I heard the sympathetic things that were said about me to my friends by people who came to peer into my face for the last time before the lid was placed on the coffin, and the sweet perfume of flowers from the bouquets and wreaths in the room reached my olfactories, and gratified my senses. The last farewells were said, and the undertaker advanced to screw down the lid, when I sprang from the coffin, and confronted him.

"Don't you dare screw me down!" I cried. "I am not dead, and I will not be buried alive!"

To my surprise, no attention was paid to me, and the man went on with his duties. I pulled his sleeve, his coat tails, and plucked at his beard and hair. I might as well have been a gust of vagrant wind for all the notice that was taken. I tried to wrest the lid from his hands, but he went quietly on with his work. I vociferated and appealed to the company to save me from a horrid death. I called my friends to witness that I was being murdered with their connivance. I appealed to the clergyman, but he ignored my presence. Then from the parlor organ pealed forth the strains of the "Dead March in Saul." Rendered desperate by what I conceived to be a deliberate attempt to do away with me in the most horrible manner that could be imagined, as a last resort I leaped upon the top of the coffin, and there—horror of horrors!—I saw myself lying within, stiff and cold, with eyes closed and features placid in death!

"Five minutes ago," I reasoned, "I left that box, as I thought, empty. Now I find it still occupied by my body, and I am here—here! I am within the coffin, and yet I am outside! Merciful heavens! what has come over me? Who am I—what am I? Am I dead or am I alive? Is the man in the coffin me, or am I some one else?"

I held one of my hands to my face, and something peculiar about it caused me to shudder. A pier-glass stood at one end of the room, not far from the coffin. An uncontrollable desire possessed me to look at myself. I sprang from my

perch on the coffin and darted towards the glass. To my wonderment I seemed to go through, instead of around, every obstacle that stood in my path. Men and women were as vapor to my touch. They neither moved nor gave the slightest sign that they observed me. While I could see them they did not seem to see me. At last, only one person—a stout old lady—stood between me and the glass. I passed through her bulky form and emerged on the other side, and she did not appear aware of my presence.

What was the object that was reflected by the glass? It did not resemble a human being, nor was it like a monkey. It was like something I never had seen before or ever imagined. A little, black, grisly, dwarfish thing about a foot in height, with a face all seamed and scarred and furrowed. Now all was clear! The body was my late habitation, and the grisly little object, that had cried itself sick in an effort to make people see and hear it, was my spirit—my soul—my alter ego! I struggled no more, but took refuge under a chair and wept.

* * *

The coffin was carried out, and from the verandah I watched the procession as it slowly wended its way down the road. As the last carriage passed from sight around the bend in the avenue I gave a deep groan, and turned to re-enter the house. But the doors were locked and the windows fastened down. I was shut out from my

own house! Then, as I awoke, I heard a gentle voice say, "The doctor has just gone. He says you are better, and that with care you will get well."

I looked, and saw the kindly face of the trained nurse gazing down upon me. "Thank God!" I exclaimed, "it was all a dream."

"Hush!" said the gentle voice. "You must not speak—doctor's order!"

In a month I was well again and have lived to write my weird experience.

* * *

The most remarkable medium the world has ever known was a Mr. Douglas Home. By the aid of some occult power he was enabled to float like a feather in the air from room to room and to elongate or compress his body at the will of the unknown force. On one occasion, according to the testimony of Lord Wigan and other equally respectable witnesses, he floated out of a window overlooking a courtyard seventy feet below, and floated in at another window. Home could take red-hot coals from the grate with his bare hands, and put them in his shirt and pockets without injury to himself or his garments. He could call up the shades of departed friends at will, and deliver messages to members of the circle from persons whose handwriting was readily recognized, and whose identity in other respects could not be disputed. Home exercised great influence over the Russian Court, and was said to

have won over the late Czar Alexander to Spiritualism. In spite of his cleverness and ingenuity and the influence that was supposed to guard him, Home became involved in a law suit over an estate which a lady convert willed him. The will was broken by the courts, and he died a little later.

* * *

About five years ago a family residing near Vancouver came into possession of what is called an ouja board. It was like a table, and on its top were the letters of the alphabet and the numbers from one to naught. Upon the board stood a small, heart-shaped piece of wood on three legs. To procure communications it was necessary for the persons sitting at the board to place their hands on the heart-shaped object, when it would move, as if endowed with life, to the different letters and figures and spell out intelligent answers to questions. One night a "spirit" that called itself "Norman Taylor" took possession of the board, and for weeks he gave replies to queries that were put to him. After awhile he became very familiar and told the company many wonderful things about themselves. On one occasion he addressed a young lady who was present and said that he would send a friend of his to see her.

"But how shall I know him?" the young lady asked.

"By a signet-ring which he will place on your finger."

Three years rolled away. The magical table

had been sent away meanwhile, and the spirit of "Norman Taylor" must have gone off with it, for he was heard of no more. One day a gentleman was introduced to the young lady, and the acquaintance thus formed resulted in a courtship and an engagement. The young man slipped a signet-ring on his sweetheart's finger, and as he did so she exclaimed:

"Why, that must be the ring Norman Taylor told me about?"

"Norman Taylor, Norman Taylor! He is dead," said the young man. "How did you become acquainted with him?"

The incident of the table, and the promise of the spirit of Norman Taylor to send a gentleman to her with a signet-ring, were told, and the happy man explained that Norman Taylor was a school-fellow of his in Scotland, who went to Australia, and died there some years before the table was operated at Vancouver.

It only remains to add that the young people were married, and lived happily ever afterwards, as the story books say.

* * *

A nautical friend, who stands high in public esteem in the province, contributes the following wonderful incident of a ghostly visitation and a timely warning:

Many years ago, sometime in the '80's, I was the officer of the watch from eight to midnight of a large mail steamer running down for Cape Frio,

on the coast of South America, bound for Rio de Janeiro, crowded with passengers, there being, I believe, some nine hundred souls on board all told. The night was wet and dirty, but as the ship was supposed to be giving this prominent headland a wide berth we were steaming along full speed without a thought of danger. Two lookouts on the forcastle and myself were on the bridge. I had been pacing to and fro across the bridge for the last hour or two, carefully peering over the edge of the weather-cloth on each side into the darkness and rain, and wishing for eight bells, when my disagreeable vigil would be over, when I found myself at about two minutes to midnight under the lee of the port shelter. I looked at the lee side of the bridge, where the rain was sweeping inside the starboard shelter, and made the mental remark, "I am not going there again this good night." All at once I heard a voice whisper to me, "Go over the other side." It repeated, "Go over the other side." I made another mental remark, "Bother the other side," when once more I heard, and this time slowly, deliberately and urgently, the order, "Go over the other side." I went, looked over the weather-cloth, and in an instant was electrified by seeing, through the rain and spray from the lee bow, a large dark object, a mass of foam at the foot, close to us. I knew in an instant it was a rock, and that we were inside Cape Frio! I called to the quartermaster, "Hard astarboard!" but the man, not grasping such a

sudden, sharp and unexpected order, for a moment hesitated, when, rushing to the wheel, I pushed him on one side and whirled the wheel round myself. The steam steering-gear saved us; she paid off in an instant, but we were so close that our stern just cleared the back wash of the foam. It was all over in a minute, and the ship was saved. The captain came on the bridge just as I had got the wheel hard astarboard. He grasped the situation at once, and taking hold of the bridge rail he turned to me and said quietly, "She is a lost ship." I replied, "I hope not, sir," and when she had cleared the foam and was heading out into the broad Atlantic, we both exclaimed, with heartfelt gratitude, "Thank God!" The men on the lookout were sent for afterwards, when both men declared they had never seen the rock until they heard my shout to the wheel. The rock had just come in sight through the rain. The incident was never mentioned in the log.

* * *

I once lived in a house where the hostess possessed the gift of second-sight. Without being aware that it was anything out of the common she could name the place where would be found any article that might be missed by another member of the family. If it were a pair of scissors, a knife, a cloak, a dress, or any other article, without leaving the room in which she happened to be at the time she would tell you where you would find it, and she was always right.

A QUEER CHARACTER.

“The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.”

—*Goldsmith.*

I PROPOSE to relate a few of the pranks of a noted character, who flourished in the colony in the early days of the gold discoveries. His name was Butts, or *Butt*, as he persisted in being called. He was as insistent in claiming that his name was destitute of the sibilant as another gentleman whom I may mention here. This gentleman's name was Smallbone. Inadvertently one day, about forty years ago, his name was printed Smallbones, whereupon he threatened an action for libel, and his anger was only laid by the appearance on the following day of his name in the singular number—a wit of the day remarking that one of his kind was all the colony could abide at a time.

Butt was an English-Australian. He came first under my notice in 1856. I was engaged on a San Francisco newspaper at the time, and Butt was a sort of carry-all between the politicians and the editorial rooms of the *Sun*, then a leading journal, edited by a Scotchman, and, with all its staff, long since defunct. Later on Butt was

charged with complicity in the murder of James King, an editor, by one James Casey. This murder gave rise to the Vigilance Committee, and I saw four murderers hanged in the streets of San Francisco by the Vigilantes. Butt, who was imprisoned by the Committee, was later released, and in July, 1858, I met him in Victoria. He had been appointed town-crier, and, equipped with a huge bell, was paid to stand on street corners, then few in number, and proclaim auction sales, theatrical performances and social events. Sometimes the government availed themselves of his stentorian voice and loud-mouthed bell to make public their proclamations and orders. This he did under the instructions of the magistrate. He was told to always conclude the reading of the proclamations with the invocation, "God Save the Queen." So long as the magistrate was within earshot Butt adhered religiously to the instruction; but once around the corner he would cry the information, and finish by calling out "God Save (a pause of a few seconds) John Butt." For this act of disloyalty he was deposed as town-crier, and was never after employed officially.

From "crying" Butt took to scavenging, and, procuring a horse and cart, he would load up on Government Street, drive around the corner of Yates Street, and, having previously raised the tail-board a few inches, by the time he had proceeded two hundred yards the mud and filth he had gathered on Government Street would ooze out and deposit itself on Yates Street. He would

then return for other loads, and dispose of them as before. Having succeeded in cleaning Government Street, he would take a contract for carting away the mud he had deposited on Yates Street, whereupon he would cart it back to Government Street, and so on, until his tactics were discovered, and he was forbidden to be town scavenger any more.

He next resorted to petty thieving, and when unconsidered trifles were scarce he would eke out his existence by begging at back doors for food and clothing. The food he would eat or throw away, according to his necessities; the clothing he would sell. Butt possessed a nice tenor voice. He had been a negro minstrel in California before he sank so low as to become a politician, and one of his favorite methods to excite attention and sympathy was to knock at a door and ask for the lady of the house. Upon her appearance he would doff his hat, assume the attitude of a troubadour, and, placing his hand on his heart, sweetly warble a then popular song, commencing:

“ Deal with me keeyindly,
Cheer me young hea-a-r-t,
And I'll follow you bleind-ly,
Wherever thou a-r-r-t.”

The song and attitude almost invariably captured the lady's hea-a-r-t, and the response was a generous one.

From thieving and begging to selling whisky to Indians was only a step, and Butt soon found

himself in the chain-gang. When arraigned before the magistrate he, on one occasion, put up a plea for mercy, and recited a part of one of Watt's hymns in support of the plea, but he got six months' "hard" all the same. The day following his sentence word came from the prison that John Butt during the night had had a paralytic stroke. Below the knees there was no feeling. He was so lame he couldn't walk a step or work a stroke. He was examined by the surgeons. Needles and pins were forced into his legs below the knees, without causing a quiver. Above the knee a pin or needle point inserted would make him howl with pain. Every method was adopted to ascertain if he was malingering, but no use, and he was finally carried to the hospital. There for several weeks he was an object of general sympathy, and cakes, tarts, cigars and an occasional bottle of Hudson's Bay rum found their way to him. His helpless condition excited the commiseration of the other inmates, and every fine day he was carried from his room to the front of the building, and there, seated in an armchair, would bask in the sun and hold conversations with the visitors and inmates. But one day a wonderful thing happened. While seated in his easy-chair he was observed to slyly move one of his disabled legs. Presently he was seen to move the other. Word was sent to the physician of the hospital. By his direction several buckets of cold water were secretly conveyed to a verandah overlooking the spot where Butt sat, and emptied on his head.

At the fall of the first bucketful the shock caused him to spring to his feet, and upon the third or fourth application he ran off like a deer, never stopping until he had reached town and stowed himself away in one of his many haunts.

One stormy night a missionary meeting was convened at the Methodist church. The late John Jessop presided, and introduced an Irish doctor as mover of the first resolution. The doctor ascended the platform and was observed to look anxiously about for some object. At last he exclaimed: "I wish I had a dhrop of wather." There were no taps in those days, and the necessity of water to assuage the thirst of speakers had been overlooked. Instantly rose from the fringe of the crowd near the door the fat and ragged figure of the irrepressible and ubiquitous Butt.

"Wait a minute, doctor, and I'll bring you a drink," he shouted, saying which he started for the door. Just around the corner there stood on Government Street a bar known as the Elephant and Castle. Into this bar Butt burst with a wild whoop, and, seizing a gallon measure filled with water, made off with it. The loungers started a cry that the church was on fire, and while some ran to ring the bell, others poured into the church in time to see Butt amble up the centre aisle and deposit on the chairman's table the dripping measure, amid roars of laughter, in which the minister and the chairman heartily joined.

There is one thing Butt did about this time that deserves mention here. A movement for the

annexation of the colony to the United States was instituted in 1866. Butt suddenly became intensely loyal, and erected a miniature gallows on Wharf Street, from which he used to turn off the annexationists, naming each "traitor" as the drop fell. I have often thought that this burlesque execution business did as much to check the disloyal sentiment as the opposition the *Colonist* offered to the agitation, which was short-lived, although at one time influential, if not numerically strong.

History relates that Rome was saved by the cackling of geese. The cackle of a solitary goose which Butt had stolen from a backyard proved his undoing. He carried the bird beneath his Inverness cape, and was met by a constable who, remarking his bulky appearance, bade him halt.

"What have you there?" he asked, pointing to the bunchy protuberance.

"It's some old clothes I'm takin' to a poor woman down in the alley," replied Butt.

The constable eyed him suspiciously for a moment, but suffered him to pass on, and the culprit was making rapid tracks for his cabin when there arose from beneath his coat the most dismal squawking that ever the tongue of a goose gave utterance to. The constable seized both man and goose, and the next day the magistrate sentenced him to the chain-gang for a long term. A few weeks later the Governor pardoned Butt, and he was shipped on a lumber vessel bound for Australia, and Victoria knew him no more.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF 1856.

“ See they suffer death,
But in their death, remember they are men ;
Strain not the law to make their torture grievous.”

—*Addison.*

It was in the blustry month of March, in the year of our Lord, 1856, that I landed at San Francisco, in company with about one thousand other ardent searchers after the yellow metal, which, we had been given to understand, could be found in huge lumps anywhere among the hills and ravines of California. Such an idea as failure never entered our enthusiastic heads—there was no such word in our lexicon. The first day or two after landing were passed in securing habitable quarters. Some of my fellow-passengers took rooms at the miserable establishments that were dignified by the title of “hotel,” but the larger number sought and obtained lodging on back streets, where the rates were within their means. San Francisco at that time was a very primitive city. Many of the best buildings were of wood, and the few brick structures were poorly constructed and gave no evidence of architectural merit. There were only three or four retail business thoroughfares—Montgomery Street being the

chief. The sand hills came down to and covered the ground where Market Street and many other principal avenues of trade in the present day now run, and where a restless human tide flows unceasingly. At the time of which I write the population of the city was about 40,000. There were no street cars, neither sewerage, water supply, telegraph, railways, telephone, nor any of the many concomitants which now go to make existence bearable. California was then more remote from civilization than Nome is to-day. That is to say, the only means of communication with the outside world was by a line of steamships which left New York twice a month, debarked her passengers at Aspinwall, whence they crossed the Isthmus by rail to Panama, and there took another steamer for San Francisco. The trip from New York to San Francisco generally consumed twenty-three days, but passengers were often four weeks on the way. The party with whom I sailed for San Francisco on the 5th of March were especially fortunate. The passengers who left New York two weeks previously were involved in a train wreck on the bank of the Chagres River, and many were killed and mangled. The passengers who left New York two weeks later were attacked on the Isthmus by natives, and a large number fell victims to the bullets and machetes (a great knife) of the Colombians. We made the trip in twenty-one days. I was fortunate in securing a small room on Powell Street, for which I engaged to pay \$12 monthly, and then

started out to find employment. When I landed on the wharf I found myself the possessor of thirty-eight dollars and twenty-five cents. In the course of a brief period this sum melted away, and on the morning of the third Saturday after arriving I had spent my last quarter for a light meal at a restaurant. I had made a few acquaintances on the voyage out, but these had all disappeared. Some, not finding nuggets on the streets, had gone back discouraged. Others had gone to the mines or to towns in the interior, and of those who still remained in the city I knew not their whereabouts. Saturday night I went to bed supperless. In the morning I took a draught of water for breakfast, and walked down to the water front. Was I contemplating suicide? Not a bit of it. Such a thought did not enter my head. I was young and ardent, with an appetite like a young wolf's, and life to me was precious. I gazed longingly into the bakery and restaurant windows that lay in my way, and wondered whether I should ever again eat a full meal. I recalled dishes which, in the days of plenty, I had spurned. At my boarding-house in an Eastern city a standard dish each Sunday morning was fried tripe. I tried the dish once, and turned from it. As I walked along the water-front on that bright Sabbath morning eleven o'clock struck, and the bells were summoning worshippers to the various churches. I wanted to attend church, but who can listen with patience to a service and a sermon on an empty stomach?

Try it, good reader, and you will find that to enjoy a mental or a spiritual meal the man or woman worshipper must be tuned up with wholesome physical food. So I elected not to attend service on that particular Sunday and continued my walk along the tumble-down wharves that then lined San Francisco's harbor area. Matters were getting desperate. For twenty-eight hours nothing save water had passed my lips. It never occurred to me that I might raise a small sum by visiting one of the numerous pawnbrokers, so I just pulled the strap of my trousers tighter. I really thought myself the most miserable man on the face of the earth—without money, food or friends, in a strange land—and I began to think that all this misery was sent as a punishment because I had declined good food in the past.

“Why did I not eat what was set before me and be thankful?” I asked myself over and over again. “Yes, indeed,” I mused, “there are worse things than fried tripe in the world. I wish I had a chance to get a meal of it now.”

Such a craving for food then took possession of me. I saw a man with a wolfish, greedy look on his face devouring a large piece of pie which he held in both hands, and I wished he would ask me to join him; but he didn't. I strolled slowly on, wondering where all this would end. I began to feel tired and weak and homesick. A man was unloading potatoes from a small sloop. He had a kindly look on his face, and I ventured to ask

him if he wanted to hire some one to help him. "No," he said, "but if you should happen this way day after to-morrow I'll give you a job."

"Day after to-morrow," I thought, "if I don't get work or money before then I shall be dead or insane."

I continued slowly on for another block, and just when I felt I must sink down from sheer weakness a baker's wagon swung swiftly round the corner. The driver, a smart-looking young fellow, stopped the horse in front of a bar and proceeded to deliver bread and cakes to the landlord. As he passed round the back of his cart I noticed that his face was deeply pitted with smallpox—the worst case of disfigurement from that cause I ever saw.

"Surely," I said, "I have seen that face before—I know those marks—know that man."

As he reached the sidewalk with his arms full of goodies, I accosted him:

"I say, is not your name Varnum—Frank Varnum?"

"That's my name," he said, gazing at me with wondering eyes. "But who are you? Surely—no—yes—it cannot be H—?"

"That's who it is," I replied.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Starving to death," I replied faintly.

"Good gracious," said my dear old classmate. "Starving! Just hold on a minute. Wait till I deliver these goods." He ran to the bar, and in

an instant was out again. "Here," he cried, "get up alongside of me."

I mounted the box, and in an instant we were rattling over the planked streets towards his place of business. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "here, you might as well be eating as we go on," and he handed me a loaf of bread.

"Oh! Frank," I said, "I couldn't eat it—really I couldn't. I am craving something in the meat line—and I want you to lend me five dollars till I get some work." By this time I was so weak that I nearly fell off the box, and clutched Frank's arm to save myself.

"Five dollars," said the grand fellow, "I'll lend you ten."

When we arrived at the bakery Varnum leaped from the cart and ran into the shop, quickly returning with a ten-dollar gold piece in his hand, which he handed to me. He then insisted upon driving me to the New York restaurant on Keaney Street, where he left me. I entered the restaurant and took my seat at one of the tables. A waiter approached, and I gave him my order in a weak voice. I must have looked very woe-begone, and wretched—I certainly felt as if I had just risen from a sick bed—for the man gazed searchingly at me. Perhaps he thought I did not have the money to pay for the meal; but if he did he refrained from saying so. And what do you think my order was, of all things? Don't laugh—

"Fried tripe!"

The dish was a long time in coming—an age it seemed, I was so hungry; but when it did arrive I was quickly on good terms with it. I ordered three boiled eggs and coffee, too, and when I rose from that table I felt, as the certificate of a quack doctor's advertisement would say, "like a new man."

On the day following I got employment, and nine months later I was part owner of a San Francisco daily newspaper—*The Morning Call*—and making money hand-over-fist.

* * *

On the 14th of May, 1856, an awful thing happened. About eight months before a man named James King, of William, had started an evening paper called the *Bulletin*. San Francisco had long been under the heels of a band of ballot-box stuffers, robbers and assassins. They had their representatives in all the public offices, even on the Bench. Three of the Supreme Court Justices were known to have been chosen from the very worst class. The Chief Justice was an habitue of gambling and disorderly houses. One of his associates—Terry—was a desperado of violent temper, and had killed his man in Texas before reaching California. In his early life he had been educated for the church, but he abandoned religion for the law and politics. The leading spirit in San Francisco was the famous Ned McGowan. Upon these men and their practices King's newspaper opened a savage warfare. He was a brave

man, without an ounce of discretion. In dealing with the ruffians who had polluted politics and poisoned society, he did not mince his words. He rightly styled them thieves, thugs and murderers and, of course, he was soon a marked man. He was accustomed to appear armed on the streets, and in his editorial room he sat facing the door with a loaded and half-cocked revolver on the table at his right hand. Young as I was I could see that King was inviting an attack by the ostentatious preparations he made to repel one. Many men would have written just as effectively and escaped without injury. But King was aching for trouble; and he got it!

One of the most obnoxious and dangerous wretches of that day was named James P. Casey. He edited a newspaper called the *Sunday Times*—that is, his name appeared as editor, but he could scarcely sign his own name. King ascertained that before coming to California Casey had done time in a New York State prison, and he published the fact. An hour later Casey met King on the principal street, and at a distance of fifteen paces shot him through the right breast. King lived six days, but while he lingered on the edge of the tomb a Vigilance Committee was formed, and on the Sunday morning following that of the shooting, the committee, with two pieces of cannon, and rifles, muskets, pistols and every other imaginable weapon of death, marched to the prison where Casey was confined. The cannon were pointed at



“He sat facing the door with a loaded revolver at his right hand.”

the jail door, and the building surrounded by five thousand armed men. The matches were lighted, and a demand was made for the surrender of Casey and Cora (the last-named some months before had murdered the United States marshal on a public street, because the marshal's wife had "cut" Cora's mistress at the theatre, and was awaiting trial) within five minutes. The prisoners were surrendered after a short parley and were taken to the Vigilance Committee room, which, being surrounded by breastworks of gunnysacks filled with sand, was christened "Fort Gunnybags." King having died, the men were tried, found guilty and sentenced to be executed. On the day of King's funeral both were hanged from the windows of the committee room. I saw their bodies swinging from the ends of ropes in the afternoon breeze.

* * *

The condition of affairs in San Francisco consequent on these tragic events was most deplorable. Business was practically suspended, and bodies of armed men took possession of the streets and public offices. They arrested many evil-doers and banished them from the State under peril of hanging should they return. The committee also besieged the armories, where the State militia had assembled, and captured the entire force, with all their arms and accoutrements.

While the public mind was at fever heat a Welshman named Joseph Hetherington shot and

killed a Dr. Randall in the St. Nicholas Hotel. Randall was indebted to Hetherington and either could not or would not pay his debt, and for that default he was shot. Hetherington was hurried off to the committee room and locked up. The next day a young man named Philander Brace, who was suspected of murdering three men, was seized by the committee. These men were of more than ordinary intelligence. Both had been well educated. Brace was a New York clergyman's son, and had a most innocent, interesting face. He was twenty-one years of age. Hetherington was about thirty-five, and was strikingly handsome, with a full black beard and a somewhat swarthy countenance. He had been in trouble before, having killed a man five years previously, but he got off. The two were sentenced to be hanged by the Vigilance Committee. A gallows was erected in the centre of one of the streets, and at a given moment they were placed thereon. Brace was profane, defiant and drunk. Some one had given him a large quantity of liquor before he was led out. Hetherington was grave and pensive, and while a trifle nervous, was cool and brave. His "last dying speech and confession" was frequently interrupted by Brace, but he managed to say that he did not consider himself a murderer, that he had all his life been a praying man, and that he was not afraid to meet his God.

Brace's last words were that he would wrap himself in the American flag, and die like a — —.

I stood within ten feet of the scaffold and heard every word that was uttered. When the drop fell a shudder ran like an electric current through the multitude. My own heart seemed to stand still. I had gone there on purpose to see these men executed, and at the supreme moment my self-possession deserted me and I was absolutely unprepared for what I had expected and hoped for. These were the first men I ever saw hanged, and for a long time the scene haunted me.

I turned away from the dread spectacle while the bodies still hung on the scaffold, and hurried around the first corner. On the next street two women seated in an open landau drew my attention. Both were weeping. One was hysterical, and was sobbing and moaning pitifully. A bystander ventured the remark that the hysterical lady was "Mrs." Hetherington, who had just been told that her "husband" had been hanged. The same person told me that the woman was known as the "Scotch Lassie." I managed to get a good look at her face. She was very beautiful and was dressed richly and with exquisite taste. The landau drove off at this moment, and I saw the women no more.

* * *

One day while a posse of the Vigilant police were about to arrest a man named Maloney, Judge Terry, an associate justice of the Supreme Court, interfered and stabbed one of the police, named Hopkins, in the neck. The Vigilants seized Terry

and held him, pending the issue of Hopkins' injuries. After some weeks, Hopkins recovered, and Terry was set at liberty. Had Hopkins died Terry would have been hanged. In 1859 Terry challenged Broderick, a U. S. Senator, and the two met near San Francisco. Broderick was killed at the first fire, Terry escaping unhurt. Nearly thirty years later, Terry's first wife having died, he married a woman who was known as Sarah Althea Sharon. She had laid claim to the Sharon estate by virtue of a bogus marriage contract. After a long legal fight Terry and his wife were worsted by a decision of Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court. Terry a few months subsequently attacked Field at a railway station and was himself shot dead by a man named Nagle, who had been detailed to act as Field's bodyguard, Terry having threatened violence.

* * *

The state of affairs at San Francisco at the time of the Vigilance Committee can only be understood by giving a few instances of the moral turpitude of the chief men of the city. Casey was undoubtedly a bold, bad man, but he was only a type of the men who then ruled California. He was dyed deeply in crime—would not hesitate to shoot, cut and rob as his needs or the occasion demanded. But mark the strange inconsistency of the man. The allusion of King to his having been a jail-bird caused him to shoot the editor;

and yet he did not hesitate to do the wickedest and vilest things in broad daylight and boast of them afterwards. He always acted as if the better instincts of human nature were dead to him, but when he stood on the plank awaiting the fatal plunge he cried for his "poor old mother," and begged the Vigilants not to let her hear of the disgraceful manner of his taking off. One night he entered the fashionable gambling-house of Whipple & Burroughs. The faro-tables were in full swing. Word was passed around that Casey was drunk. He approached one of the tables on which lay a heap of gold and, drawing a bowie-knife, thrust it into the table, shouting:

"I want money, or I want blood!"

None dare say him nay. His reputation as a cut-throat had preceded him, besides it would not be wise to have murder done in the swell gambling-house. The exposure would kill the trade, so he was led aside by Whipple, and placated with a substantial gift.

On another occasion, with a band of ruffians, he entered the Mercantile Hotel and proceeded to beat the landlord and his guests, men and women. He was arrested; but in an hour was liberated by an order from a Justice of the Supreme Court, one of his cronies. He returned to the hotel and renewed the assault, this time without molestation from the police.

San Francisco was an ideal Isle of Crete, with this difference: Where Crete had but one Mina-

taur, San Francisco had a thousand. Where Crete had but one labyrinth, San Francisco had a score. Instead of a tribute of only seven young men and seven young women to appease the appetite of one monster, the rapacity of the San Francisco Minotaurs required as many hundred, and the demand exceeded the supply. Nothing good that fell under their influence was good after it left their hands, and with the judges members of the gang the rascals did what they liked. Perhaps King, in attacking the monsters, thought himself another Theseus. Poor man! He resembled Samson more, for like the Scriptural giant he pulled the edifice down upon his enemies and himself as well.

When the Vigilance Committee had got through its labors and disbanded a purer moral atmosphere prevailed, and for years crime did not flaunt itself on every street corner or make itself hideous by openly outraging public peace and decency.

* * *

Two years rolled by, and the Fraser River gold fever broke out. I became infected with it and sold out my business and went to the new diggings, passed more than a year and a half at Yale, and came down to Victoria in February, 1860. In search of a room, I was directed to a house on Broad Street, where I engaged an apartment. A young woman, who gave the name of Macpherson, was the only other boarder. She was a tall, handsome woman of about twenty-five, with pleasant manners. She was beautifully clothed and gave out that she was

on her way to meet her brother, who had struck a rich mine of gold somewhere on the mainland. A sewing machine was got in, and Miss Macpherson began to make up a lot of goods for her own wear. I saw her first on the stairs and was strangely impressed with the belief that somewhere in my travels I had met her, but cudgel my brain as I might I could not place her.

One day I chanced to mention that I had witnessed the execution of Hetherington and Brace, when she became strangely agitated and burst into tears; then I remembered that she was one of the women whom I had seen seated in an open landau a few minutes after the fall of the drop that launched Hetherington and Brace into eternity. The woman presently left for Cariboo to join her "brother" there. One morning, some years afterwards, she was found dead in her cabin at Richfield. She had been strangled over night by some unknown person and all her valuables stolen. The murderer was never found, but old Cariboo men tell of the deathbed of a popular business man there whose last moments were haunted by the ghostly presence of the poor Lassie, and whose dying cries to be saved from her vengeance were pitiful to hear.

WEIRD MESSAGES AND APPEARANCES.

“Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn’d,
Bring thee airs from Heaven or blasts from Hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com’st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee.”

—*Hamlet.*

RECENT visitors at San Francisco have returned with astounding tales of the work of a certain medium in that great city. He calls up the spirits of the departed, delivers messages from the dead to living friends, and mentions dates, names, localities and incidents with a fidelity that astonishes his audiences. In nearly every instance the persons, dead or living, were, and are, entire strangers to the medium, who does his tricks (or call them what you may) in the full glare of the electric light, and upon a platform which is destitute of a cabinet or other furniture. The hall on the occasion of the seances is packed. The medium advances to the front of the platform and after a short exposition of what he is about to produce, begins by calling out a name.

“Did anyone here know a Mrs. Mary Brown when she was on earth?”

A voice responds, "Yes, I knew a lady of that name."

The operator, without apparently noticing the interruption, continues:

"I am on a steamer. We are bound for the north. We have been three days at sea and we reach Vancouver. I see there a lady. She is related to Mary Brown, deceased—a daughter, I think. Mary Brown has a message for her daughter which she wishes you (looking in the direction from which the voice came) to deliver. Tell the daughter that her mother says she has acted wisely, and that prosperity is about to dawn on her and hers. There is a gentleman here who wishes to speak to you. He used to live on Puget Sound, at a place called Port Angeles. His name on earth was Thomas. He is tall and strong-looking. He wants me to say to you that you have acted nobly, and that your reward is certain. He awaits your coming with impatience. Did you ever know a person of that name?"

"Yes, he was my husband," faltered the female voice.

"Ah," exclaimed the medium, "here's a man named Max Popper. He has something to say to a Mr. Ernest Popper, who, he says, is in this room. Is there such a person here?"

A fat little man rises, and says:

"Dot vos mine name."

"Well, sir, the spirit says you must stop playing the races or ruin will overtake you. He says you gamble and drink too much."

"Gootness gerracious," interrupts the little fat man, "dot vos mine brudder Max. He blowed his prains out ven he loosed den tousand tollars at the drack last year."

The medium continues: "He says you will not blow your brains out, for a very good reason. He adds that you are spending money that is not your own."

"Gootness gerracious," interrupts Ernest Popper, in a great state of excitement, "dot ish sho; but who telled him? Vot elsh dosh he say?"

"Nothing. Is there a lady here named Arabella Pingstone?"

"That's me," cried a shrill female voice from the rear.

"You have lost something. It is of great value. Your husband is here. He says if you will look in the dark closet under the first pair of stairs in your house you will find what you have lost."

The woman makes a quick exit to search the dark closet.

"Is there a Mrs. Pollard—Irene Pollard—here?" is next asked.

A timid-looking little woman, in a faded shawl and last year's bonnet, pops up, blushes, opens and closes her lips, and sits down.

"Is your name Irene Pollard?"

"Yes, sir," comes back the nervous answer.

"I've a message for you from your son George."

"But my son's dead," gasps the timid little body.

"I know he is and that's why I've got a message from him. He bids me tell you he is very happy. The other boys are with him and they are waiting for you. He says he wants you to forgive him for his neglect of you while on earth."

"Has he seen his father?" ventured the lady.

"No, and he adds that he doesn't want to see him, either. He says that where his father is there's neither ice nor snow."

"Oh," eagerly explained the little lady, "he was killed by an avalanche in the Sierra Nevada mountains. My son doesn't mean to say that his father's in the bad place. He means that it's always summer where he is."

The audience laugh doubtingly, but makes no comment.

"I see," continues the medium, "a handsome girl of some twenty summers. Her long hair is hanging loose and her garments are dripping with water. She says her name while on earth was Adelaide Prout, and that she was drowned in the wreck of the Rio Janeiro in San Francisco harbor. Does anyone here recognize her?"

Half-a-dozen persons sprang to their feet, and all exclaimed that they knew the girl in life.

"She wishes to speak to a Mrs. Eckert."

A lady rose in the auditorium, and in trembling accents responded to the call.

"She wishes me to tell you that she is happy, much happier than while in life. She says you acted right in getting a divorce; but that you

should not take the step you contemplate—marriage—for you will have nothing but unhappiness with the man who has proposed to you.”

The lady gathers up her wraps and, with a very red face and a little cry of dismay, hastens from the hall.

And so a seance goes on every evening, to the mystification of the numerous audiences and the profit of the medium. It is said that the medium is seldom acquainted with either the dead or living persons who send or receive messages through him. This is doubtless correct. I long ago arrived at the conclusion that the wonderful powers ascribed to clairvoyants cannot be attributed to any cause now known to man. It is a gift that few own and the existence of which has never been satisfactorily explained. “It was borned in me,” said a fat seeress who turned things topsy-turvy in 1889 in Vancouver and Victoria.

“Am I clairvoyant?” a gentleman asked of her one day.

“No, not a bit—you’re too earthy.”

“What do you mean by that?” he asked, indignantly.

“I mean that you’re of the earth earthy. You’re too fond of your fleshpots.”

The visitor gazed at the gross old woman as she leaned back in an easy chair and leered at him, while a strong odor of onions flavored her breath and filled the apartment. His choler rose.

"Well," he said, "I may be fond of my flesh-pots, but I don't eat six meals a day and I don't weigh three hundred pounds."

"Sir-r-r," the woman cried, "how dare you say I eat six meals a day and weigh three hundred pounds!"

"I dare say it and I do say it to your face. And you not only eat six meals, but you have a snack sent up every night after you have retired."

"Well, I don't drink whiskey, anyhow," she exclaimed, as a home-thrust.

"Perhaps not," retorted the visitor, "but you eat onions, which is worse, and—and you—"

The seeress waited to hear no more. She waddled from the reception-room into the bedroom and locked the door. But in spite of her gross appetite and her love of onions, the old lady told a great many things that were true and mystified her numerous visitors by her knowledge of past events in their lives.

One bright moonlight night, in the summer of 1892, a number of ladies and gentlemen stood on the corner of two of the principal streets in the city of Victoria, waiting for a car. Just as a car was rounding the corner, what appeared to be the figure of a man darted from the opposite sidewalk and walked right in front of the rapidly advancing conveyance. There was no fender, and it seemed that the man must be run down. The people on the corner were horror-stricken. They shouted and screamed to the motorman to apply the brake.

It was too late. The front of the car seemed to strike the figure, and all expected to see him ground to pieces beneath the wheels. To the surprise of all, the car made no impression upon the man. He seemed to pass through the obstacle and emerge on the other side. Keeping straight on he looked neither to the right nor the left, crossed the street, and disappeared in the doorway of the Bank of Commerce building. The figure and the dress were those of Hon. J. H. Turner, Finance Minister. At least ten persons witnessed the strange occurrence. In the morning he was congratulated upon his miraculous escape.

"Why," he replied, "I was not out of my house last evening. It must have been some one else."

Who the "some one else" was has never been made clear to the persons who saw the other self of Mr. Turner defy the street car and allow it to pass through his body without injury to himself. Was it a ghost?

* * *

Nearly thirty years ago I made one of a party of ladies and gentlemen who formed a circle for the investigation of the phenomena of spiritualism. We were accustomed to meet each week alternately at each other's houses, and, resting the palms of our hands on the top of a pine table, received many messages by means of raps from forces that claimed that they were disembodied spirits. Some of the messages were of a very pleasant nature, others were not, like some medicines, agreeable to

the taste. The spirits were generally in a very sedate and serious frame of mind. Some of the knocks were nearly indistinct, as if the spirits were of a timid nature. Others were firm, without being noisy. The knocks from the female visitors were generally soft and delicate, while the male knockers were more decided, and were readily distinguished. After a while we were able to recognize certain spirits that came frequently by the nature of their raps. There was one unconscionable blackguard who often made his presence manifest by the most pronounced knocking and riotous behavior. He said his name was Richard Loo, and that he had been a sailor. From the way in which he acted I should have thought that he was two or three sailors, and not very sober or moral ones at that. He would attack the table as with a hammer, and would pound upon it with all the vigor of a strong man bent on destroying it. Then he would lift the table two or three feet from the floor, and bring it down again with a tremendous jolt. Upon his approach the other spirits would seem to fly, only returning when Mr. Loo had ceased his operations and gone to some other circle to continue his ill-conduct there. The gentler spirits used to refer to Richard as a "bad 'un," much given to swearing and the use of tobacco and entirely unreliable. The rioter himself said that he was kept near earth because he had been too wicked while in life to mingle with the better natures that inhabit the higher spheres.

The whoppers that the former sailor told were so monstrously absurd as to stamp him as a lying spirit. When he took his departure each evening he would give several heavy knocks, and then tilt and lift up the table, upset it, and slam it on the floor, to the imminent danger of the people whose feet were beneath it. In spite of the rough usage, the table never showed signs of damage. One of Loo's specimen lies I will give as a sample of all. A gentleman asked:

"Do you know my name?"

Loo rapped out the querist's name.

"Have you met my brother in the spiritland?"

"Yes—know him well."

"Is he happy?"

"More than happy—he's married again."

"Why, he's got a wife on earth."

"That makes no difference—it doesn't count here. I've got another wife myself."

Then followed a stream of profane language in the midst of which the circle dissolved in haste and the rapping was suspended. The following day the "dead" brother arrived in Victoria.

When Eva Fay was at Victoria in 1896 she did some wonderful things. I entered a cabinet with her and held both her hands firmly in mine; in spite of which banjos and tamborines were played upon, vegetables thrown, and my face was slapped by unseen hands. How were these things done? By spirits or jugglery? In explanation of her clever responses to written messages it was

observed that her manager handed each person desiring to ask a question a slip of paper and a piece of cardboard, upon which he was supposed to write his message. When the slips were gathered in by the ushers the pieces of cardboard were taken up too, and handed to the manager, who stood at the right of the platform with paper and cardboards in hand. The popular theory was that when one wrote on the paper, the cardboard, which was chemically prepared, recorded a duplicate of the writing and ventriloquism did the rest. In writing my questions I rested the slip on the rim of my hat. When my name was called the woman failed. She said:

"You want to know something about your business—"

"No," I interrupted, "I know too much about that already. My question is of an entirely different nature."

"I must have got your message mixed with some one else's. I'll return to it later," she said.

When the list was exhausted and she was about to leave the stage the manager called out:

"You've forgotten to answer that gentleman's query?"

"Oh!" she said, "I can answer it now. Yes. Tell her to get a —— bicycle."

My question was: "A lady friend of mine is putting on flesh rapidly and wishes to know if she should ride a bike to maintain a sylphlike form?"

Some one in the audience asked: "Shall we

have fine weather on Monday for the Queen's Birthday celebration?"

"Yes," she answered, "you will have glorious weather, and a good time."

Not a word about a defective bridge which even then was tottering to its fall. A word of warning from the medium might have caused an inspection to be made, and been the means of saving fifty-six precious lives, for within forty-eight hours after the "good time" was promised by the medium two-score homes were desolate. It's a queer thing that mediums should appear to tell so much and yet tell so little. I do not know—I cannot recall a single instance in my own experience where a warning from spiritland prevented a catastrophe. Others may. There have been presentiments of danger, and disaster has followed. I have had premonitions myself, but no harm resulted.

THE OLD ST. GEORGE AND ITS SHE DRAGON.

“ Then gently scan your fellow man,
Still gentler, sister woman ;
Though they may gang a kennin’ wrang,
To step aside is human.”

—*Burns.*

THE modest-looking red-brick structure that stands sandwiched between the Victoria Theatre on the east and the majestic Hotel Driard on the west, has a history which if told would, I think, interest readers. It was built in 1862 by a Mons. Bendixen, who came here in the spring of that year, accompanied by his wife, a tall, heavily-built French woman. M. Bendixen, who was a Belgian, purchased the lot on which the structure stands at a pretty stiff figure. A boom was on at the time and owners could scarcely open their mouths wide enough when setting a price on their properties. The building was originally of two stories, and was called the St. George. The hotel was very comfortable, and at first was well conducted. Seattle at that time was a mere village of 200 or 300 inhabitants, and Portland had a population of about 2,000. Victoria's census showed 2,020 white inhabitants in 1860. So the St. George might easily be the best hotel north of San Francisco, and

then not be anything to boast of. Take them for all in all, however, the Bendixens were very accommodating, and when the woman was not in one of her queer moods things sailed along smoothly, and guests came and went in considerable numbers. But the business proved unprofitable, and as times grew bad the temper of Mme. Bendixen grew more and more disagreeable, until visitors to the city, having been previously warned, were loth to come within the range of her tongue, and so went elsewhere for accommodation and refreshments. Coarse and almost repellant as the Madame had grown, there were people in Victoria who could call to mind the time when, seven or eight years before, she was one of the handsomest and daintiest of the smart set of San Francisco. I saw her often driving in an open carriage along Montgomery Street, the observed of all observers, and by long odds the most magnificently appareled and the most beautiful woman in that gay and dissipated metropolis. How she had changed in the interval between 1854 and 1862 will be understood when I say that I did not for a long time recognize in the fat, grisly-looking, boisterous hostess of the St. George the delicate and refined-appearing young California beauty. It is true that her associations at first were with the very worst class of California society. She was at one time the *cher amie* of the notorious "Judge" McGowan, whose exploits while on Fraser River were told in "The Mystic Spring." When she broke with that wicked

person the Madame took a small cottage on Pike Street and announced that she would shortly be married. I cannot recall the name of the man of her choice. Perhaps it was Bendixen; but I think the name was an English one. However, she continued to occupy the cottage referred to, and was most exemplary in her conduct, and regular in attendance at church. I really believe she tried hard to be good, and had she been left to her own devices she would have succeeded in becoming an excellent wife, if not a mother. But the gang of ruffians with whom she had formerly consorted would not let her rest. Their hands were ever outstretched to drag her back into the path of sin which she had forsaken. She resisted all overtures and became a mark for their venom and insults. She applied to the police for protection, but the force were the tools of the thugs that then controlled politics at San Francisco, and she received no assistance from that quarter. One evening, while walking along the principal thoroughfare, nitric acid was sprinkled on her dress, and the garment was ruined. On another occasion her fiance was assaulted and terribly beaten by two men whom he could not identify.

I boarded at the time in a house at the corner of Pike and Clay Streets kept by an Irish lady named Miss Rennington, scarcely a stone's throw from the cottage of the penitent woman. Our quarters were very comfortable, and the boarders were mostly nice, quiet people, and in every respect

desirable acquaintances. Miss Rennington was related to the very best people in Ireland. She had a crest, and corresponded regularly with friends whose letters also bore crests. She was a perfect lady, well educated and refined. Her old father, who was about eighty-five, and quite helpless, occupied a room in the house, and it was pleasant to notice the tender care with which the daughter always looked after the old gentleman's comfort. What he had been in early life we never heard, but he probably filled an important government position in the closing years of the eighteenth, and opening years of the nineteenth, century. I think that he belonged to the loyalists and assisted in putting down the rebellion of '98. He was well read and very intelligent. In warm weather the windows of our house were left open to admit the cool air. One morning, before daybreak, the household was awakened by an overpowering stench which seemed to invade every nook and cranny of the establishment and sickened all who came within the radius of its powerful influence. For about half-an-hour the horrid odor penetrated the bedrooms, and men and women were fain to run into the street to avoid the noxious fumes. The sun was well up before the smell was overcome by the purer air of heaven. We learned later on that the gang had set off a Chinese stink-pot beneath the floor of the cottage with the object of driving the woman out. The unfortunate female remained within, and although she was nearly

asphyxiated, held her ground. A few nights later the neighborhood was shaken by a violent concussion which caused much alarm. The fire-bells were rung, and we all turned out to ascertain the cause of the shock. It was found that an infernal machine had been set off beneath the cottage, shattering it and lifting it from its foundations, and, of course, frightening the poor inmate who was trying so hard to be good. We dressed, and ran to the spot, where we found the unfortunate woman, standing in her night apparel, unhurt, but badly frightened, and sobbing amid the wreck of her home and goods. As she stood wringing her hands, and in dislocated English bewailed her hard fate, Miss Rennington walked up to her, and, placing a hand on her arm, spoke a few words in French. The woman shook her head, and tried to throw off the lady's hand. Miss Rennington grasped the arm tighter, and again spoke to her in her native tongue. The poor thing reluctantly yielded, and Miss Rennington, drawing a shawl from her own shoulders, threw it over the back of the woman, and led her towards the boarding-place. The boarders followed at a respectful distance. The ladies were greatly scandalized, and when they saw the two disappear within the door their indignation was vigorously outspoken. In the morning at breakfast, Miss Rennington appeared, looking pleasant and apparently quite unconcerned. She was received with chill silence by the ladies and with a constrained air by the gentlemen. No

one spoke for about five minutes, when a Mrs. Coe, who was admittedly the leader and mouthpiece of the social set in the house, broke the silence by addressing the landlady in severe tones:

"Is it true, Miss Rennington, that you have given shelter to—to—to—"

"Yes," broke in the landlady, "it is perfectly true that I have given shelter to one of God's creatures—a poor, persecuted woman, whose house was wrecked by a gang of scoundrels last night, and whom I found weeping amongst the ruins of her home."

"But, while you looked out for her comfort, did you have no regard for the feelings of your boarders—especially your lady boarders?"

"Mrs. Coe," said Miss Rennington, "if your character is of so unstable a nature that it cannot withstand the temporary presence here of that wretched woman, be so good as to leave the house as soon as you can get other quarters."

As the noble woman spoke she drew her tall figure up to its full height, and her bright, blue eyes seemed to flash and kindle as with holy fire. She gazed along the table, and after a short pause continued, "'He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her.'" No one spoke after that. The back of the objectors was broken, and the meal was finished in deep silence. Only the boarder who sat next to me ejaculated, *sotto voce*, "Ould Ireland forever." The woman left the house in the afternoon and the incident was

soon forgotten, except, perhaps, by Mrs. Coe and the victim. Among the ruins of the house the police picked up a letter, evidently written the night before the explosion, by the occupant. It came into the hands of the press and was printed. Here it is:

“August 17.

“My dear friend,—I suppose that you are very surprise not to see me any days, but —— as been very bad for me an he says if I go and see you the most worst will me happen. He is very jealous and sorry why you like me. I am been sick by his conduct and want you to come to see me soon. Suppose you do not never come I be more sicker than ever, for I want you to marry me soon or it will be very bad for me both. My silk dress he be spoil with some drug he throw on it and I am very sorry. Come an soon and see me.

“Your loving friend,

“LENNY.”

Upon the partial destruction of the cottage “Lenny” moved away, and the next time I saw her she was hostess of the St. George in this city, and instead of the shrinking, timid, handsome girl of several years before, she had degenerated into a fat, bold and quarrelsome middle-aged woman.

* * *

The St. George remained in the hands of the Bendixens for three or four years. Evil times descended upon the province and ravens croaked

in the grass-grown streets. In 1869 I cut down thistles that grew in the gutter on Government near Yates Street—the principal business thoroughfare—and in warm weather, as late as 1871, I was accustomed to sit in a chair on the same sidewalk, near the same corner, and read newspapers and books without fear of interruption—the passers-by were so few. There was no pound law then, and cows and horses roamed the principal streets and fed on the grass that grew on either side. The inhabitants were supplied with water in fitful quantities from Harris' Pond and Spring Ridge, through wooden pipes, and by draymen, who delivered the fluid in buckets at the doors and sold it at so many pails for a dollar.

A bathtub was a luxury that only the rich possessed, and in the St. George hotel there was no bathroom. Quoth the Madame:

“What's the use? Suppose I have bathroom, nobody cannot get no water for bath. Lucky to get enough to drink and face and hand to wash. The rest have to wait for more water to come.”

This was an argument that none cared to dispute. The hard times finally drove the Bendixens from the hotel. Bendixen went to San Francisco, and the Madame to Cariboo, where she remained, I am informed, until she died at an advanced age. She must have been seventy. She acknowledged to forty-four. Why do women nearly always prevaricate about their ages? Or if they do not prevaricate, what possible objection can they have to

telling how old they are? I was conversing with a most estimable woman awhile ago, and in the course of conversation I mentioned a circumstance that happened in 1864. "Oh!" said the lady, "that was before my time. I was too small to remember what took place then, for I was a very small child." She forgot that in 1866, she being then a young lady with her "hair done up," I escorted her to the old Victoria Theatre, where a concert was held.

* * *

After the Bendixens went away, the St. George remained closed for some time. It was opened by different proprietors at various times, but all met with disaster. Messieurs Sosthenes Driard and L. Hartnagle were the proprietors of the Colonial Hotel, on Government Street, just where the Senate saloon and a boot and shoe store now are. There was a billiard-room in the rear, which, one night in 1875, took fire, and was destroyed, together with the hotel and the brick building now occupied by Fletcher Bros.' music house. Driard & Hartnagle afterwards purchased the St. George, changed the name to Hotel Driard, and added another story and a mansard roof. Some years later, when railway construction began on the mainland, the Driard became the headquarters of the engineers and contractors and their friends, and of land speculators, and the owners must have scooped in a barrel of money. Shortly before this period, Mr. L. Redon joined the firm. Mr. Driard, after a

hard day's work, was in the habit every summer evening of sitting in an arm-chair on the sidewalk in front of the hotel and falling asleep. His snores were of the most vigorous and sonorous kind, and his slumber was often prolonged into the chilly hours of the night. One evening, having fallen asleep, as was his custom, when his nap was at an end he tried to rise, but to his surprise and alarm he found it impossible to move. He felt as if he had been nailed to the chair, and struggle as he might there was no breaking loose. In his distress he called for assistance, and when helped into the hotel it was found that the old man was paralyzed. From that night to the hour of his death poor Driard was a sufferer, and although he managed to potter about, it was with extreme difficulty and pain. When he died everyone felt that a good man had passed away.

* * *

Mr. Hartnagel's death was about as affecting. He was a famous caterer—the best, perhaps, that ever came to the Pacific Coast. Meals provided by him were the talk of the continent. Everywhere you might be, if you met a man who had visited Victoria, he would always ask after Mr. Hartnagel, and tell you how he enjoyed the food while putting up at his hostelry.

Many people will call to mind Captain Morse, of the steamship *Dakota*, which vessel carried the mails between Victoria and San Francisco for many years. Morse, who was a bluff, hearty East-

erner, was very popular, and when it became known that he had been promoted to the command of an Australian liner, and that he was about to visit this port for the last time, it was arranged to tender him a farewell banquet. This was early in the eighties. The committee selected the Driard as the place for holding the banquet, and Mr. Hartnagel prepared the menu, of which the committee approved. This was on Tuesday, and Mr. Hartnagel was apparently in the best of health. Preparations for the great event went actively forward. On Thursday Mr. Hartnagel was taken ill. On Friday he died. On Sunday he was buried, and on the Monday following we eighteen admirers of Captain Morse partook of the delicious banquet which the amiable old gentleman had provided.

* * *

It was the hour of two, one morning in the summer of 1882, when an alarm was sounded that the extensive stables of Wm. G. Bowman, which occupied the site where the *Colonist* building now stands, were on fire. The flames spread with great rapidity, and, crossing the street, encircled the Driard House in their fiery embrace. The mansard roof caught first, and the fire ate its way downward until the building was destroyed, causing a heavy loss to the owners. When the hotel was rebuilt the mansard roof, a realistic fire-trap, was not replaced, and the old building presents the same general features it possessed when reconstructed after the fire. The palatial structure now

known as the Driard was erected about thirteen years ago, and is conducted and owned by Mr. Clinton A. Harrison, with credit to himself and to the enjoyment of his guests.

* * *

In the summer of 1863, when the steamer *Eliza Anderson* was the only boat that ran between Victoria and Olympia, there arrived a man and a girl, who registered at the St. George. I do not remember the names they gave, but let us say that the man registered as Stowell and the girl as Cowell. They were both young, the girl not more than fifteen. Separate apartments were assigned them, and whatever else may be said about Mme. Bendixen, she was always kind to her sex. A certain something about the pair aroused the hostess' suspicions, and taking advantage of the man's absence from the house for a short time, she questioned the girl, who frankly admitted that she had crossed the Straits for the purpose of marrying her escort. How long had she known him? queried the Madame. About a month. Did she know anything about him or his affairs? No, except that he was a bookkeeper, and came often to her father's house. Did her parents object to the marriage? Yes, they thought her too young, and no clergyman at Seattle would marry them without her father's consent. So they had come on to Victoria, and her lover was then gone to get a license and a clergyman.

In an hour or so the man returned without

license or clergyman. Madame's suspicions grew stronger, and she kept a close watch upon them. When the hour for retiring came she took the girl to the room, tucked her in the bed, kissed her good-night, and, on coming out, slyly locked the door of the apartment and took the key away. An hour or two later, the lights being out, Mr. Stowell stole into the passage, and felt his way softly on tiptoe towards the room within which the girl was locked. His chagrin was great, and his anger ill-concealed, when he came downstairs again and asked for the key of No. —. Then Mme. Bendixen poured the phials of her wrath upon him. In broken English she raked him fore and aft, called him *canaille*, *rascaile*, *cochon*, scoundrel, villain, and asked him why he did not return with a clergyman.

The fellow pleaded that he could not find one.

"Zat ees one lie—what ze Anglish call infa-mous lie. You no want to find one! You no want to marry ze girl! You dare not so do!"

"Why do I not dare?"

"Because—shall I you tell? Because you has a vife already."

The man reeled as if hit with a bullet.

"How—how—do you know that?" he asked.

"Yes—vell, I vill tell you so you'll forget not. A little bird he did vhisper it in my ear, an' he tell me not to by no means tell you hees name."

"It's a lie—a d—d lie," said the man.

"No, ees not a lie," screamed the woman, with

her arms on her hips in true female scolding attitude. "Eet ees as true as ze Gospel book; I reads it in your vace. I zee you sneak, sneak along zee passage in your feets, vizout zee boots. I vatch you all zee afternoon, an' ze leetle girl, too. She ees as innocent as, vat you calls it? Oh, somedin' vat you eats viz mint sauce. Oh, yes—lamb—leetle sheep, you know. Vell, you no zees her no more to-night, and to-morrow, maybe, her fazzer comes and takes her away. You are von great rascaille, and get out of zis, qvick."

The man put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a gold coin. "Here," said he, "put this in your pocket and shut your mouth."

The woman seized the coin and threw it in the man's face. She foamed with rage as she screamed:

"You villain—you sacre hog! Once I was all zee zame as zat leetle girl, all zee zame as a angel. I had a fazzer and a muzzer, and a bad man stole me away, and sold me for a piece of gold, and here I am! No, zir, you get out—vamosé—leave, or I vill kill you! No more you zee zat leetle girl. She is all ze zame as my leetle daughter. Zere ees ze door. Go!"

The man, thoroughly cowed, grasped his bag and made off, a herd of sacre cochons squealing in his ears as he ran.

In the morning the father of the girl did arrive from Seattle, and took possession of his child. It turned out that the random guess of the hostess

was correct. The man had a wife in California, and, of course, could not marry his intended victim. It is to be hoped that she profited by her narrow escape.

* * *

What if I should tell my readers, in confidence, that a ghost once "walked" through the corridors of the old St. George. A woman who announced herself as a spiritualist appeared one day at the hotel, and was accommodated with a room. She engaged the dining-room for a lecture, and a good many attended. Among other things, she announced that if a book were placed in her hands, without opening it she would tell the page on which any quotation that might be made by one of the company from the pages of the volume would be found. With a copy of Shakespeare she was very successful. With the New Testament, which she seemed to know by heart, she was infallible. A gentleman present happened to have in his pocket a small edition of Lindley Murray, and handing it to her asked her to parse a certain phrase which was given as an exercise in the book. She was "stumped" at once: she floundered, and at last abandoned the attempt. My impression has always been that the woman had a phenomenal memory, and that once having read a book, she remembered everything it contained. Her language convinced me that she had never looked inside a grammar, and the result showed that I was right. After the book test spirits were called

up; but the results were not convincing and the medium retired under somewhat of a cloud.

That night strange things happened at the St. George. Rappings were heard on the walls and doors; bells were heard ringing in parts of the building where no bells were supposed to be, and sepulchral voices resounded in the passages. The landlord and landlady turned out in their *robes de nuit* to investigate, when the noises suddenly ceased. They turned in, and the noises were heard again. They buried their heads beneath the blankets to shut out the din, when a strong hand plucked away the covering. They ran into the hall in time to see a very tall, white figure glide along the passage and disappear at the head of the stairs. They ran to the spot and lying on the floor they discovered a sheet. They proceeded at once to the medium's room and pounded on the door without getting any response for some minutes. When at last the door was opened by the woman she yawned as if half asleep. The landlady pushed her way inside, and, proceeding to the bed, found that it was just one sheet short of the complement. That sheet she held in her hand! The next morning the medium quitted the house, and ghosts never again walked at the St. George.

A MINIATURE RACE WAR.

“A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod ;
But executes a freeman’s will,
As lightning does the will of God,
And from its force nor bolts nor bars
Can shield you ; ’tis the ballot-box.”

—*Pierpont.*

THE long struggle for supremacy between the Northern and Southern States of America was waged with relentless fury for more than four years, and ended, as all are aware, in the defeat of the Southerners. Shortly before the war broke out, and just before the discovery of gold on Fraser River, the negro residents of California, who numbered several thousand, were deprived of all political rights. Even the right to hold property was denied them. A few intelligent colored men had engaged in business in California, but they stood at great disadvantage with their white competitors and found it difficult to get on. Many of these men had been slaves; some had escaped from bondage, others had bought their freedom, and still others were free men from non-slaveholding States. These people, tiring of the disabilities to which they were subjected, resolved to send five of their number to Vancouver Island, much as the

Israelites despatched emissaries to spy out certain lands which they had been commanded to go in and possess themselves of. The emissaries, on their return, reported that Governor Douglas had promised them every privilege then enjoyed by the white settlers, including the right to buy and sell land, become naturalized and hold office. They also reported that the country was one that flowed with milk and honey.

Consequent upon their report, in 1858, there was a large emigration of respectable colored families to Vancouver Island. Many stayed at Victoria, where they bought lots and built homes. Others went into the farming districts, mostly on Salt Spring Island, where they took up land and became farmers. The descendants of these people are still to be found on Salt Spring Island, and in and about Victoria. All, or nearly all, of these early colored immigrants have died. The passing of Nathan Pointer in this city a few months ago removed from Victoria almost the last of the pioneer colored settlers.

The gold-seekers of 1858, upon arrival here, found the negro element strongly entrenched in official confidence and patronage. To preserve order among the heterogeneous mining population, whose tents covered the entire townsite of Victoria, and who numbered at one time ten thousand souls, a police force was necessary, and a number of stalwart young negroes offered themselves as constables. They were promptly sworn in at a

salary of \$70 a month each, and provided with batons and uniforms. The first attempt to arrest an evil-doer created a riot. It seems queer that a man, having committed a criminal act should claim the right to elect the color or nationality of the person who shall take him into custody. Yet that was what occurred at Victoria town forty-five years ago. A white man, caught by a negro policeman while robbing a miner's tent, refused to go with his captor. He did not, could not, deny the theft, for he was taken red-handed; and he didn't object to going to jail, but he did object to being taken there by "a —— nigger policeman." And his objection was sustained by the white element, who rushed in a body to his aid. Even the man whose tent had been robbed was said to have supported the objection, and in the end the culprit escaped. There is, then, it would appear, an aristocracy in crime.

Upon the old bridge that then spanned Victoria harbor at Johnson Street, a similar scene was enacted. A colored policeman undertook to arrest a white man who was beating another, when both the beater and the beaten turned upon the representative of authority, and, aided by a score of others, deprived the constable of his baton, stripped off his uniform, and sent him to police headquarters in his drawers! These and many other evidences of dissatisfaction with the hue of the police force, induced the government, after two months' trial, to dispense with the colored

force and appoint white men. To show their appreciation of this gracious act of concession the criminal element were accustomed to accompany the white policemen as meekly as lambs, seeming to deem it an honor, rather than a disgrace, to go to jail in such company. All this happened in 1858.

* * *

In 1859, George Hunter Cary, the gifted, erratic and eloquent first Attorney-General of the colonies of Vancouver Island and New Caledonia, reached here from England. The Chief Justice of the colony was David Cameron, who, although a very intelligent and honorable gentleman, had not been bred to the law, and Mr. Cary found judicial matters in a grave state of confusion. He was not long in expressing his opinion of the Chief Justice in terms more forcible than polite.

When Mr. Cary landed he was given to understand that the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company was objectionable to the settlers who had flocked here from California and the Eastern provinces under the impetus of the gold discoveries. The leader of the anti-government force was Mr. Amor De Cosmos, a man of rare intellectual parts, a vigorous writer and fearless speaker. He was ably seconded by C. B. Young, an Englishman with a grievance. What his particular reason for hostility to the government was I have never been able to understand, but he was a bitter and uncompromising opponent, and evidenced it on every occasion.

Cary had not been long ashore before he and De Cosmos had a serious clash. A general election for the Legislative Assembly had been proclaimed. The franchise was confined to British subjects, and when the lists were made up it was seen that the De Cosmos element was in the ascendancy by a large majority. A defeat of the government meant an appeal to the home government for a change in the form of the administration of affairs. Should the lists remain as originally drawn, the government had not the slightest hope of success. In the emergency the Attorney-General was appealed to, and his fertile mind hit upon a scheme that turned a prospective government defeat into a certain government victory.

There were about fifty male adult colored men then resident at Victoria. These men were not British subjects, because there was no naturalization law that extended to the colony. Mr. Cary's attention was called to an infamous decision of the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, two years before, in which it was laid down that a negro was not, and could not, become a citizen of the United States, and that he had no rights that a white man was bound to respect. Here was an opportunity to stuff the lists and beat the opposition. If the negroes were not citizens of the United States, they were not citizens of any country, and, therefore, had no citizenship to renounce. As immigrants without a country they might be admitted as subjects here by simply subscribing to

an oath of allegiance to the Queen. This they did to-day, as it were, and to-morrow they were placed on the voting list. The election came off in due time, and Selim Franklin, the government candidate, took the seat that by right belonged to Amor De Cosmos. A protest was lodged with the Assembly, which then tried election petitions, but without avail.

Two years later, in 1861, another opportunity presented itself to Mr. De Cosmos to enter parliament. A certain Mr. George Tomline Gordon sat for Esquimalt Town in the Assembly. He was appointed Colonial Treasurer, and in order to give the House the flavor of a responsible body he resigned and stood for re-election. Mr. De Cosmos offered himself as the Opposition candidate. It was said that Gordon, a few years before, had distinguished himself by running off to the Continent with the wife of a great London banker, but that his fault was condoned by his wife, who was a beautiful and accomplished lady, and they came to Victoria to reside. There were twenty-six names on the voting list of Esquimalt Town at that time. Electors voted on property qualifications, hence a man could vote in every district in which he held property.

In connection with this particular election a thing occurred that I make bold to say is without a parallel in the world. Nothing like it ever occurred before or is likely ever to occur again. It was a matter of public notoriety that while a

resident of California Mr. De Cosmos, whose patronymic was William Alexander Smith, had had his name changed by the Legislature there to the one by which he was known here. It was an act of eccentricity, by a very eccentric man; but there was no concealment about it, and it was done with no evil purpose in view. But it was given out by Gordon's friends that if William Alexander Smith ran as Amor De Cosmos, his election would be upset on the same ground that Mrs. Gamp objected to Mrs. Betsy Prig's mysterious friend, Mrs. Harris, that there "wasn't no sich pusson."

The De Cosmos committee, therefore, as a matter of precaution, decided that their candidate should stand as "William Alexander Smith, commonly known as Amor De Cosmos." He was nominated as such, and his friends were instructed to use that formula when approaching the polling booth, the voting being *viva voce*.

The day of polling arrived, and great was the excitement in the little town of Esquimalt. The fences and dead walls were profusely decorated with placards and posters, and the reds (Gordon) and the blues (De Cosmos) took possession of the village long before the polls opened at ten o'clock in the morning. The saloons were wide open, and horses, buggies and express vans, and, on one occasion, a wheelbarrow, were used to take electors to the poll. I actually saw one free and independent wheeled to the booth in a barrow, and wheeled home again in the same conveyance that brought

him. It sometimes happened that an elector who had pledged to one side voted upon the other. The announcement of his choice was received by cheers from one party and groans from the other. Two or three men were bonneted—that is, their hats were jammed over their eyes—for going back on their pledges, and from the amount of interest manifested one would have thought that the fate of the British Empire depended on the result of the election in that little borough.

As the day wore on it became evident that a full vote would not be cast. Several electors, who had promised one side or the other, failed to put in an appearance; some had climbed the steep Metchosin hills, or taken to the tall timber, to avoid giving offence to either side. One property-holder, who lived in Victoria, was kept in by his wife, who hid his clothes to prevent his going to the poll to vote for his favorite. The few colored electors in the district cast for Gordon.

At three o'clock every available vote, save one, had been polled. That was the vote of a Mr. Moore. C. B. Young volunteered to bring Moore down and started for Victoria on horseback. When he left Esquimalt the vote stood thus: George Tomline Gordon, 10; William Alexander Smith, commonly known as Amor De Cosmos, 10. This was a tie. Moore was known to be a supporter of De Cosmos, and the ministerial party, who wore red, looked blue. Ten minutes before four o'clock

Young and Moore clattered into town and rode up to the booth. Now, the belated elector was a nervous, retiring, mild-mannered person. Indeed, Young, who had a caustic tongue, was heard to remark on more than one occasion that Moore was the most ladylike old gentleman he had ever met. Moore was led to the returning officer's table, Young on one side, De Cosmos on the other.

"What is your name?" he was asked.

"James Moore."

"Where do you reside?"

"In Victoria."

"What is your qualification?"

"Lot number so and so, Esquimalt Town."

"For whom do you vote?"

"Amor De Cosmos," came the answer, clear and concise.

A wild cheer burst from the Gordonites. Gordon himself, who wore a long beard, after the fashion of the day, and was a six-footer, leaped up and down and waved his arms and whiskers in a state of frantic glee and excitement.

"Put that down, put that down, Mr. Sheriff," he wildly cried.

"No, no," said Young. "He meant 'William Alexander Smith, commonly known as Amor De Cosmos,' didn't you, Moore?"

"Yes, yes," stammered poor Moore.

"Too late," said Sheriff Naylor, "the vote is recorded for Amor De Cosmos."

At four o'clock the poll was closed, and soon afterwards the returning officer mounted a packing-case at the side of the road, and read the returns as follows: William Alexander Smith, commonly known as Amor De Cosmos, 10; George Tomline Gordon, 10; Amor De Cosmos, 1.

"I declare a tie between Mr. Smith and Mr. Gordon, and I cast my vote as returning officer in favor of Mr. Gordon, whom I declare duly elected member for Esquimalt," concluded the Sheriff.

Moore, who was melted to tears in consequence of his mistake, was roundly berated by his political friends. The joy of the successful candidate and his friends found vent in cheering and other manifestations of delight at the extraordinary, unexpected and unparalleled outcome.

A protest was lodged, but Gordon took his seat among the mighty, and held it.

* * *

About six months later there was a great commotion at the Treasury, across James Bay. Mr. Robert Ker, Colonial Auditor-General, had discovered a heavy shortage in Gordon's accounts, and the Treasurer was arrested, indicted, and arraigned for trial before Mr. Justice Cameron. Mr. D. Babington Ring, an English barrister, who was accustomed to advertise his profession by walking through the streets arrayed in wig and gown, and Mr. H. P. P. Crease (now Sir Henry Crease) defended the prisoner. Attorney-General

Cary prosecuted. Ring demurred to the indictment on several points. The Court sustained the objection and Gordon was liberated. He rode into town in a sleigh, and was again taken into custody and conducted to jail. Public indignation at the failure of the indictment was intense, many declaring that it was all arranged by the government, which feared that the conviction of Gordon would reveal a bad state of affairs in other departments. This, of course, was rank nonsense.

Gordon remained in prison until the following midsummer, when one morning a friendly jailer opened his cell door, and he got clean away, and was seen here no more. At the next general election De Cosmos was enthusiastically returned. The Privy Council having decided in another case that a man may change his name as often as he likes without prejudicing his legal or political status, he stood and was elected as Amor De Cosmos.

* * *

The action of the colored population on the occasion of the election in 1859 was not forgotten, although the ruling of the Attorney-General was never upset, and for a long time the occurrence rankled in people's breasts, to the detriment of the blacks. It may be proper to remark here that M. W. Gibbs, Peter Lester, Nathan Pointer, Paris Carter, Willis Bond, and all the other colored men who were naturalized under Cary's ruling, were

never required to go through any other legal process. They held their British citizenship to the time of their death, most improperly, I have always thought.

When the war broke out the Americans resident at Victoria divided into two hostile camps—Northerners and Southerners. The colored men threw their sympathy in the Northern scale and formed a militia company, which was called Victoria Rifles, No. 1. They held two or three parades, and not a few in the ranks were soldierly in appearance and bearing. The colored population made many efforts to secure social recognition, but without success, although a few were invited to Government House during Governor Kennedy's reign—but that was after the war. M. W. Gibbs was elected town councillor in one of the wards in 1866, and served with great credit. He was a fine orator, and an intelligent and honorable citizen, and is now a judge in Arkansas. Strange as it may seem, the class who showed the greatest objection to negro equality were Northern men. They were the instigators in a gross and wicked outrage, the particulars of which I will now relate.

* * * *

Late in 1861 an amateur concert was given at Theatre Royal. For this concert several respectable colored men and their wives secured seats in the dress-circle. Previous to this colored persons had been consigned to a quarter of the house

especially reserved for their accommodation and remote from the seats occupied by the whites. M. W. Gibbs and wife and Nathan Pointer were among the colored persons who had secured seats for the concert, and the curtain had risen on the first part, when a tissue-paper bag, filled with flour, was thrown at the colored party. The bag landed on Pointer's head and burst, scattering its contents over himself and wife. The outraged men rose from their seats, and were with difficulty kept from wreaking swift vengeance on a party of Northern Americans, who stood in a row in the rear of the dress-circle, and who were more than suspected of throwing the flour. Order was at last restored, the colored men resumed their seats, and the programme was completed. The next day a complaint was laid against several persons, who were arraigned before Mr. Pemberton, P.M. James A. McCrea, an auctioneer, was committed by the magistrate, and was tried at the following assizes and acquitted. A witness swore that he saw McCrea throw the bag; but two witnesses testified that the real culprit was one Reynolds. English sentiment was greatly scandalized by the mean action of the blackguards at the theatre. Captain Robson, of H.M.S. *Grappler*, was very pronounced on the night of the affair. He was a splendid specimen of a British sailor, and, poor fellow! a few days later he was killed at Rocky Point by his horse falling on him.

The race war extended to the churches. Many

white men and women refused to sit in the same pew with negroes. The pastors took sides, some for and others against the commingling of the races. Two of the congregations broke up in consequence of the strife, and a long time elapsed before public sentiment quieted down and all distinction as to race died out.

A GREAT CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

“For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ.”

—*Hamlet.*

“How many lives do you think the Indian whisky manufacturers at Victoria destroyed, directly or indirectly, by their traffic?” I was asked the other day. I replied that the number would be difficult to estimate; but when I say that the western and southern shores of the harbor, as far as F. S. Barnard’s residence on the one side, and as far as the gas works on the other, were thickly populated by members of the northern tribes who had moved to Victoria for commercial purposes, and that the Songish village, which now contains only some ninety natives of all ages and both sexes, numbered at the very least 4,000 souls, some idea of the terrible inroads that were made upon the tribes may be conceived. A rough census taken in 1859 gave a native population in and about Victoria of 8,500. In July, 1858, the Songish tribe were visited by the Mackah tribe, who inhabited the country in the vicinity of Neah Bay, Washington Territory. The visiting war-canoes numbered 210, with an average of twelve

Indians to a canoe. The Mackah tribe, in common with the Songish and other tribes along the island and mainland coasts, have nearly all disappeared. Of the great Hydahs, the Tsimpseans, the Bella Bellas, the Bella Coolas, the Nootkas, the Clayoquots, the Stickeens, and the Chilcats, only miserable remnants are to be found. The Hudson's Bay Company's records show that both coasts were studded here and there with thickly populated villages. Previous to 1858 there must have been 150,000 Indians on the island and mainland coasts. Twelve years afterwards the number throughout the entire province was computed at 140,000. How many of this smaller number now exist I do not know; but I venture to say that between 1858 and 1870 at least 100,000 natives perished directly from the use of alcoholic stimulants supplied them by illicit vendors. It is a bold statement to make, but I feel confident that I am under rather than over the mark. What an appalling record the manufacturers and their agents and abettors have faced in the other world—for they are all dead, and, with their victims, have been judged. For lucre they poisoned a vast army of their fellow beings. It was just such men our Saviour had in his eye when he put the great question to the listening Jews: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world yet lose his own soul?" An ocean of penitent tears would not quench the flames to which they are condemned. If my readers imagine that the Indians

were the only sufferers from the effects of the whisky trade, the brief story I am about to relate will undeceive them.

* * *

In the month of December, 1868, there sailed into the harbor of Port Discovery, Washington Territory, a handsome English bark, named the *John Bright* in honor of one of Britain's greatest statesmen and orators. The captain, who was named Burgess, was part owner, and on board were his pretty young wife and baby boy, and an English nurse maid, on whose cheeks the "rosies and posies" of her native land bloomed. The vessel was a long time in loading, the facilities for quick dispatch being poor. While the bark was taking in cargo, the captain and his wife became well acquainted on shore, and through their geniality and hospitality soon grew to be general favorites. The nursemaid was about seventeen. Her name was Beatrice Holden. She had the lovely English complexion, bright blue eyes, and long hair of tawny hue. Pretty girls were scarce on the Sound at that time, and when the day came for the bark to go to sea this particular girl received no less than three offers of marriage. She declined all with merry laughter, remarking that she intended to live and die an old maid; but should she change her mind she would only marry an Englishman. The vessel sailed away, and passed out of the straits into the open sea early in the month of March, 1869. She was bound for Aus-

tralia. The weather was boisterous, and the bark was unable to keep off shore. After a gallant struggle she was cast away on the island coast at a point about fourteen miles north of Clayoquot Sound.

* * *

Captain Christenson (now one of the Nanaimo pilots) commanded at that time the trading schooner *Surprise*, owned by William Spring. The schooner was making one of her customary voyages at the time, and word reaching the captain that a vessel had gone ashore, he sailed at once for the scene of the wreck. He was some days in getting to the spot, and by that time the wreck was complete, the vessel lying broadside on the shore, and the sea making a clean breach over her. The captain saw the chiefs of the tribe, and they told him that all hands were lost in the surf. They showed him the remains of a woman (the captain's wife) with long hair lying on the beach, and Captain Christenson buried the body. He searched, but found no other remains. From some word a native let fall and from the evasive answers of the Indians generally, Captain Christenson suspected that there had been foul play. He wrote at once to Victoria of the wreck, adding that he believed some of the ship's company got ashore alive, and that they had been either murdered by the Indians or were held in captivity at some place well back from the shore.

Mr. Seymour, who was then Governor, was told of the captain's suspicions, and was asked to send a war vessel to the scene. He declined to act, expressing the belief that all hands had perished. Three weeks passed and nothing was done. Captain Christenson could not rest easy, and despairing of government assistance, at great personal risk he again visited the scene of the wreck. He walked along the shore—the very shore over which he had walked three weeks before—and to his horror discovered other bodies of white men lying above high-water mark. The remains had been frightfully mangled. In every case the head was missing, having been cut off to preclude the possibility of identification. In some instances an arm or leg was missing. The fast-decaying bodies had been stripped of all clothing, and no trace was ever found of the baby. The captain again wrote, and the facts were laid before the Governor, whose dilatory course caused the massacre. H.M.S. *Sparrowhawk* was directed to proceed to the coast.

* * *

The party landed at the nearest safe harbor to the scene of the wreck, and the shore was searched. Nine dead bodies, decapitated and mangled in the manner I have stated, were found. It was shown afterwards that the captain had been shot through the back while in the act of running away in the vain hope of escaping from the cruel savages, who had proved themselves to be less merciful

than the wild waves. The other prisoners were thrown down and their heads removed while they piteously begged for mercy!

* * *

The natives were questioned, and at first denied all knowledge of how the bodies came there. But when confronted with Christenson's evidence they confessed that the entire ship's company got safely ashore. The Indians were drunk, and in a dangerous mood. The captain's wife and one seaman were killed the first day. The pretty English maid was delivered up to the young men of the tribe, who dragged her into the bush. Her cries filled the air for hours, and when she was seen again by one of the native witnesses some hours later, the poor girl was dead, and her head had disappeared! Her body was not found by the officers, although a diligent search was instituted, for her sad fate appealed to the hearts of the officials and stirred their indignation, and they desired to give her remains a Christian burial. The witnesses further disclosed the fact that the captain and the rest of the survivors were secreted in the bush, and were alive and within a few hundred yards of Christenson when he first reached the scene. They saw him, too, and were threatened with instant death if they dared to make an outcry. After Christenson's departure the tribe waited several days, fearing the warships would come, and they hesitated to murder the survivors. At last the savages pretended they had secured

passage for the men on a liquor schooner that had just discharged her cargo and was sailing for Victoria. They lured the poor people to the shore, where they were cruelly massacred, and their bodies left where they fell.

* * *

Several Indians were seized and brought to Victoria. They were tried, and two of the number were convicted. The culprits were taken to the scene of their crime in the *Sparrowhawk*, and in the presence of the whole tribe were hanged. The scaffold was left standing as a warning to other evil-disposed Indians who might be inclined to ill-treat other crews that should be cast on their shore.

* * *

The lesson proved salutary. A year or two later the bark *Edwin*, owned and commanded by Captain S. A. Hughes, dropped anchor in Royal Roads. The captain had his wife and two bright little boys, aged seven and nine years, on board. Accompanied by his wife and children, Captain Hughes came ashore at Victoria and did some shopping. In the evening he set sail for California with a cargo of lumber. Three days later the bark encountered a severe gale. The sails split as if made of paper, and soon the vessel was being swept towards the rocky shore. Every effort was made to keep her off, but in vain. She struck nearly in the identical spot where the *John Bright* laid her bones. Mrs. Hughes, the two children and two seamen were swept overboard, and

drowned almost immediately. Captain Hughes and the remainder of the crew managed to reach the shore, landing almost at the foot of the scaffold on which the murderers were hanged. The Indians received them with kindness and hospitality, and showered favors upon the men. To those who had no clothes they contributed from their own scanty store. Captain Christenson brought the shipwrecked men to Victoria in the *Surprise*. Captain Hughes landed without a penny in his pockets or an acquaintance in the town. To a reporter he said:

"I never was in such a fix before in all my life. Ten days ago I had a wife and two children, was the owner of a neat little clipper bark, and had \$5,000 in my cabin. I didn't owe a cent to anyone. To-day," he added, and his eyes filled with tears and his lips quivered, "I am destitute of wife and children and money, and am thrown on the world a beggar. A man had better be dead. How I wish the sea had swallowed me up, too!"

"Cheer up," said the reporter, "there are plenty of men here who will aid you."

"That's just it," he replied, "I don't want to accept favors from anyone. And yet I've seen the day when I was able to help, and did help, a shipwrecked crew."

"When was that?" was asked.

"It was in the mid-Atlantic," he replied. "The ship *Aquilla* was flying signals of distress. I hailed her, and was told that the ship was sinking. I

stood by and took off Captain Sayward and all his men, and carried them to New York. The United States Congress voted me this gold watch and chain."

He drew the watch from his pocket and, opening the case, showed an inscription which ran something like this:

"Presented to Captain S. A. Hughes, of the British bark *Gertrude*, as a mark of appreciation for his gallant conduct in saving the lives of Captain Sayward and the crew of the American ship *Aquilla*."

It did not take many minutes for the information to pass from mouth to mouth that the man who had saved the life of one of Victoria's best-known citizens was in need of assistance, and the best that could be had was not deemed too good for Captain Hughes.

It is worthy of remark that never since the lesson taught the tribes on the West Coast have shipwrecked people been molested. In fact, the natives have been ever foremost in saving life, and in some instances have rescued and brought crews to Victoria.

* * *

The *Sparrowhawk* remained on the station several years, and, if I mistake not, was sold out of the navy when last here. In 1870, Governor Seymour, who was very ill, was ordered to take a sea voyage, and the *Sparrowhawk* was selected for the purpose. He embarked with Sir Joseph Trutch

and several other officials. The ship went direct to Bella Coola. The Governor was confined to his room all the way up the coast and showed signs of slight mental aberration. His body-servant was named Colston, and the night on which the *Sparrowhawk* arrived at Bella Coola he was left on duty in the Governor's room, with instructions to give him a tablespoonful of a certain medicine contained in a quart bottle every hour. In the dead hours of the night Colston dozed, and dreamed that he was derelict in a small boat without oars or sail. The water lapped the side of the boat, and tossed it from billow to billow. He was ahungered and athirst, for he had been a long time afloat. Mechanically he reached out his hand to grasp the bottle that contained the Governor's medicine. It was not there. His hand swept an empty shelf. He awoke with a start, and heard a strange gurgling sound that proceeded from the Governor's bed. He sprang forward just as His Excellency, who had drained the last drop of medicine from the bottle, sank into a state of insensibility. The ship was aroused and every effort made to save the Governor's life. But he never rallied or spoke again, and when the early sun rose to resume its daily course Governor Seymour had crossed to the other shore. The remains were brought to Esquimalt and buried in the Naval Cemetery, where a neat monument marks the last resting-place of the only Governor of British Columbia who died whilst in office.

LOST IN THE MOUNTAINS ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

“ Poor naked wretches, whereso’er you are,
That ride the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your coop’d and window’d raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these ? ”

—*Shakespeare.*

THE holiday season of 1858 found the people of the Fraser River town of Yale ill-prepared to face the rigors of a severe winter. Cold weather, which had set in unusually early, found many of the inhabitants still living in tents, and few occupied dwellings that were comfortable or storm and frost-defying. The lower river was closed by a sharp frost on the first day of December, and communication with the outer world, except to those who chose to risk their lives by walking over the ice, was suspended. Supplies were scarce and high, and long before Christmas Day arrived people began to talk dismally of the prospects of a famine in the prime necessities. When the day before Christmas dawned, the absence of the wherewithal for a seasonable dinner was seriously discussed. There was no poultry in town, but at Hedges’ wayside house, some four miles up the

Little Canyon, it was known that there were a small flock of hens and two geese that had been specially fattened for the festive occasion. It was more in a spirit of adventure than anything else that four of us young fellows, Lambert, Talbot, Nixon and myself, proposed to tramp over the mountain trail to Hedges', and purchase half-a-dozen of his birds for our tables. We started about two o'clock on the day before Christmas. The snow, which was about two feet deep on the town-site, gradually increased in depth as we ascended the trail, until we reached the summit, where the snow was three feet, rendering locomotion exceedingly difficult. It took us till six o'clock to reach Hedges', a trip that was usually made in one and one-half hours. We were completely exhausted when we came in sight of the smoke from the rude chimney, and saw the welcome glare of a light in the window as a beacon for belated travellers.

A great fire of logs blazed on the spacious hearth, emitting a glare and warmth that were especially pleasant to the half-frozen poultry purchasers from Yale. A few drops of oh!-be-joyful, followed by a bountiful repast of pork and beans, warmed over for our entertainment, put all in an excellent humor, and, although the wind raged without, and the windows rattled, and the snow was piled in great drifts against the building, the scene within was animated and cheerful. Gathered at the home of Hedges were several miners who had that day come in over the upper Fraser. They

reported severe cold and a heavy snowfall all along the line of the river. They had experienced great hardships in the walk down from Spuzzem. Several had abandoned their small stocks of provisions that they packed on their backs, and in one or two instances blankets and cooking utensils had been thrown away in the anxiety of the wayworn and half-dead men to reach a place of shelter.

* * *

All these, together with our contingent from Yale, were gathered about the blazing hearth on that Christmas Eve, speculating on the chances for reaching Yale on the morrow. The landlord declared that it would be a physical impossibility for any person to pass up or down the river until the storm had abated, but we Yaleites did not agree with him. We told him that we had promised to return to Yale by noon on Christmas Day with some of his fowls, and that we intended to start in the morning for home in any event, for I had a suspicion that Hedges, in discouraging our leaving, was anxious to retain us as guests until he had milked us of our last coin. He offered to sell five fowls and one goose at \$4 apiece. We closed with the offer, and the birds were duly slaughtered and became our property. In the morning the storm still raged. The cold was intense. The building was almost buried in snow, which lay three feet on the level at the river brink. This meant four feet on the summit, and enormous drifts everywhere, but in spite of these obstacles

we four foolish young men proposed to start for home with the birds after an early breakfast. Several old and experienced miners remonstrated with us, but in vain. We were determined to go. One grey-haired prospector likened us to a lot of silly geese, and another said we ought to be sent to an asylum for idiots to have our heads examined. Another produced a tapeline, and with a solemn expression on his grim face proceeded to measure us.

“What for?” asked one of our party.

“I’m a carpenter out of a job,” he said, “and I shall begin to make four coffins the moment you pass out of sight, so that, when you are brought back stiff and stark, there will be nice, comfortable shells to put you in. Bill here (pointing to his mate) will proceed to dig four graves as soon as the storm is over.”

We all laughed heartily, but chaff and entreaties were futile. We discarded all advice, shouldered the poultry, and proceeded to pick our way up the mountain side, intending to follow a zig-zag trail. The snow was indeed deep, and as we advanced it grew deeper. We broke our way through several heaps fully six feet high. The wind howled dismally through the trees and underbrush, scooping up as it swept by great armfuls of snow, and piling it in fantastic shapes and drifts on all sides. Before we were well out of sight of the cabin the trail had vanished, and every landmark by which, under other circumstances, it might have been

regained, was gone, too. I looked at my watch. We had started at eight o'clock, and it was now eleven. We had not made, according to my calculation, a mile; besides, we had no compass, and, being off the trail, it was impossible to tell whether we were going north or south. We floundered on through the snow, which grew deeper and deeper as we ascended the mountain. Sometimes one of the party would step into a hole and disappear for a few moments. We would all stop, and, having hauled him out, would press on again in the hope of again recovering the lost trail. The cold grew sharper and the wind fiercer. We were fairly well wrapped in woollens. There was one fur coat in the party, and the wearer of it, young Talbot, who was not at all robust, seemed to feel the cold more keenly than the other three. Several times he paused as if unable to go on, but we rallied him and chafed him and coaxed him, until he was glad to proceed. Another hour passed in the senseless effort to overcome the relentless forces of nature, and by that time we were four as completely used up and penitent men as ever tried to scale a mountain in the midst of a howling snowstorm, with the thermometer standing at zero. Talbot at last sank in a drift, panting for breath and weeping from exhaustion. We dug him out with our hands, and he tried to rise, but his strength was spent.

"Boys," he moaned, as he sank down again, "I am done. I can go no further. Leave me here. My furs may keep me warm until you can get help;

but, at any rate, save yourselves if you can. I am not afraid to die, but I would rather not die on Christmas Day with my boots on."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried I. "What nonsense to talk of dying. We are all right. Only make another effort and we'll be at the summit. After that it will be all down hill and dead easy."

Talbot shook his head sadly, and continued, "Promise me you won't let me die with my boots on." Tears sprang from his eyes, and froze on his cheeks. He lay helpless and inanimate in the snow. Lambert and Nixon were strong and sturdy young men and as brave as lions; but they were greatly disheartened at the condition of our wretched companion. Besides, like me, they suffered severely from the cold, which had grown more intense as we proceeded. All wished that we had listened to the expostulations of the people at the inn; but it was too late now for regrets—there was only room for action. Something must be done quickly or all would perish. We divested ourselves of our packs, casting the fowls from us as if we hoped never to see another goose or chicken so long as we might live. The fowls sank in the new-fallen snow, and we saw them no more, and with them disappeared the wherewithal for a grand Christmas dinner which we were taking to our friends at Yale.

* * *

While we deliberated as to the best course to pursue, for it was as difficult to retrace our steps

as it was to proceed, the snow having obliterated our footsteps, a sudden cry from Lambert attracted my attention. Pointing to Talbot, he exclaimed:

“He has fallen asleep! Wake him up, in God’s name, or he’ll freeze to death!”

We seized Talbot and stood him on his feet. He was limp and helpless, and fell over again; his eyes were half-closed, and his breathing was so faint that when I put my face against his lips I could scarcely detect the slightest evidence that life still abode in that tired body. We rubbed his face, hands and ears with snow. Lambert and Nixon called him by name and begged him to speak. We pounded him on the back and stood him up again; but although he began to show faint signs of awakening, he was so far gone that he could not raise foot or finger to help himself. While this was going on I hurriedly broke a few dead limbs from a pine, and, clearing the snow from the roots of an upturned tree, produced a match-box, and with the aid of a knife, with which I made some kindling, soon had a small fire burning. To this fire we hurried Talbot. By dint of rubbing and pounding, and the assistance of a few drops of a cordial commonly known as H. B. Company rum, Talbot shortly revived and shook off his desire to slumber, but he was very weak, and kept calling on his mother, who was thousands of miles away. The exertion we put forth to restore Talbot had set us aglow, and we resolved to keep the fire up and remain under the shelter of the fallen tree until the storm abated.

"By Jove," said Lambert, "why didn't we think of it before? If we had kept those chickens we might have had a rousing Christmas dinner after all. We might have cooked them at this fire."

But it was too late. We searched, but could not find the first feather. So we tightened our belts, consulted our flasks and tobacco pouches, and sat down by the fire. Talbot, having become rested by this time, showed no signs of falling asleep, but he was very weak and despondent.

* * *

About two o'clock the snow ceased to fall, and the wind gradually fell from a roaring blast to a gentle zephyr, and then died away altogether. Towards the south, the sky, which for two or three days had presented a hard, steely aspect, seemed to darken. Presently great heavy masses of clouds stole slowly along the eastern horizon, the cold lessened, and the temperature rose rapidly. Then we knew that a Chinook wind had set in, that the back of the cold weather was broken, and that if we could but regain the lost trail we should be saved!

* * *

I rose from my place near the fire, and proceeded to reconnoitre. I floundered along for a short distance, but not a vestige of the trail or the tracks we had left in our painful progress was visible. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon.

We had been out eight hours, and night was coming on rapidly. I began to fear that we were little nearer our goal than when we started, and I saw no other prospect than being obliged to remain where we were all night. I tightened my belt another hole, and was in the act of retracing my steps, when—what was the sound that fell upon my ears, and sent a thrill of joy through my tired and aching frame? “Is it the ring of a woodman’s axe echoing through the canyon?” I asked myself. I listened intently, and soon my doubting heart supplied the answer. It was only the beat of a woodpecker’s bill on the hollow trunk of a tree. I turned away with a feeling of heartsickness at the prospect of passing the night without food or shelter. My mind was filled with apprehension lest the delicate constitution of Talbot should succumb to the exposure. As I prepared to return to the fire another and more familiar sound reached me. My heart almost stood still as I paused to listen. Then there broke full upon my ear the deep bay of a dog! It rolled up from the valley, and reverberated through the rocky depths, disturbing the awful stillness of the forest, and imparting to me hope and confidence at the prospect of a rescue. I drew my revolver from my belt and fired five charges. I listened to the reports as they echoed through the forest and died away in the distance. Then—oh! thrice welcome sound! Never in all my life did a human voice seem so sweet in my ears as that which I heard utter almost at my feet :

“Coo-ee!—coo-ee!”

I must have “Coo-ee-d ” in response, because again I heard clear and full and distinct a man’s voice, as he shouted:

“Where are ye, boys?”

“Here,” I cried, “this way.”

In another moment a great mastiff broke through an enormous drift and barked loudly as if to encourage us, my companions having by this time become apprised that help was at hand.

Talbot rose to his feet in his excitement and tried to call, but his voice died away, and he could not utter a word. He tried again and again, until his vocal chords at last limbered up, and he managed to burst the bonds of silence that his excitement had imposed upon him, and emitted a long, resonant:

“Coo-ee!—coo-ee!”

We shouted again and again, and soon from the foot of the mountain there came back the answering call of many voices. The mastiff leaped as if with gratification at having found us, and led the way down the mountain side. We plunged through snow that reached to our armpits, following the dog, and in a short time we came in sight of a large cabin with smoke curling from an ample chimney. As we approached a number of men came out to greet us. I paused to look and rubbed my eyes.

“Is this a dream? Where are we, anyhow? No, it cannot be. This is not Hedges’, surely?” I asked of one of the men, as we drew near.

"That's just what it is, sonny," replied the man.

Hedges advanced and offered me his great fat hand. "I didn't expect to see you silly boys alive again," he said, "and I ought to have tied you up before I let you go out in the storm. Come in, anyhow, and have something, and then join us in our Christmas dinner, which is just about ready. You must be hungry."

The "carpenter out of a job" scanned us closely from head to foot, and then said, "Well, I'll be durned. It's just my luck. I'm out fifty dollars on your coffins."

Everyone laughed at this, but few besides ourselves understood how nearly our obstinacy and self-conceit had brought us to the "narrow home."

So we went inside, and accepted the landlord's "something," and about five o'clock we sat down to a roast of fowl and goose, and spent a jolly evening. Two days later we reached Yale, where we had been given up for lost.

* * *

But the best of the tale remains to be told. It was ascertained by Hedges, who saw where we had made our fire, and he reported to our friends in town, much to our annoyance and confusion, that in all our wanderings and floundering we had never been more than an eighth of a mile from the inn, having walked around in a circle after we lost the trail!

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

“ I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat,
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eyes,
And the dead were at my feet.”

—*Ancient Mariner.*

It was at the close of a charming day in the month of April, 1866, that three weary and travel-stained men, who were bound for the Cariboo gold-fields, and who had walked over the wagon-road from the head of navigation on Fraser River, reached a sylvan dell not far from the town of Quesnelmouth, where they proposed to camp for the night. They spread their blankets and partook of a meal of fried bacon, slapjacks and hard-tack. The kit, or pack, of each man consisted of a pair of blankets, a small bag that contained provisions, a fry-pan and a tin cup. Having partaken of supper, they stretched their weary limbs upon the improvised couch, and courted sleep.

The party comprised a negro barber, named Moses; an American, who bore the name of Morgan Blessing, and John Barry, an Irishman. Blessing and Barry had mined in California, but had never seen each other until they met a few days before

the date on which this story opens. Moses had been a slave in the Southern States. He was loquacious, as all good barbers are, and had passed several seasons in the Cariboo mines scraping faces and mowing superfluous hair. He was well-known and much respected. The tired men slept soundly until daybreak, when they resumed their journey, and about the noon hour reached the little town of Quesnelmouth. The Mouth was filled with miners bound for the diggings. The wayside inns were crowded with guests, many of whom were the worse for liquor, and were acting in a boisterous and unseemly manner. On the way up, Moses, having told his simple but interesting history as a human chattel, suggested that his companions should relate their life-stories. Barry said he had been a miner of late years, but that in early life he had trained and raised horses in Sligo, his native place. He had not been successful in California, and was on his way to Cariboo, with the object of bettering his circumstances. Blessing said that he was from Massachusetts, and that he was a married man, with one child, a daughter. He had owned a very good claim in Calaveras County, and only lately worked it out. His profits he had sent home regularly, and he had sufficient there to live on for the remainder of his days. But, before returning East, he had resolved to test the Cariboo diggings. Blessing, who showed frequently a well-filled purse, continued that he attributed his good luck to having

found a curious-shaped nugget in his claim. Before finding the nugget, he said, he was miserably poor, but after he turned up the specimen his fortunes changed.

"I call it my Guardian Angel," he said, "because it's shaped like an angel, and because since I found it I've prospered. Everything that I touch turns to gold. I have an idea that if I should lose that nugget I should become poor again, or something would happen to me. Since I started on this trip I've been doubly careful. The other night I dreamed that I had lost it. I awoke in a fright, and cried out. But it was only a dream, and I fell asleep again."

"I say, mate, let's have a look at this wonder. I'd like to see it, wouldn't you, too, Moses?" cried Barry.

"Yes," replied the colored man. "Trot de angel out, Mister Blessin'. Has it got wings?"

For an answer Blessing thrust his hand into an inner pocket of his vest, and drew out a small package, saying, "Inside this paper lies my precious friend. To it I owe all my good luck." He then carefully unrolled the paper. There were many folds, but at last he held up the piece of gold before the wondering eyes of his companions. Moses asked to be permitted to handle the specimen, and when it was passed to him he saw that it was, indeed, formed like an inhabitant of the upper sphere. He said, "Hit really looks like de picturs wot we uset ter see at Sunday School. Hit

has wings, and dar is a robe erbout hit. Hit's haid has a kind ob crown, an' dar is a face, too, dat seems almos' human. Dar is two holes fer de eyes, an' it is erbout a inch long. It makes me feel queer when I looks at it."

With the consent of its owner Moses passed the nugget to Barry, while Blessing, who announced that his feet were sore and that he would stay at the Mouth overnight, arranged for a room. During Blessing's absence several half-drunken miners drew near, and asked to be allowed to examine the curious specimen, and Barry allowed them to handle it. Presently Blessing returned, and asked Barry for the Angel. Barry told him that he had handed it back to Moses. Moses stoutly denied that he had seen it after he handed it to Barry. A wordy war followed, and the men almost came to blows. The landlord declared that both men should be searched. This having been done without the hoped-for result, the landlord decided that every man in the room should be searched, he submitting to the ordeal first, but the nugget was not found. Suspicion finally settled on the colored man, and Blessing implored him in piteous terms to confess, and produce the nugget. Moses stoutly maintained his innocence, but without effect, and the company were about equally divided upon a proposition to hang him, when the landlord ordered him to leave the house instantly, and so the old man took up his pack and resumed his journey, followed by the jeers and maledictions of the miners.

Blessing was inconsolable. "My Angel is gone, and I'll never have any more luck on this earth. I never found anything until I dug that pretty thing out of the claim, where it had waited for me through all the ages since creation. Boys," he pleaded, while tears chased each other down his face, "oh, help me find it. I'm a ruined man. I feel—I know—that I shall never have any more good fortune without my Angel."

The rough miners sympathized with the distressed man, but the Angel seemed to have spread its wings and soared away to the celestial sphere, for it was not recovered. Blessing and Barry remained at the inn for two or three days, and then resumed their journey, and were seen no more at the Mouth.

About two weeks after the loss of the nugget, Moses, who meanwhile had reopened his shop at Barkerville, was surprised at the entrance of Barry.

"I was all ob a tremble de minit I laid eyes on de man," said Moses, as he subsequently related the incident.

"Good morning, barber," said Barry. "I want yer to shave me, quick."

"So," said Moses, "I got out my tools, and set to work on his face. As I shaved him, I talked to him, an' I asked, 'Whar am Mistar Blessin'?' "

"He was took sick," replied Barry, "and went back to Californy. He never came into the mines at all."

"I sez ter him, 'Dat's strange. I cain't un'erstan' hit. Whar did yer leab him?'"

"At Quesnelmouth," replied Barry.

"Does yer mean to say dat ar man nebber comed to dis ar camp at all?" persisted Moses.

"That's what I said, colored man," replied Barry, who began to show irritation. "He went sick, and turned back. Come, nigger, stop your d—d clack and give me a shave," demanded Barry, "or I'll go over to the other shop."

So the barber said no more, and shaved the man in silence, and the customer left. He never again patronized Moses, but visited the "other shop" frequently.

More than a month had passed after Barry's visit to Moses' shop. The negro had never ceased to think of Barry and Blessing, and the fact that he was under suspicion of having stolen the Guardian Angel weighed heavily upon his mind. One sultry afternoon, business being dull, Moses stretched his form on a lounge and fell into a deep sleep. Presently he heard a noise, as if the door had been opened, and looking up he saw the figure of a tall man standing in the middle of the room. The man's face was white and haggard, and his clothes were wet and mouldy. He tottered as if weak, and placed one hand behind his head, while an expression, as if he was in pain, stole across his face. Moses instantly recognized the man as Blessing, his companion on the trail.

"'Fore God, Mister Blessing, am dat you?" asked the barber.

The man made no reply, but just looked at the colored man with a sad expression on his coun-

tenance. Then he removed his hand from his head, and motioned towards his face, indicating that he desired to be relieved of his beard, which was of several weeks' growth. He took his seat in the chair, but he never removed his eyes from the barber's face, continuing to regard him with a sorrowful look. Moses placed a clean towel under the customer's head, and as he stropped his razor he said:

"Say, Mister Blessin', fer sure I didn't steal yer Angel."

Blessing made no reply, but continued to look at the barber with his great, big, black eyes.

Moses, in describing the incident to a friend, said: "I almos' fainted dead away, I was dat frightened, 'cos I begin to suspeck dat de man was daid. I sot ter thinkin' wot I'd better do. Dat de man was daid I felt sure, an' I made up my min' if he wosn't daid a'ready, he wud be soon, cos my han' trembled so, I'd be sartin to cut his troat. Well, I jist kept on stroppin' de razor, and all the time I was thinkin' how I was ter git red ob de man. I had my back to him, where I stood, an' all ob a sudden I heerd de do' slam hard. It made sich a loud bang dat I almos' had a fit. I turned quick, and de char was empty. De man had gone. I runned to de fron' do', and looked up an' down de street. But dar was no Mister Blessin' in sight. I went back to de empty char, an' wot 'do yer think I seen dar? De towel dat I had put under de man's haid was covered wid blood. Yes,



"He removed his hand from his head and motioned towards his face."

sah. Dar was a great, big, red blotch on hit, an' it looked like fresh blood, too. It wos as clar as dat pictur' on de wall. I trembled as I tooked hit up, an' the towel smelled like as if hit had bin shut up in a cellar fer a yar. Den I knowed dat Blessin' wos daid fer a fac', an' dat dat ar' Barry, like es not, hed stoled de Angel an' killed de pore man. If eber dat ar body's found, I'll bet enny ermount dat dere'll be a hole found in hit's haid. I sent de towel ter de laundry, but hit comed back es red as ever; so I burned hit in de stove, an' de flames dat hit made wos as red as de blotch de man left berhind him on de towel. I wos a skeerd man, I kin tell yer, an' es I had ben 'cused er stealin' de nugget, I jest made up my min' not ter say nothin' erbout de matter, fer fear Barry 'ud say I murdered de pore man, too. But I did a heap ob thinkin'."

About a month after the strange appearance of Blessing's ghost at the barber shop, another exciting incident occurred there. At the time of which I write there was a dance house maintained in the town of Barkerville for the recreation of the miners and the profit of the proprietors. The representatives of the fair sex who danced at the house were called "hurdy-gurdies." They had been imported from California, and were expected to make themselves agreeable to the niggers by dancing whenever asked, and between dances to steer their partners to the bar and induce them to pay for the drinks. It was a matter of common

report that these girls had been selected because of their enormous holding capacity, for the amount of liquid refreshment they could consume of an evening was astonishing, and many a miner who was induced to stand treat, had reason to regret his liberality as he regarded with rueful looks his depleted "pile" the morning following a dance-house debauch. Taken altogether, the hurdygurdies were a pretty tough lot, and they were not all in the spring-lamb stage of existence. Some, indeed, were as old in sin as they were in years, which is saying a good deal. But all contrived to look young with the artistic assistance of Moses, who was the only fashionable hairdresser on the creek, and the seductive frills and come-kiss-me-quick crimps and cockles he managed to work into their locks were both original and fascinating. One afternoon a hurdygurdy woman entered Moses' shop. She had been drinking beyond her capacity, for she was not quite sober, and had exceeded the Plimsoll line, as the sailors say.

"Nigger," she exclaimed, "I want you to fix my hair up scrumptious, and if you do it good I'll give you this nugget," and she drew from a pocket a lump of gold and laid it on the table.

"Great Scott!" cried Moses, as he started back, "whar—whar did yer git dat ar Angel? I'se bin a-lookin' fer hit fer two months. Whar did yer git hit?"

"A man gave it to me last night. He didn't have any money to pay for drinks, so I took the nugget instead."

"A man gived hit to you las' night, did he?" said Moses. "Does yer know his name?"

"No, I never saw him before. He's short and stout—why, there he goes now, across the street," and she pointed to a man, whom Moses recognized at once as Barry.

"Here, girl," cried the excited barber, "gimme dat nugget, an' I'll dress yer har free as long as yer lib on Willyum Crick."

"It's a go, Moses," cried the girl, and she handed him the nugget.

So Moses dressed her hair on that and many other occasions, and the Angel he locked in a drawer, and said nothing more about it.

The summer passed away without further incident. Barry was often met by Moses on the street, but the barber never spoke to him, or gave the slightest sign that showed he had ever seen Barry before. The days had begun to draw in, and the month of September, with its raw and chilly evenings, was well spent, when a packer, passing along the wagon road not far from Barkerville, shot a grouse. The bird fluttered to the ground, alighting among a clump of bushes distant some forty feet from the road. The packer plunged into the thicket to recover the grouse, and was in the act of picking it up, when his eyes encountered a sight that sickened and horrified him, for the bird had fallen directly upon the skeleton of a human being, partly clad in mouldy and rotting clothing. The head seemed to grin at him, as if

the story of how it came there, if told in full, would excite the packer to laughter, as it had the skeleton.

The man hastened to town and informed the authorities, and upon examination it was seen that the skeleton was that of a male who had been done to death by a shot fired from behind, for in the back of his head was a bullet-hole, which was mute evidence of a cowardly murder.

Near the fatal spot was picked up a tin cup, on which was scrawled the name, "Morgan Blessing." Moses declared that the clothing was the same as that worn by Blessing when he last saw him at the Mouth. He recognized the cup, too, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of Barry, who, meanwhile, had disappeared. He was followed and brought back, and in due time came up for trial. The prisoner stoutly denied his guilt. The sensation of the trial came when Moses took the stand and told of the mysterious disappearance of the nugget. Then he told the Court of the apparition that entered his shop and took a seat in the chair, finally leaving a great blotch of blood on the towel. He described with dramatic effect the manner in which he had obtained the Angel from the hurdygurdy girl, and told the story of the nugget's mysterious disappearance at Quesnelmouth.

After a patient hearing, Barry was convicted and hanged, and the case is often referred to as one of the most singular in the annals of crime in British Columbia.

The nugget was returned to Moses at the close of the trial, and upon his death, some years later, probably found its way into the melting-pot of some practical assayer, who neither believed in ghosts nor in celestial visitors who become lumps of gold, and remain buried in the ground for ages, until some fellow digs them up, and wears them for luck. The story, however, is a remarkable one, and caused a great sensation in the colony forty years ago.

VOICES AND MESSAGES FROM DREAMLAND.

“ There is no death. An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread ;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them dead.

“ Yet ever near us though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread ;
For all the boundless universe
Is life. There is no dead.”

—*Bulwer.*

SHE was a remarkable-looking woman—short and fat, with a waist at least two yards wide; keen, penetrating eyes, and an incisive tongue that was forever dislocating the Queen's English as she reeled off the fortunes of her auditors, for she claimed to be a clairvoyant. The time was the month of October, 1888. I had gained admittance to the room of the lady upon payment of two dollars. She offered me a chair, while she sat on the side of the bed. Having taken her seat, she swept me from head to foot with a hard, enquiring eye, and, after a moment's silence, said:

“ You want your fortune told? Well, to begin with, you like the ladies, don't you?”

“ How do you know?” I asked.

"Because," she said, reaching out and drawing from my coat collar a long, yellow hair, "you carry the sign on your coat."

She gazed at me intently for a moment, and then said: "You are one of the most sperritually inclined men I ever seen. Why, there is sperrits all about you. There is a old man and woman, two or three children, and a young lady wearing a blue turban and big hoops, with her hair hanging down her back—all wanting to speak to you at onct."

"What are they doing?" I asked. "Playing harps?"

"They is gazin' at you. The old man is too weak to talk. He must be one hundred years old, at the very least. I think if you were to come three or four times more he would be able to tell you something important."

As a single fee was two dollars, and my purse was lean, I began to suspect that the old lady wished, by playing on my credulity, to increase her revenue.

"You are fond of music, and you are married." She then proceeded to correctly tell me the number of my children, my business, and my circumstances. "You had a uncle," she continued.

I remarked that I had several, including the pawnbroker.

"Yes, but this one disappeared suddenly. You think him dead, but he ain't. He's in India. He's made a pot of money. He'll be here soon—he is

coming now. He'll make you rich beyond compare [comparison]. You had a father."

I replied that it was manifest that I had—at least I had been told so.

"Don't be funny," she said, with some show of warmth. "The sperrits can't stand fun. You will take a long journey soon—no, not you, but two members of your family will. They will be telegraft for to the bedside of a beloved one in a Eastern city."

"When will they go?" I asked.

"In January."

"Will the patient die?"

"No. She will get well, but she will be in grave danger. You will be successful in all your undertakings. You ought to die worth a million."

"Oh," I interrupted, "why can't I live worth a million? What's the use of dying worth anything at all? Put it the other way about, please."

"I don't put anything either way," she said, severely. "The sperrits does the business, and fixes things. I can only tell you what they sez and does. There's going to be a big real estate boom, and you can't go wrong in buying land."

"I've lost something lately," I said, "and I want you to aid me in finding it. Can you tell me what I am seeking?"

After a moment's reflection, during which her eyes sought the ceiling, she turned them floorward again, and replied:

"Yes. A bunch of keys."

You could have knocked me over with a breath. I had that morning gone to my office and missed a ring on which hung a number of keys, including one that opened the inner, or steel, chest of the safe. After a thorough search, I remembered this clairvoyant person. I repaired to her room for information as to the lost articles, and that was why I found myself there on the occasion referred to.

When I had recovered from my surprise I asked ::

“Were they stolen?”

“Yes,” she replied, “they was stolen.”

“By whom?”

She reflected a moment, and then asked :

“Has you a man in your employ whose name begins with a ‘W’ and ends with a ‘y’?”

“Yes.”

“He’s got your keys. Change the combination of your safe at onct.”

“Would a search-warrant recover them?”

“No. He’s hidden ’em so as I can’t see ’em. But he’s got ’em all the same. He’s a very nice young fellow—don’t smoke or drink, does he? But he gambles, and—and—you can guess what else he does—I don’t like to say.”

She then rose from her seat on the bed, and began to claw the air, exclaiming :

“Do you see ’em? Do you see ’em?”

“See what?” I asked.

“The sperrits—they’re all about you. They

hang down the wall in clusters. There—there's the old man, and the young girl, and there's a little mite of a old woman—she's got something that looks like a apple in her hand."

"Do they have apples in spirit land?"

"They does—and strawberries, and fruit of all kinds."

"And vegetables?"

"Yes; everything you have here, they have there, only more of them, and better."

"Do the spirits have to weed and hoe the ground to get crops?"

"Don't be silly," she said. "There ain't no ground there, and there ain't no work. Everything grows without help. You should become a mejum. It's a most vaccinating study."

The lady, who probably meant fascinating, here relapsed into silence, and after inviting me to call again soon I was bowed out.

* * *

As I left the room I nearly ran against a lady with whom I was well acquainted. She was standing in the dim hall near the door of the audience chamber, and as I saluted her, she exclaimed, eagerly:

"Oh! tell me, is there anything in clairvoyancy, or is it all humbug? I want to know badly. I am in great trouble. My house has been robbed of all my jewels—precious things my mother gave me in England—and nearly five hundred dollars in

gold coin. Do you think this woman can tell me who stole them, and how I can get them back?"

I briefly told her about the keys, and the supposed identification of the thief. I had very little faith in the communication, and told the lady so, but added that I would change the combination of the safe. After some hesitation, she asked me to await her return. She then entered the seer's apartment, where she remained some twenty minutes. When she came out I saw that she had been crying—her eyes and face were still wet with tears.

We walked from the Clarence Hotel on to Douglas Street before she spoke. Then, in a tearful voice she informed me that the clairvoyant had told her that she had been robbed by her own son. I knew the young fellow well. He was popular and gifted, and was a welcome visitor at the best provincial homes. His mother was beloved by all who knew her. She was an Englishwoman, a consistent Christian, and a liberal dispenser of charity. She had been wealthy, but had been sorely tried by her husband, who, after spending most of her fortune, had gone off.

"I do not care for the money—although it's all I had; but I am shocked to think that my son would rob me. I hesitate to believe it, and yet there are circumstances that make me fear it is true."

We called on the chief of police, and laid the matter before him. He sent for the young man,

and taxed him with the crime. He confessed, and paid into the chief's hands nearly two hundred dollars, all, he said, that remained of the five hundred. The poor mother and he subsequently went away to California.

* * *

The gentleman whose name began with a "W" and ended with a "y," only remained in my employ two weeks after my visit to the clairvoyant. He resigned, and I never found my keys.

With regard to the woman's prophecies, one or two which I have mentioned came true. The boom in land occurred, but I am still awaiting the arrival of my avuncular relative from India with his pile to lay at my feet. He must have lost his way. The forecast of the trip to Toronto was verified to the letter.

The woman was certainly a most remarkable person. She was as ignorant as a Siwash, and yet she seemed to read a person at a glance, and could tell all about him or her. "You are building a new house," she said to one visitor, "but you'll never live in it." And he didn't. Another, who asked if she would advise him to marry, was told, "You'd better keep on raising chickens."

"How do you know I keep chickens?" he asked.

"Man, dear," she retorted, "look at your trousers—they're stuck full of feathers, and there's chicken fleas all over you!" adding indignantly, "You've given 'em to me," and she moved uneasily on her seat.

To a young lady who asked if she would ever make a musician, she said: "No, you'd better learn to cook and wash. You'll never make a livin' poundin' a pianny."

One morning, a fond mother led two dirty-faced children into the clairvoyant's presence.

"I've come to see what these children are good for," she said.

"Good for? Good for a bath," replied the seer. "Here, take back your money, and buy a bar of soap and a scrubbin'-brush."

Amongst the callers upon the woman was one Morris Moss. Everyone knew Moss in the days of his prosperity—a liberal, whole-souled, credulous fellow when he had money, and who died of a broken heart when he became poor. Well, in an evil moment, Moss called at the Clarence. The moment the woman saw him she asked:

"How are you, Mr. Moss?"

The visitor was staggered, because the woman and he were entire strangers.

"Why do you call me Moss?" he asked. "My name is Morris."

"Yes," she said, "Morris Moss. You have come to consult me about your mine. Two dollars, please. (The fee having been paid.) Your mine is rich (taking a piece of the rock in her hand). You will be many times a millionaire—richer than Flood, O'Brien or Mackey. I see a palace, with maids and footmen arunning up and down the corridors. I see you dispensin' charity, and

receivin' dukes and princes and sich like. Yes, put all you've got into the mine (naming it), and you'll be all right."

Moss withdrew in a jubilant mood, invested his last dollar in the mine, and was ruined. This is only one of many instances where loss resulted from too much faith having been placed in the predictions of this soothsayer. But how did she divine my trouble, and Moss' name and hopes, and the lady's predicament?

* * *

On one occasion, I was invited to attend a seance in a private house at the town of Port Angeles, Washington. The medium was a man, who was called by his friends "Farmer" Riley. He appeared to be a very respectable agriculturalist, of the extreme Western type in dress, manner and speech. He had a keen face, and a keener eye. I thought, when we were introduced, that he regarded me with an interrogation point in each optic. It seemed as if he suspected that I had gone to the place with the object of exposing him as a trickster. He sat in complete darkness, in a small bedroom off the drawing-room, across the entrance to which portières were hung. Twelve ladies and gentlemen occupied seats in the drawing-room, and, joining hands, formed what is called a circle. The coal-oil lamp was turned down low so as to cast only a dim light on surrounding objects, and a hymn was started by the circle. In the course of a few moments, the portierres were slowly

divided, and an elderly man, attired in a full-dress suit, stood between the curtains.

One of the company became strangely agitated, and exclaimed:

“Is that you, Jackson?”

The figure bowed, the curtains fell slowly back into their place, and the shape was seen no more.

The next appearance was that of an elderly woman wearing a widow’s cap.

Two persons claimed her. One said she was her grandmother, the other that she was his wife. The question of relationship did not seem to trouble the spirit, for it maintained a most benignant smile on its face, and, leaving the disputants to settle the matter between them, finally faded away.

A little girl next appeared. She wore long ringlets and a white dress. A lady recognized her as “Rose,” a cousin who had died many years ago. From that on, shapes—mostly those of men in full evening costumes—came out in rapid succession. At last a presence appeared that caused a creepy feeling to run through me. There was no mistaking the figure—it was that of a former high judicial officer who died at the St. Joseph’s hospital some two years before. I saw his face and form as plainly as I see the paper over which this pen is travelling.

“Is that you, D——?” I asked.

Three loud raps, to signify “yes,” were given on the doorcasing, and the spirit, after gazing at me for at least ten seconds, allowed the curtains to come together again, and disappeared.

Almost at once the curtains were again divided, and another and taller figure appeared. I recognized the figure as that of a colonel in the militia, who died at St. Joseph's Hospital shortly after the death of the judicial officer who had just gone. The two men died in the same room. The next, and last appearance that I felt interested in, was that of a former Dominion Government official at Kootenay, who, strange to relate, also died at St. Joseph's in this city. He was a long time ill, and when in his prime was a valuable citizen.

I again offer no comments on these strange occurrences. I only tell you what I saw and heard. Others must make or furnish the explanation, if they can. If the figures were produced by fraud, the counterfeit was most clever. If the "Farmer" used, as some people declare, rubber masks and clothes blown up with air to resemble those "we have loved long since but lost awhile," he was certainly a clever rascal.

The closing act of the seance was sensational. After a long wait, the portières were violently agitated, and again parted. The figure of an old man appeared in the opening. He wore a frock coat and trousers of some dark material. The vest was white. In the top buttonhole of the coat lapel was a red rose, fresh and radiant. He bowed twice, and in a hollow voice said, "Good evening." "This is Mr. Benson," volunteered one of the company. "He appears often."

The old man bowed again, as if in acknowledg-

ment of his name. I sprang forward, and touched one of the hands that supported the curtain. It was cold and clammy, like death! In an instant the figure disappeared behind the curtain, and I was loudly censured for my presumption. I was sorry, but the temptation to touch the "spirit" was irresistible. But what did I prove? Nothing. I still grope in the dark.

* * *

I was present at a breakfast table in Victoria in the month of June, 1867, when a young lady guest, who had slept over night in the house, related a strange dream which she had had. The nature of the dream I cannot now recall; in fact, my mind was buried in the columns of the morning paper, and I paid little attention to the conversation that was going on about me until I heard the voice of the hostess exclaim:

"I wish you had not dreamed that dream, Miss ——."

"Why?" was asked.

"Because it means death—swift and unexpected—to a member of this household. Something dreadful is sure to occur."

The host and I indulged in a little humorous badinage, in which we ridiculed the importance of dreams in general, and of this dream in particular.

"You may laugh," said the lady, in a solemn and impressive manner, "but there is death in the air. Either you (inclining her head towards her husband), or you (looking at me), will meet with

an accident of a most serious nature before night-fall."

"Why is not some other member of this company likely to suffer? Why are we unfortunate men selected as doomed?" I asked, flippantly.

"Because," was the answer, "according to the dream, the victim must be a male and an adult, and you two were the only male adults in this house last night."

The host and I attached no importance to the prediction, and went to our respective avocations with light hearts. The day was one of the loveliest of a lovely summer. The sun shone brightly, and not a cloud flecked the sky. The birds almost burst their little throats as they poured forth melodious songs of praise; sweet flowers filled the air with fragrance and captivated the eye with their beauty. All nature was radiant with life and hope and joyousness, while over the homestead I have described the angel of death was already spreading his black wings. At nine o'clock on the evening of that day, I brought the corpse of my host of the morning to his stricken family. He had been thrown from his horse at Esquimalt, and instantly killed, two hours before.

The wife, who divined the dream, could never explain how or why she did it. She always said that she felt impelled to speak by some unknown force, and that she was impressed with the solemnity and accuracy of the information she imparted.

A CALIFORNIA STAGE COACH ADVENTURE.

IN the month of June, 1857, I was assigned to special service as correspondent of the *Call* newspaper, of San Francisco. I was directed to proceed to Stockton by steamboat, and while there to write up a murder case. Having performed that duty, I was to take the stage for Sacramento, and at the latter place get the particulars of a grave political scandal. The reader will recall that this was before railways and telegraphs had reached the Pacific Coast.

I arrived at Stockton before nightfall, and by noon the next day had mailed my report and left by stage for Sacramento. The stage was of the style known as the Concord coach. Its body hung on heavy, leathern braces in lieu of springs. The situation of the passengers, of whom there were six, would not have been unpleasant, but for the intense heat that prevailed and the dust-clouds that the horses and wheels raised. The atmosphere was ablaze. The hot air seemed to rise in sheets and waves, and the dust penetrated every nook and cranny of the conveyance, compelling us to keep the windows down at the risk of being stifled. Men and women gasped for breath, and the four horses, ready to drop from fatigue, were in a lather of perspiration.

Among the passengers were a young German and his flaxen-haired wife. They were pleasant-faced and very nice in their manners. They told me that they were from the mining town of Columbia, where they kept an hotel, and were on their way to buy goods. About sundown the stage stopped at a wayside inn, a mere shack of a place, and we alighted for supper—all but the young German and his pretty wife, who remarked that they had a lunch-basket, and would refresh themselves from its interior. After a swift wash in a tin basin, and a futile attempt at drying on a grimy towel—I was the fifth to use it that evening—we sat down at a greasy table with a greasy covering. A dirty old man, and a still dirtier old woman, waited on the guests, while a rather good-looking girl of fifteen or sixteen sat at a small table near the door. The meal consisted of tough beefsteak, sodden biscuits, a greenish mixture, called tea, and a curious compound, which the old lady referred to as “apple sarse,” and which she ladled out with a spoon in one hand, while with the other hand she pressed the “sarse” back into the dish whenever it showed a disposition to run over. It is scarcely necessary to say that our stomachs revolted at such fare. I made an heroic effort to eat the steak, but in vain. It was as impervious as a piece of boiler-iron. I turned to the biscuits. They had been shortened with rancid butter, and were uneatable. I asked for a boiled egg, but the woman said:

“Our chickins is moltin’, an’, onnyways, aigs is extry.”

We rose, unrefreshed, from the table, and one of the party was passing out, when the young woman, holding out her hand, said, in a drawling tone:

“One dollar, please.”

“What for?” asked the departing guest.

“Fer yer supper,” replied the girl.

“I didn’t eat a bit. It was the durndest stuff I ever saw. I won’t pay for it,” said the traveller.

The young woman did not appear in the least disconcerted. She must have been accustomed to facing angry stagefolk, for she calmly placed herself between us and the door, and still held out her hand for the money.

“Let’s form a union,” said another guest, “and strike against this imposition. They can’t collect for what we didn’t have.”

A woman passenger raised a shrill remonstrance, and declared the inn was a deadbeat. A young man, who early in the journey had told us he was a pugilist from San Francisco, threatened to clean out the house. A lawyer from Stockton declared he would never, never, never pay. It was highway robbery, and he would begin an action against the inn-keeper for trying to obtain money under false pretences; while I, throwing myself back on the power and dignity of the press, foreshadowed a lively roast in the next number of the paper I represented. All were unanimous. We would not pay, come what might, and we formed up for a rush past the girl, when something clicked behind

us. We turned, and there stood the dirty old man, with a dangerous glitter in each eye, and an equally dangerous-looking revolver in each hand pointed directly at us.

"Gen'l'men," he began, "our terms is cash. You'll drop a dollar in the sarser on the table next the door, as you pass out—no more, and no less."

"But," remonstrated the lawyer, "this isn't a legal charge, and you can't collect it. Don't you know you can be punished for obtaining money under false pretences?"

"Gen'l'men," interrupted the portable arsenal, "the stage is awaitin', an' the driver is a-callin' Them as don't pay can be accommerdated with beds at a dollar each bed, and breakfast in the mornin', also at a dollar. This is a dollar house—everything's a dollar here, 'ceptin' coffins, which comes high. Them as pays now will pass out of the front door, and them as don't pay won't pass out at all, 'ceptin' they passes out feet fust, an' with their boots on."

"This is highway robbery," cried the valiant young man from San Francisco.

"Beggin' yer parding," quoth the landlord, "but I thought I heerd ye ejaculate a remark," and he turned his glittering eyes and one of the revolvers full on the fighting man's face. "I disremember what ye sed. Will ye have the kindness to obleege me by sayin' it agin? I'm rayther hard o' hearin' in my left year."

The San Franciscan paled, declared he hadn't

uttered a word, and, dropping his dollar into the "sarser," hurried out.

"Perhaps it wos you as sed as this wos a case of highway robbery," continued the old man, as he trained the awful eyes and the wicked revolvers full on the lawyer.

The lawyer, as he drew a piece of gold from a purse, disclaimed having said anything about a highwayman.

"But ye did grumble at the food that the good Lord sot before ye, didn't ye?" queried the old man.

"Well, yes; but I've seen worse," stammered the lawyer.

"It warn't so bad, war it?" insinuated the landlord.

"Well, no."

"Then, why didn't you eat it?" thundered the old man, at the top of his voice.

"Because I wasn't hungry. I never can eat in hot weather," said the lawyer.

"Oh, you wasn't hungry, eh? The weather was hot, eh? How about that ere suit yer is goin' to bring agin me?"

"Oh," said the trembling lawyer, "I was only in fun."

"Well, there's yer change," said the landlord, "and when ye've got any more jokes to discharge jist label 'em, elsewise people 'll think you air in arnest, and you mought git hurt."

While this was going on, the female passenger and the writer were making futile efforts to escape

from the room, both having dropped our dollars into the "sarser," but the girl blocked the way, for the old man had reserved me, the youngest of his guests, for the last.

"I imagine," he began, "that you was the cuss as sed he'd print my name in his paper. Air you that ere individooal?"

"Certainly not," I lied, "the grub suited me, but I'm not well."

"But yer asked fer aigs."

"That's because I'm a Catholic, and never eat meat on Friday," I lyingly responded.

"Young man," said the old man, solemnly, as he pointed to an insurance calendar that hung on the wall, "thar's what says as this ere day's a Thursday."

I hung my head, and could find voice for nothing more. The guns appeared like cannon, and ready to go off at the slightest touch on the trigger. I thought my time had come, and began to think of all the bad things I had ever done.

"Young man," said the landlord, "give me yer hand," and he laid one of the pistols on the table.

I extended my right hand, and he gave it a squeeze that seemed to break all the bones. He kept on squeezing, while I writhed in agony. It seemed an age before he left go, after giving me a little paternal advice to keep out of bad company, lawyers, fighting men and sich like, and especially to avoid the lyin' noosepapers. He released my hand at last; the woman passenger and I ran out

of the house, climbed into the coach, and took our seats. The driver was already on the box, and the wild horses, given their heads, were soon flying along the dusty road towards Sacramento. At the next stopping-place, where a relay of horses awaited us, the driver approached the window with a grin on his broad face and a bit of straw between his teeth.

"Youns got a bad skeer back theer, didn't ye?"

We acknowledged that we did.

He meditated a moment, and then said:

"You was sold. Old Si's as harmless as a kitten, an' he couldn't hit a barn-door if it was ten feet off, for he's half blind. 'Sides, there wasn't no bullets in them guns neither, only caps. He's a old fraud, in coorse; but he was only bluffing ye. He skeered the life out o' ye, didn't he. Well, I'll be dummed. This beats bull-fightin'," and he laughed and chuckled till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"What's that you say?" roared the fighting man. "Wasn't he in earnest?"

"No. But he got his dollars, didn't he?"

The pugilist's rage knew no bounds. He foamed at the mouth, stamped on the ground, and beat the air with his clenched fists, meanwhile uttering the most frightful maledictions.

"A horse," he cried, "give me a horse, that I may ride back and settle the hash of that blamed old fraud! The idea! Threatening to shoot us with an empty pistol. I'll swab up the dust in the road with him!"

"Do you want a horse, sir?" asked the landlord, a mild-eyed person. "I have a animal as would just strike your fancy. He'd carry you to Si's in erbout a hour. Shall I saddle him for ye?"

"Yes, yes—I mean, no. I've got an engagement at Sacramento. I'll call and settle Si's account on my way back."

The driver mounted the box, the horses' heads were loosened by the hostlers, and away we dashed. In two hours we were at Sacramento, and registered at the Golden Eagle Hotel.

The pleasant-faced German, his fair-haired wife and I sat at the same breakfast table the next morning and exchanged confidences. My new-found friends told me that their name was Oppenheimer—Mr. and Mrs David Oppenheimer. Two years later I met them in the heart of the Fraser River mines, where Mr. Oppenheimer became a leading merchant, and subsequently Mayor of Vancouver. Both have long since passed; but they left behind them a record of good work which still survives.

“A VISITATION FROM GOD.”

“Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.”

—*Paradise Lost.*

THAT portion of the State of Washington on either side of the great inland sea known as Puget Sound, near the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, was first settled by the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, who established trading-posts and built forts in Oregon and throughout the Puget Sound country, and extended their influence as far south as San Francisco, closely competing with the traders of John Jacob Astor, founder of the family of which William Waldorf Astor, formerly of New York City, but now a British subject and a “citizen of famous London town,” is the acknowledged head and wealthiest member. The company's chief port in the North-West at that time was at Nesqually, which lies midway between the towns of Steilacoom and Olympia, and of which the late Dr. Tolmie was chief factor. Before the Oregon treaty was made, the Hudson's Bay people had brought the native tribes of Oregon and Washington Territory under their control. The humane and just methods in dealing with the

Indians had won their confidence and affection, and a King George man (a Briton) might travel securely through sections peopled only by hostile tribes, where a Boston man (an American) hardly dare trust himself. After the country south of the forty-ninth parallel had been surrendered by treaty in 1846 to the United States, wars with the natives were of frequent and bloody occurrence. The first settlers of Oregon and Puget Sound were subjected to great hardships and dangers, because the Indians resented their transference from British to American rule. Many years passed, and only after the tribes had been decimated did they sullenly accept their new masters.

Early in the era of the gold discoveries in California, the vast timber wealth of Puget Sound attracted the attention of lumbermen, and soon the hum of sawmills, of rude construction and small capacity, broke the stillness of the forests. The lumber then produced sold readily at San Francisco for one hundred dollars a thousand. At one time, immediately after a great fire, cargoes of lumber from Puget Sound sold at three hundred dollars a thousand. Gradually little communities of whites began to gather about the mills, where homes were reared and business houses established, and where the presence of women and children imparted an air of civilization to the neighborhood. The missionary and school-teacher followed, and it was not long before the church-going bell, a sound familiar to Eastern ears, summoned

the settlers to the house of God, and "the little red school-house" became a picturesque and gratifying feature in every small community.

When to the thinking men of the day it was borne in that Puget Sound was destined to become the seat of a mighty empire of commerce, where the argosies of all nations would arrive and depart with rich cargoes, and where great cities, peopled by the energetic, thrifty and industrious, would spring up, the early comers to this virgin land began to speculate as to where, in the fullness of time, the great city of the future would find a location. The towns of Steilacoom and Olympia, near the head of navigation, were laid out and plotted when the sites of Seattle, now the commercial giant of the West, and Tacoma, to-day the greatest wheat-shipping port in the North-West, were trackless forests. Port Townsend, then the only port of entry for the district, where all vessels bound in or out were required to enter and clear, under the stimulating influence of the trade that came from the shipping, grew quickly. Forty-seven years ago it was a thriving town with a population of several hundred, and had begun to put on the airs and importance of a metropolis.

In 1858, the year of the Fraser River gold excitement, Seattle numbered scarcely one hundred of a white population, while Whatcom and Sehome, now consolidated as Bellingham, sprang into ephemeral existence as starting points for miners. The writer landed at Port Townsend from a San

Francisco steamer, in July, 1858. The town was filled with miners bound for the diggings. There landed from our steamer on Fowler's wharf about 1,500 souls, and business of every description was brisk, especially the liquor traffic. The place was placarded with handbills, signed by C. C. Terry, that drew attention to Seattle, "the future metropolis of the North-West," and offering to sell town lots of generous dimensions at prices varying from fifty to one hundred dollars each according to location. Many of these lots are selling at from fifty to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to-day.

I showed one of the handbills to a leading merchant of Port Townsend, named Bartlett, and asked his advice as to the wisdom of investing a small sum in Seattle lots. Mr. Bartlett was strongly of opinion that Seattle would never amount to much. "Why," said he, "for several months in the year the fogs are so dense between this place and Seattle that navigation is impracticable. That place ought to be called Fogtown." I allowed the handbill to flutter from my fingers, and so threw away a fortune.

In the month of October, 1861, I paid another visit to Puget Sound, embarking in the little side-wheel steamboat *Eliza Anderson*, then commanded by Capt. John R. Fleming. The boat touched at several points. The only signs of activity were observed at Port Townsend, Steilacoom and Olympia, the last-named town having been selected as the capi-

tal of the Territory. At Seattle, one man, the late Mr. Yessler, met the steamer at the wharf, caught the line that was thrown ashore, and took charge of a few packages of freight and a mail pouch that contained, perhaps, half-a-dozen letters and papers. Not a passenger embarked, nor did one land at that port. Tacoma was of so little importance that the steamer did not touch there on that trip, but went straight on to Steilacoom and Olympia, where considerable business offered. Whatcom and Sehome, after the miners went away, sank into insignificance, and remained obscure villages until the building of the railways gave them their present great importance under the name of Bellingham. Victoria, at the time of which I write, had a population of about two thousand whites, and was undoubtedly the Queen City of the North-West. These statements, in the face of the marvellous changes that have since taken place, read like a fairy tale; but there are men and women living who will vouch for their correctness. The growth of the young giant Seattle, and its sister, Tacoma, is astonishing, and evidences what intelligent effort, when backed by railway competition and unlimited resources and capital, together with geographical position, will accomplish in the space of a few years. A large majority of the men and women who brought their household gods to Puget Sound, and reared homes in the midst of the wilderness, were honest and God-fearing people, who sent their children to school, and led them to

church. Fifty years ago motherhood was regarded as the highest honor that could be conferred upon a wife, and a couple without children were not deemed desirable settlers. So the little settlements increased with rapidity, and the merry prattle of children was heard in every home. But with the decent people came a large element of ne'er-do-wells, who had no sooner set their feet on shore than they threw off all the restraints of society, and, mixing with the red men, soon grew more savage than the savages themselves. Crimes of violence became frequent, and the law was so loosely administered that the moral foundations on which the social fabric was reared became weakened and often destroyed. A spirit of lawlessness was manifest in every town and camp, and Port Townsend, where flocked the bad of every nationality and both sexes to prey upon the sailors who came to that place, as the chief shipping port, in considerable numbers, grew rapidly. A more graceless gang of ruffians than that which gathered at Port Townsend forty-five years ago never infested any community. They were up to every devilment that Satan could inject into their receptive minds, and the crack of the revolver, and the whizz of the rifle ball, were sounds familiar in the ears of the people of the little town.

A person who should visit Port Townsend to-day would find it one of the most orderly and moral communities on the Pacific Coast, and would

scarcely believe that at one time it was the abode of murderers and bandits. Yet so it was, and there is reason to believe that many of the very worst characters who gathered there were originally British subjects who deserted from our warships.

Nearly forty years ago, the crew of a vessel then loading at Port Ludlow left the ship for some reason and, coming to Port Townsend, retained a young attorney, named Tripp, to sue the captain for wages, which they claimed were due them. Tripp went to Ludlow, and, under pressure, collected a considerable sum from the captain, but accepted a smaller amount than the men asserted was owing. After deducting his fee, the lawyer sent the balance to the sheriff at Port Townsend, who, deducting his own rake-off, passed the balance over to the sailors. The men were greatly dissatisfied at the smallness of the result, and threatened to "do" for Tripp, if he should return to Port Townsend. They haunted the wharf for a day or two, and one bright afternoon their intended victim tripped gaily ashore from the steamer. He had been to Seattle, and wore a complete suit of new clothes, and carried a cane. Five of his clients accosted him, speaking roughly, and threatening to do him bodily harm should he remain in town.

Tripp protested that he had done no wrong.

"Look at yer clothes," cried the sailors. "Yer left here in rags, and yer come back rigged out like a howlin' swell. You stole our money, and put it

on yer back. Blank, blank yer! Yer not good enough to stay in this country any longer. Go to the British side, an don't yer never come back."

"But I live here," urged Tripp. My home is here, and I am an American citizen. Besides, I have a wife and children here."

"D— yer wife and children. We'll drive yer spawn out, too," shouted the sailors.

The men were armed, and displayed their weapons. Tripp was unarmed. He was driven back on board the boat and told that if he should again set foot on shore at Port Townsend he would be assassinated. The steamer brought Tripp to Victoria. Here he bought a double-barrelled shotgun from Guy Huston, and loaded the weapon with heavy charges of buckshot. As he stepped ashore at Port Townsend on the following day, the sailors approached Tripp with threatening gestures and horrid oaths.

"Stand back!" cried the lawyer, who carried his cocked weapon at rest across his left arm.

"We wants to speak to yer," said the sailors.

"Not on the wharf," said Tripp, as calm as a summer morning. "Come to my office."

"Let's rush the — of a —," shouted one of the party, and the doomed men prepared to surround Tripp in an ever-narrowing circle.

"Stand back!" cried Tripp once more.

His assailants made a simultaneous advance towards him. As quick as thought the lawyer brought the gun to his shoulder and fired a barrel.

Two of the men, who were in line, fell and died almost immediately—killed by the one discharge. Scarcely had the report died away when the second charge was fired and another man fell dead. Then Tripp clubbed his gun and brought the stock down upon a fourth man's head, braining him. He sank to the ground insensible, dying a few days later. The remaining man turned to fly, but a revolver bullet, fired by a brother-in-law of Tripp, stretched him a corpse on the wharf. The locality presented a fearful spectacle when the contest was over. There were blood and brains everywhere, and four dead men and one dying man lay in various postures awaiting the coroner. The lawyer surrendered to the sheriff, but it being shown to the satisfaction of the jury that he had acted in self-defence, he escaped punishment. It is mentioned as a singular coincidence that Tripp was one of the contractors for the construction of a new jail and that he was the first man to be confined therein.

Two of the justices of the Supreme Court got into serious difficulties. One of these officials shot and killed a man near Whatcom. He presided at the next term, and heard all the cases except his own. This he assigned to a friendly brother judge, who went to Whatcom and tried him, and before whom he was acquitted. This gentleman continued in office until Lincoln was elected President, when he was retired. Another Supreme Court judge, who resided at Port Townsend, seduced the

wife of a friend, and was sued for damages. When the case was called, the gay Lothario requested a friendly brother judge to try the cause, and won easily. All the parties to this scandal afterwards died in California, the woman perishing in a most deplorable manner.

One of the most bloodthirsty men who ever located on the Sound was named Harry Sutton. He was well educated, handsome and almost feminine in appearance and manner, when he first went to Port Townsend. In fact, he resembled a rosy-cheeked, bashful student enjoying his holidays. You might have picked him out for a Sunday School teacher, but never for a desperado or a cut-throat. He had such a confiding expression in his eyes, and when spoken to by an older person he blushed like a young girl.

I was seated in my office at Victoria one evening in the summer of 1862, when a young man entered. He was neatly and fashionably dressed, and wore a stiff Peruvian hat, then as much affected by the young men of that day as Panamas are now. In a low, hesitating voice, he asked :

“Do you get any Boston exchanges here?”

“No,” I replied, “but you may get them at Hibben’s.”

“I’ve been there,” he said, “and they have none.” He offered me a cigar and lighted one himself. Then he sat down and talked about Boston and Yale and Harvard, while we discussed the cigars, which were of excellent quality.

"These cigars were sent me by my mother," he remarked. "They are real Havanas. My folks are in the shipping business in Boston. They own clippers. I came to California in one of them. You see," he said, with a confidential air, "I got into some trouble back home and mother sent me out here to be reformed."

We both laughed at the bare idea of any one being sent to the Pacific Coast with a view to reformation, and I began to ask myself what this shy, shrinking young fellow could have done back East to render necessary his expatriation. It could not be anything very wicked. Perhaps it was a love affair. Finally I asked him:

"What sort of trouble did you get into at home?"

"Oh," he said, with a light laugh, "did you ever hear of Harry Sutton? (I shook my head). Well," he continued, "I'm Sutton. I'm the man who killed two Irishmen on my daddie's wharf in Boston. They attacked me in the dark, and I just ripped them up. It was a case of self-defence, though," he added, as he flicked the ashes from his cigar, "but it cost my mother piles of money to get me off. You see, the Irish societies wanted to hang me."

As he said this he rose from his chair and walked rapidly up and down the office floor. Then I saw a strange transformation sweep over him. He suddenly changed from a rosy-checked youth on his holidays, modest, refined and shy, to a sin-

worn man of mature years. The gentle expression that had charmed me a few moments before vanished, and a repulsive, wicked look came into his face. His color deepened, the soft, brown eyes gleamed like hot coals, and rays of hate and anger shot from their depths. He swore savagely and swung his arms, and struck the thin air with his hands as though they contained a weapon which he wished to use.

"Is he acting—rehearsing his murderous act, and does he enjoy the tragic memories which he has conjured up?" I asked myself. Presently he sank into his chair, panting for breath; the deep color faded, the fire died out of his eyes, and he became once more the gentle, confiding schoolboy on his holiday. The paroxysm had passed, but he still breathed heavily.

We parted that night to meet a few years later, when the gentle youth's name had become a terror, and when he had acquired a reputation for blood-thirstiness that few men enjoyed, even on the gore-besprinkled shores of Puget Sound.

Sutton went to Port Townsend, where he started a bar on Tibball's wharf. The building is still to be seen. He drew about him a number of kindred spirits, and they soon became notorious along the length and breadth of the Sound for evil practices. They shanghaied sailors from one ship and sold them at so much per head to another ship; then they would steal them from the last ship, and sell

them back to the ship from which they were first taken. They would shoot or cut on the least provocation and many deeds of violence were perpetrated in and about the Sutton shebang.

Amongst this promising young man's close companions was an American of about his own age. This man was a bright, well-educated fellow, but was as dangerous a character as his friend. He was ready to shoot at all times. On one occasion, he fired a rifle at a fleeing Indian, of whose kloutchman he had taken possession. The ball missed the native, but it passed through the wooden wall of Mr. Joseph Kuhn's office, and lodged in the drawer of a desk, where Mr. Kuhn had sat writing a few moments before. Strange to say, the man's sinful career was cut short in a very remarkable manner. He attended a Methodist revival meeting one evening. Having gone to scoff, he was so impressed with what he saw and heard that he remained to pray. He slept in a bunk back of the bar, and that night, when Sutton prepared to turn in, he found his friend on his knees asking for mercy. The next morning, regardless of the taunts of his late companions, the regenerated man refused to drink, and removed his traps from Sutton's. That evening, and many subsequent evenings, found him at prayer-meeting, and in the result he became a convert, and is now, or was until quite recently, a leading clergyman in California. The hole in the wall, made by

the bullet which he fired with murderous intent nearly forty years ago, is still to be seen in the wall of Mr. Kuhn's office.

At that time there resided on Puget Sound a pilot, named Charlie Howard, a short, stocky, powerful man, who had a bad record as a pugilist. On one occasion he was wanted by the sheriff for some misdemeanor and fled to Port Angeles, whither the officer followed and served the paper.

"All right," said Howard, "I'll go with you. Let's have a drink."

After drinking the two walked to the sheriff's boat, where Howard tripped the captor up and held his head under water until the poor sheriff, nearly drowned, gave up the warrant, and the prisoner walked away, and was not prosecuted for his lawless act.

One evening Howard strolled along the wharf, past Sutton's bar, in company with Captain Libby (not the present Captain Libby, but his father).

Said Libby to Howard: "Let's go into Sutton's and take a drink."

"Not much," replied Howard, "I wouldn't drink in that — of a —'s house if I were dying of thirst."

Sutton, who was standing just inside his door, overheard the remark and sprang out with his ever-ready revolver in hand, and inflammable language on his tongue.

"Take that back," he shouted.

"I'll take nothing back," cried Howard.

"Then take this," yelled Sutton, as he fired a ball into his victim's breast. Howard fell on one knee, exclaiming, as he fell, "That'll do, Harry. Don't shoot me any more."

"You — — —," yelled Sutton, "if I had a thousand bullets I'd give them all to you."

So saying, he fired the remaining five balls into Howard's body.

Another account says that the difficulty arose over an Indian woman, and that Sutton only fired once, killing Howard.

Sutton was convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. His mother came to his aid and he broke jail. He was captured at the picturesque town of Port Angeles by Tom Stratton and others and taken back to Port Townsend, where he again broke jail. He fled to Colorado, where he died with his boots on, being hanged by a vigilance committee for murdering two miners.

An account of the murderous doings of Sutton would fill a volume. Being pursued on one occasion by the officers of the law for firing at and wounding a negro, he fled to Cariboo, where he was ordered to leave by the constabulary. On his way out he was suspected of arson at Yale, but was never prosecuted. He was next heard of at San Francisco, where he engaged in the butchering business. In a dispute with his partner one day he clove his head with a cleaver, and the man died. It was shown that Sutton had struck in self-defence

and he got off. He next appeared again at Port Townsend with a power press and a complete plant for a printing office. He started a daily newspaper and became an editor—this man, with the blood of five men on his hands! The paper did not live long, but while it existed Editor Sutton “made things hum” along the Sound.

Sutton had long before parted with his boyish ways and his look of innocence. His face had become bloated and deeply seamed with the lines that a sinful career always engrafts upon the features. His gentle ways, which attracted me at our first interview, had been displaced by a coarse and brutal bearing. His apparel, too, was in keeping with his changed manner and his language was profane and vulgar. It was said that Sutton, in his somewhat brief span of life, killed ten men, and was only punished for the last two. I am only sure of seven, a number that should be sufficient to satisfy the appetite of any reasonable desperado, although Slade, who dominated the overland stage line between California and Utah forty years ago, bore on the stock of his revolver twenty-nine notches, each notch representing a dead man, killed by that unerring weapon in the hands of that sure-to-kill ruffian. Slade also died with his boots on, having been hanged by a vigilance committee. It is related of the man-eating tiger, that once having tasted human blood he will never again be content with food that is relished by any well-conducted tiger. He needs a man for breakfast every

morning. No other "game" will appease his appetite, and he will permit the most tempting viands set for his regalement and capture to remain untouched, while he prowls hungering through the jungle for a human sacrifice. Does a desperado who has shot one man hunger, like the tiger, for more lives?

Mark Twain, in one of his inimitable stories, tells of one Sam Brown, a wretch in Nevada, who had fallen into the amiable habit of shooting every man who refused to drink with him. One morning he accosted a miner in a bar-room with:

"Come, stranger, have a drink with me."

"Thank you," replied the man, who was a tenderfoot and not "up" to the ways of Nevada, "I'm a total abstainer and don't drink."

"My God," cried the wretch, "and must I kill a man every time I come to town?" Whereupon he whipped out his pistol and reduced the census of temperance men in camp by one. If there were any teetotalers left in town, they must, like Peter, have denied their faith, for every man within sound of the murderer's voice lined up and took his whisky at Brown's command. The ruffian left town on horseback for home, but the boys "laid for him" in the brush and bored him full of holes as he came to the place of ambush. When the avengers examined the dead man's pistol they found sixteen notches on the handle. It is related of an Oregon desperado that, having let the life of another man out by puncturing his side with

a sheathknife, he drew the reeking weapon from the wound and lapped the blade.

The British warship *Sparrowhawk* came to Esquimalt station in 1864. She lost a number of men by desertion, most of whom went to work at the logging camps on the American side. Amongst the runaways was an Irishman, named John Quail, a tall, good-looking fellow, built like an Adonis, as agile as a gladiator and as powerful as a draught horse. Quail began life on the Sound as a logger, but soon tired of hard work and became a gambler. His comrades called him "Poker Jack," because he excelled at the game of poker, and, as he could drink as deep, shoot as straight and swear as loud as Sutton, he was admitted to that gentleman's confidence and the two became sworn friends.

There lived at that time on Puget Sound a swashbuckler named Charlie Brown, who haunted the lumber mills and logging camps, to fleece the lumbermen on pay days with poker and other devices. At Port Ludlow resided one Slater. He had an Indian wife and was tolerably well conducted, as things went in those days. He was a friend of Poker Jack's, and one morning he ran to Jack's cabin and told him that as he was sleeping peacefully by the side of his wife, Brown had kicked in the front door and got into his warm nest, threatening to shoot him if he resisted. Jack, pistol in hand, strode to the cabin and found Brown snoring off his debauch in Slater's bed. He seized the ruffian by the hair of the head and

kicked him into the road. Then he threw his great arms about him, and carried him towards the mill. Brown roared for mercy.

"What are ye goin' to do wid me?" asked Brown.

"I'm going to throw you into that fire, you dirty brute," replied Jack, as he strode on with his burthen. The fire to which the avenger referred was a huge mass of burning sawdust and other offal, which every mill company on the Sound, having once lighted, never allowed to die out while the mill continued in action. On that particular day the Ludlow fire was more than usually fierce, and must have reminded those who saw it of a certain very hot place with the lid off. As they neared the fire the hot tongues leaped up, as if hungry for their prey. They seemed to laugh with glee at the prospect of a glorious feast on human flesh. Brown screamed in terror and begged for mercy, but Jack was implacable.

"They ain't no mercy for you, young man," he said. "You're goin' on a long journey an' I'm goin' to give you a taste of hell before you get there."

Then Brown appealed to the men, who, attracted by his cries, flocked to the scene. Jack at first refused to listen to the people, but, on the very brink of the flaming pit, he consented to let Brown go upon condition that he would leave town at once and stay away from it for ever, which he did.

One evening in the spring of 1870 Poker Jack

entered a restaurant at Port Townsend and ordered supper. At an adjoining table was seated a man named Thompson, who was the worse for liquor, and who began to revile Jack. The latter kept his temper and tried to pacify the excited man, but Thompson continued his abuse and threats. Quail, having finished his repast, walked to the door, Thompson following close behind. Harry Sutton was met coming in. He took in the situation at a glance, and, whispering to Quail, asked him if he were armed.

"No," replied Jack.

"Then take this," said Sutton, as he handed him a huge bowie knife with a razor edge.

Quail and Thompson passed out into the darkness, and were lost to view for a moment. There was an instant of silence, broken only by the oaths of Thompson; then the listeners heard a gasp, and next a shout for help. They ran along the sidewalk, and thirty feet away they came upon a scene that the most hardened man among them never forgot to the day of his death.

In the indistinct light cast by the feeble rays of a lantern, the figure of a man was seen lying prostrate on the ground, and the figure of another man stood over him, dealing blow after blow with a huge knife. The prostrate man was Thompson, and the erect man was Quail. They took the slayer off his victim, upon whose body there were seventeen cuts, any one of which would have caused death. Quail himself was cut in the face

and on the neck. He got off on the plea of self-defence, and returned to his old haunts and practices. But the killing of Thompson was not forgotten, as the sequel will show.

About a twelvemonth after the death of Thompson a man named John Martin, a close friend, if not a relative of the dead man, walked into the bar of the Metropolitan Hotel at Port Townsend, kept by John Hunt. Quail sat at a table playing cards. The instant Martin caught sight of Quail he discharged a volley of abuse. Quail made no reply at first, but finally exasperated beyond endurance, he leaped to his feet and, seizing a stool, raised it as if to strike his assailant. Martin grasped a leg of the stool and, reaching between the rungs, drove a long knife into Quail's abdomen. The wounded man released his hold on the stool and, placing his hands on his body in the vicinity of the pit of his stomach, walked to the bar.

"Boys," said he, "I guess I'm done for. I'm cut through and through. Let's have another drink before I go." The bystanders ranged up at the bar and drank with him in silence, and with a feeling of awe at the bare idea of pledging the health of a man who was bleeding to death before their eyes, and whose passage had been already booked for the "other side" of the River Styx. He died the next day. The boys gave him a big funeral and a minister spoke of his many virtues, which no one suspected that he possessed while alive.

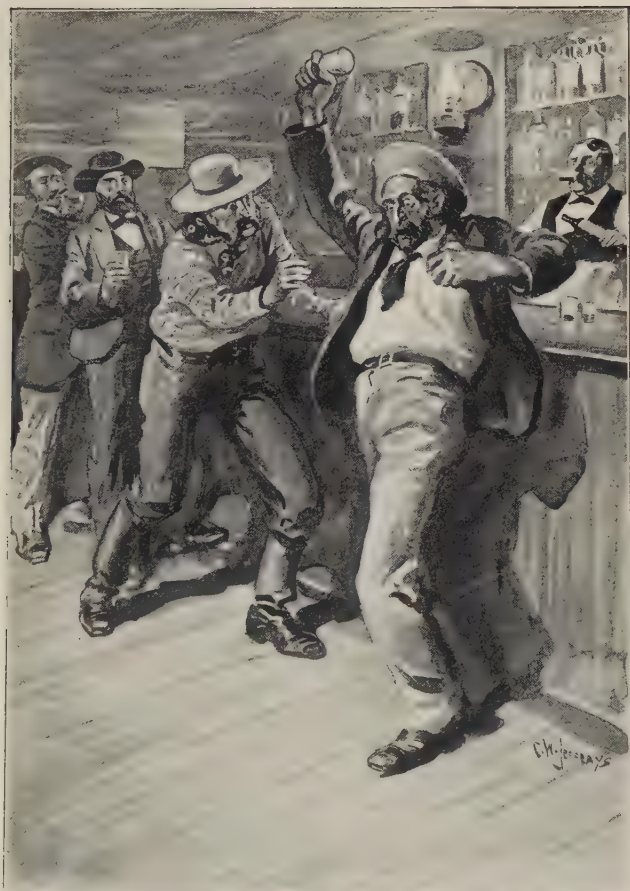
But if Martin avenged the taking off of Thompson, who avenged the taking off of Poker Jack? The patient reader must accompany me to the end of this tale and draw his own conclusions.

Martin was taken to prison for killing Quail, and was admitted to bail. Pending the trial he disappeared. Two years sped away and Martin and his great crime had almost faded from people's minds—crowded out by other stirring events, of more recent occurrence—when, on the second anniversary of Quail's killing, the habitues of the Metropolitan Hotel were overcome by surprise at beholding his slayer enter the bar of the hotel.

"Klahaya tilicums?" asked Martin, as he shook hands all round. This salutation is Chinook for "How do you do, friends?"

The hangers-on greeted him warmly, and their hearts were made glad by an invitation which he extended to the whole party to come up and "have something."

The glasses were quickly charged and each man clinked his tumbler against his neighbor's. Then Martin, raising his glass above his head, said in a clear and distinct tone, "Let us drink a toast. I give you the health of—of—of—" His voice suddenly ceased, and a look of horror came into his eyes, as he gazed at some object on the floor. Then his countenance grew ashy pale, he trembled violently, and with a loud cry of anguish he fell face downward almost on the very spot where two years before on that very night Jack Quail



“ A look of horror came into his eyes as he gazed at some object on the floor.”

had received his deathblow. As the stricken man fell the glass flew from his hand and broke into a dozen pieces. Martin lay motionless. Some one turned him on his back. His features were set in an expression of deep alarm. The eyes were fixed and staring, as if the dead man saw some horrid shape that had attracted his attention just before he sank to the floor. The protruding tongue was bitten half through, and blood flowed from his mouth. They shook him and spoke to him, calling his name and telling him to wake up. He made no sign, but ever those dreadful eyes gazed with a horrid expression at—something! They tore open his shirt and felt for a heart-beat. There was not even a flutter. Some one brought a mirror and held it to his lips. The breath had gone out, for the glass was unsullied. Then they sent for a doctor and a clergyman. Both came.

"Died of heart disease," quoth the medico, after a quick examination.

"Died of a visitation from God," said the clergyman, as he bent down and closed those dreadful eyes. Then, baring his head, the good man added, "Let us pray."

THE WRONG SADDLEBAGS.

EARLY in the month of May, 1856, a British steamship sailed from the port of Southampton, bound for the West Indies. Amongst her three or four hundred passengers were a young couple who bore the name of Mr. and Mrs. George Storm. They gave out that they had been recently married, and from their appearance they were well-bred and well connected. The pretty bride, who was little more than a girl, was exceedingly pleasant in her manners, and made friends of all with whom she came in contact on board. Among the acquaintances they made was a middle-aged gentleman, named William Stephenson. He was an Englishman, and, having been to California, was on his way back to look after some mines that he owned there. As Mr. and Mrs. Storm were also bound to California, they found the information which Mr. Stephenson possessed of the country most valuable. So the three were thrown much together, and by the time the steamer reached the Isthmus of Darien they had become fast friends and had formed plans for the future. In due course, the passengers crossed the Isthmus and embarked on a steamer which landed them safely at San Francisco. Here Mr. Stephenson learned that the bank

in which he had on deposit a large sum of money had failed, and a project which he had in view for the advancement of his new-found friends could not be carried out.

The Storms were naturally greatly disappointed at the result, as they were not overburdened with means, and, after some days, they departed for the interior of the State, where Storm said he would try his luck at the diggings. They took leave of each other, Stephenson remaining at San Francisco to recover what he could from the wreck. A fact which struck Stephenson as strange was that the Storms had not a single letter of introduction, nor did they impart any information as to their connections or antecedents, beyond the fact that their match was a runaway one and that the girl's friends objected to her marrying Storm. But, as they were very nice, and apparently respectable, Mr. Stephenson took them entirely into his confidence and lent Storm a considerable sum of money from his depleted store. He parted from them with regret, for he well knew the temptations to which they would be subjected in the mining towns. Several years passed, during which time Stephenson did not hear from his steamship acquaintances. He at last gave up all hope of ever meeting them and, although he often wondered what had become of them, they gradually faded from his mind.

In 1862 the Cariboo gold fever broke out, and early in that year Mr. Stephenson joined in the

rush to the new gold fields. The path through the then unexplored country was difficult and dangerous. Thousands walked every foot of the way and reached William Creek, where the richest deposits were found, weary and worn from the hardships they had gone through.

Stephenson was so fortunate as to secure a claim upon one of the richest bars on the creek. Near this bar "Old Man" Diller, Hard Curry, Bill Abbott, Jim Loring, John Kurtz, Bill Cunningham, John Adams, Wm. Farron, John A. Cameron, Bob Stevenson, and a host of others, whose names will ever live in history as the possessors of rich claims in Cariboo, were located. They washed out hundreds of thousands of dollars in a single season. Frequently as high as five thousand dollars was obtained from a single bucket. When Abbott one evening staked five thousand dollars on a single hand at poker, and was remonstrated with for his foolishness, he replied:

"Oh, pshaw! It's only a single bucket. There's five hundred thousand such buckets still in the claim."

The day came when poor old Abbott walked the streets of a British Columbia town in search of a man who would lend him the wherewithal for a meal, and found him not. Of the hundreds who had fattened at his board in the days of his affluence, not one offered to help him when he became poor again. Is not this the way of the world? I

do not say that Abbott died of want; but I do know that the men who helped him in his later days were not those who fed and drank at his expense when he rolled in gold.

Abbott's fate was that of nearly all the men who made big money in Cariboo. Cameron carried his earnings to Eastern Canada. He had \$175,000. This huge sum he lost in a few years in bad speculations. Twenty-five years later he returned to the scene of his former success and opened a little eating-house. One day, while supplying a customer, he dropped dead. Old Man Diller was almost the only one who held on to his talent and made more. He settled down in Pennsylvania, where he invested in real estate and died worth an enormous sum. Bob Stevenson lost his wealth in trying to add to it. He is still trying in Granite Creek to strike another William Creek.

Our steamship acquaintance, Stephenson, from whom I have obtained much of the material for this narration, is still alive and resides in California, old, hale and hearty, and wealthy. He told me that in a single season he made \$56,000 on William Creek, and that he sold out to his partners at the close of the year for \$10,000 more. Like Diller, he kept his pile, and added to it.

A day or two after Stephenson had disposed of his claim, and was popularly supposed to have a large sum in his cabin, he strolled into a gambling house at Barkerville. Gathered in the house were many evil-looking men and women. The scene was

dimly lighted with kerosene lamps. On the tables were cards, dice and faro-banks, and a billiard table in the centre of the room was utilized for the purposes of keno. A continual stream of miners and business men were entering and departing, after trying their luck at the different games, or imbibing at the bar. Now and again the voice of the dealers would be heard shouting, "Make your game, gentlemen," or, "Game's made, gentlemen, roll." The music from a piano and a fiddle, the clinking of glasses and the popping of corks added to the din. In one corner might be seen a miner, who had parted on the green cloth with his week's earnings, bewailing his hard luck; and in another corner stood a prospector, who was exhibiting to the astonished gaze of his friends the glorious prospect he had obtained from a new discovery. In the middle of the room a painted lady with a glass of Oh-be-Joyful in her hand was essaying an Irish lilt to the accompaniment of a mouth-organ between the lips of a besotted miner. On the sidewalk two men engaged in a bout of fisticuffs, to the intense delight of a crowd of by-standers. Across the street a cocking-main was in full swing, and numerous posters announced that on the following day there would be a prize-fight, with bare knuckles, between George Wilson, the English champion, and "the great California Unknown." The betting was heavily in favor of Wilson.

"You see," said one of Wilson's backers, "the

California fellow's got the most science, but George has got one thing that gives him a big advantage. He's got the best of the fight before he strikes a blow."

Stephenson was anxious to know in what the advantage possessed by Wilson consisted, and asked the man to explain.

"Why," said the fellow, "George has got a cock-eye. Now, if you stand up to fight a man you never want to take your eye off his'n. If you do, you're a gonner. How can you follow the movements of a man with a swivel-eye? You can't do it. He'll belt you all about the ring, while you're searching for his optic."

Convinced by the reasoning of Wilson's backer, Stephenson bet five hundred dollars on the man with a cross-eye, who lost the fight in five rounds.

Attracted by a sound of revelry Stephenson next entered a long hall in which a number of miners and others were engaged in wooing the favor of Terpsichore with a number of highly perfumed and gorgeously arrayed females. They were known as hurdy-gurdy girls. These representatives of the goddess of dancing were imported from California expressly to serve as partners for the miners of Cariboo. All were not young or beautiful, but they were very gracious, and never refused to drink when asked. Indeed, they were expected to urge their partners to treat them at the close of each dance, and as the broad light of day often streamed into the hall before shutting-up time came, the

amount of liquor consumed on the premises at the rate of fifty cents per drink must have been very great. As he stood gazing at the whirling figures Stephenson witnessed a dastardly act. A ruffian who had been disappointed in obtaining the hand of one of the painted and bedizened creatures, and was madly jealous in consequence, watched his opportunity, when he fancied he was not observed, and, striking her violently in the face, ran toward the door. The woman screamed and would have fallen had not the strong arm of Stephenson caught her form and laid her gently on the floor. A crowd gathered at once, and chase was made for the assailant, who was soon overtaken and severely beaten for his brutality. In the meantime Stephenson busied himself in restoring the unfortunate woman to consciousness. His efforts were soon rewarded, and he had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes and ask to be taken to her room. She had a bad bruise on her face, and as she was assisted to her feet the woman gazed long and earnestly at Stephenson.

"Where—where have I seen you before? Was it in England? or was it in California? No, it cannot be. Surely you are not Mr. Stephenson? You are not the gentleman I met on the Southampton boat?"

"My name is Stephenson," he replied, "but I cannot recall that we ever met before."

"Am I then so changed that you do not know me?" the wretched woman asked. "Do you not remember George Storm and his wife?"

"Yes—yes—but do not tell me that you are Mrs. Storm!"

"I am that lost woman," she cried, as she burst into a flood of tears.

"And where is your husband?" Stephenson asked, with emotion.

"He is here—in this camp."

"And does he know that you," he hesitated a moment for a word, not wishing to wound the woman's feelings, and then added, "that you are here?"

"Yes, but do not blame him. We were reduced to great straits. My baby died, and my friends at home would not help us, so—and so—you know the rest."

Again the poor woman wept, and Stephenson could scarcely refrain from mingling his tears with hers. With a great effort he restrained himself, and having arranged for a surgeon to attend to her injury, he left her, promising to return on the morrow, mentally resolving to do all in his power to rescue her from her forlorn condition.

Stephenson followed the winding of the creek to his cabin, which was situated about a mile above Barkerville. The night was intensely dark. As he neared his place, he observed a light within. He approached a window and peered cautiously into the front room, the blind of which was raised, and plainly saw the figure of a tall man standing by the side of the bunk, in the act of raising one of the mattresses, apparently searching for valuables. Stephenson turned for the purpose of raising an

alarm, when he became conscious of the presence of another man, who advanced from the shadow of the cabin and dealt him a severe blow on the head. The victim fell at once and lay where he fell until early morning, when he was discovered by some miners on their way to work, and his injuries, which were quite severe, were attended to by Dr. Black, then a noted practitioner on William Creek. The doctor decided that the patient had been sandbagged, and ordered his removal to the hospital, where several days elapsed before he recovered sufficiently to tell how he received the hurt. By that time, identification of the robbers was impossible, and no steps were ever taken to apprehend them. They got very little for their crime, as their victim had, providentially, deposited nearly all his wealth in the bank. As soon as Stephenson obtained his discharge from the hospital, he repaired to the dance hall and enquired for Mrs. Storm, who was known to the inmates as Bella Armitage. To his profound grief he learned that she had left the creek the day after the assault, and that a man, calling himself her husband, had gone with her.

In the fall of 1862, a great event occurred. Lord Milton, heir to the earldom of Fitzwilliam, accompanied by his friend and medical adviser, Dr. Cheadle, arrived on William Creek. They had come across the continent by the overland route and had been nearly a year on the way. Cheadle was a man of fine proportions, but Milton

was only about five feet in height, and weighed scarcely one hundred and twenty pounds. However, as the saying goes, there are many good goods put up in small packages, and Lord Milton was just about as genial, liberal and light-hearted a fellow as you ever met. He didn't look much like a lord though, and many amusing incidents arose through Cheadle being mistaken for the nobleman, and the lord for the doctor. Milton took these mistakes good-naturedly, and on two or three occasions allowed Cheadle to receive undisturbed the honors, while the real lord stood aside and enjoyed the confusion of the parties when at last they were set right. The "boys" gave the visitors a big banquet, and "whooped it up" until the small hours. Milton and Cheadle, on their return to England, wrote a most entertaining book on their travels, in which they gave a graphic description of the dinner and the proceedings thereat. They were especially struck with the wit and hospitality of the late William Farron, who gave the visitors a most hearty welcome and a handful of nuggets. Mr. Farron was one of the lucky miners of that period, and realized a competency in one season. From Barkerville the visitors rode to Hope, on the Fraser River, where they took a steamboat for Victoria. There was no Vancouver then. At Victoria they were given another banquet, which the then Governor Douglas and staff attended, and in which all the principal citizens took part. After Milton came into the title, he took his bride

of a year to the Lake Superior country, and it was in an Indian hut that the future Earl Fitzwilliam was born. The world said that the father was eccentric, but it is not every one who can afford to minister to his eccentricities as the noble earl did. I have often wondered what the young wife thought of the transformation scene, from a palace to an Indian wigwam, at the caprice of a freaky husband.

In the summer of 1860 another traveller came through by the overland route. His name was Captain Butler, of one of the crack English regiments. He had walked through by the Yellow Pass, accompanied only by a half-breed guide. He wrote a book on his travels, entitled "The Great Lone Land." The book had a deservedly large sale, for it was admirably written, and, in view of the opening by the Grand Trunk Pacific of the country through which the captain travelled, ought to be reprinted now. Captain Butler afterwards married Miss Thompson, the famous war-picture painter, and both are still alive. At the outbreak of the difficulty with the Boers Butler had become a major-general, and was stationed at South Africa. He incurred the disapprobation of the War Office by warning them that the Boers would prove a most formidable foe. For his pessimism Butler was recalled, and, although his prediction was verified by results, he was not permitted to take any part in that bloody and disastrous struggle.

Stephenson lingered about Barkerville until the latter part of July of the following year, hoping to hear from a party of prospectors under John Rose, whom he had sent out the previous fall, and who had not been heard from since their departure. When news did come in it was of the most dismal character. Rose and his party had died of exposure on one of the unexplored creeks, and their bodies were buried where they were found.

Stephenson immediately left Cariboo and travelled by easy stages toward the lower country. He was accompanied by several other miners, who, having made their pile, were desirous of reaching civilization by the speediest and safest means. As the road was believed to be infested with desperate men, who had failed to win gold at the diggings, the miners kept closely together, and were fully armed. On their way out the party fell in with a young man, named Tom Clegg, a clerk in the employ of E. T. Dodge & Co., merchants. Clegg, who was on a collecting tour, was known to have in his possession a very large sum of money, which he carried in saddlebags on his horse, a large, powerful animal. He was accompanied by a Captain Taylor, who belonged at some place on the Sound. Taylor rode a mule. When Taylor and Clegg fell in with the miners they expressed great pleasure at the protection afforded, and agreed to keep close by them. The party reached the 150-Mile Post, a wayside inn, in good shape. But there they fell to drinking and carousing, and

when day dawned neither Clegg nor Taylor was in a fit condition to travel, so the others started without them. Clegg and Taylor followed about an hour later, having changed animals at the Post, Taylor riding the horse with the gold-laden saddlebags, and Clegg bestriding the mule, which carried no treasure. A short distance below the Post two men were seen ahead. As the travellers approached the men separated, one crossing to one side and the other to the other side of the road, as if to let the horsemen pass between them. When the horsemen came opposite them, each footman grasped a bridle and began shooting. Taylor's horse took fright, reared and broke loose, dashing the man who held him to the ground, and got clear off, darting along the road at great speed. Clegg leaped from his mule, and seized the man who held his horse's bridle. He was getting the best of the highwayman, when the man who had tried to stop Taylor's horse came to the assistance of his pal and shot Clegg dead. The robbers then cut the saddlebags from the mule's back, under the impression that they contained the gold, and, plunging into the thicket, disappeared. The murderers were seen the next day by William Humphrey, now of Victoria, who was driving a light wagon along the road. While following the trail of the highwaymen through the brush the Indian trackers came upon the saddlebags. They had been cut open, and the contents, a bundle of papers and a suit of underclothes, lay on the ground. What must have been

the feeling of the robbers, when it dawned upon them that they had taken the life of a fellow-being, and imperilled their own lives, for so paltry a booty as the wrong saddlebags contained, may be imagined. Mr. Humphrey told a party of the robbers' whereabouts, and one, who gave the name of Robert Armitage, was caught in the valley of the Bonaparte. The other disappeared, and was seen no more alive. For a long time it was feared that he had got out of the country; but one morning a farmer on the North Thompson, while watering his stock, saw on one of the bars what he at first took to be a bundle of clothes, but which upon closer examination proved to be the body of the missing highwayman. The survivor was committed for trial before that judicial terror, Judge Begbie.

Stephenson, having convoyed his gold to Yale, placed it in the hands of Billy Ballou, the pioneer expressman, for transmission to the Bank of British North America at Victoria. Leaving the express office he walked slowly along the front street, and almost the first person he met was Mrs. Storm, alias Armitage. She had recovered from the effects of the cruel blow, not a trace being noticeable, and with her face divested of the paint, she looked like her former self. Accosting him she said, imploringly:

"Oh, Mr. Stephenson, I am so glad to have met you, for I am in great trouble, and need your help. I have just received a letter from Mr. Storm. He is

in prison at Lillooet. He is charged with the murder and robbery of a man on the Cariboo wagon road. He is without money and friends and unless he can get some money, he will surely be hanged. Will you help him? In the past you have done much for us. Will you aid us once again? In God's name, I implore you to return to Lillooet and see if something cannot be done to save him. I know that he has been a bad man and has done much that was wrong; but I can never forget that he is my husband—and then think of the disgrace! I gave him all the love of a young and pure heart, and I forgive him freely for the wrongs he has heaped upon me and the misery he has caused me. Will you—oh, will you, Mr. Stephenson, befriend us once more? Will you return to Lillooet and give him this letter?"

Stephenson told me, many years afterwards, that he at first declined to accede to the unhappy woman's appeal; but she was so persistent and so pathetic in her prayer that he yielded at last, and, after providing for her comfort at one of the hotels, he left by the first stage for the scene of the trial, arriving at Lillooet the day before the court opened. The little town was uncomfortably filled with jurors and witnesses, and a few lawyers, who accompanied the judge on circuit. Mr. Stephenson had an opportunity of seeing the Chief Justice for the first time as he took his seat on the bench to preside at the assize. Arrayed in wig and gown he presented a majestic appearance. He

was far above the average height, being six feet four in his socks. His figure was as straight as an arrow, his features, when in repose, stern and somewhat forbidding; his brown eyes were expressive and thoughtful; his hair was then just turning from black to grey, and his face was adorned with carefully-trimmed moustache and whiskers. His bearing was that of a judge who under any and all circumstances would discharge his duty as he understood it. This was the man who, by the sheer force of his iron will and overpowering intellect, swept all before him. A giant among pigmies, he subdued the most turbulent ruffians who ever afflicted a new country with their presence. The mere mention of his name terrified hundreds who had set at defiance the laws and rulers of their own land. As the judge took his seat on that morning a stillness as of death fell upon the crowded room. Men seemed afraid to breathe, so great was the awe which the majestic presence inspired.

The judge charged the grand jury in words of flaming eloquence, in which he depicted the enormity of the offence with which the prisoner, Robert Armitage, was charged. A human life had been taken for the purpose of robbery, and the blood of an innocent man cried for vengeance upon his slayer. One of the culprits had met a merited fate, having lost his life while fleeing from the bloodhounds of the law. The other was in the hands of the officers of the Crown, and against

him an indictment had been framed and would be laid before their body. It was their duty to consider the indictment, "and," he added, with a menacing look that seemed to say, "throw out the bill at your peril," "I leave the matter in your hands."

The grand jurors were not long in returning a true bill for murder against the prisoner, and he was at once arraigned and pleaded guilty, no defence being possible. The prisoner, upon being arraigned for sentence, was the most unconcerned man in the room. He leaned against the side of the dock and yawned frequently while the judge addressed him in severe and un pitying language, telling him that no mercy would be shown him, and that his execution upon the day fixed was as sure as the sun rose. When the man yawned for the third time the judge paused indignantly in the midst of a sentence and demanded to be told why he showed so much unconcern, under circumstances so dreadful that the entire courtroom was moved.

"Please, sir," replied Armitage, "hurry. I ate no breakfast, and I want my luncheon. I am hungry."

The man was then sentenced, without further comment, to die on a certain date, and was removed from the dock.

A few days later Stephenson sought and obtained an interview with the doomed man. As he entered the cell unannounced, the prisoner, who

was seated at a table, arose and, addressing his visitor, said:

“It is a long time since we met, Mr. Stephenson—at least since you were aware of my presence. I have seen you frequently, but you did not recognize me. When your cabin was robbed, I was there, and could have killed you, had I wished to do so; but you had been good to me, and I only dealt you a light tap. We thought that your gold was between the mattresses, and we only intended to take one-half. But, as you know, we got nothing.” He paused, and yawned, as if he were bored, and wished to shorten the interview.

Stephenson, who was disgusted at the man’s indifference, standing, as he did, on the threshold of the other world, contented himself with handing him the letter from his wife. Armitage opened and read it carefully and without emotion, then crumpled it in his hand, and, turning to his visitor, said:

“I owe you an apology for treating you as I did, and for my indifference now. My wife writes me that you have been more than good to her. Continue to be her friend, for she is a good sort, and was never bad, although, to support me and furnish me with money to enable me to “buck” at faro, she became a hurdy-gurdy girl. I always attended her to and from the hall, and, although appearances are against her, she is as pure as refined gold. Tell her that it is best that I should die, and that she will be well rid of me, in this world and

the next. Tell her that when I am gone, perhaps her friends in the Old Country, who are rich and influential, will relent. All I ask is that my father and mother shall never hear of the way I died. My father turned me from his door because of something wrong that I had done, and bade me never to cross his path again. I married the sweet girl who calls me her husband under false pretences. My name is neither Storm nor Armitage. I have been a sham ever since I can remember. I ought to have killed myself ten years ago, but I hadn't the courage. I was starving when I assisted in waylaying those men and in sandbagging you. But that is no excuse for the crime. I am about to die. Gambling has been my curse and has brought about my ruin. Now, my friend, say that you forgive me for my treatment of you and say good-bye. I commit my poor wife to your care, and if I thought God would answer the prayer of such a wretch as I am, I would ask Him to bless you both. As it is, I can only hope that He will. I have told Mr. Elliott, the magistrate, everything—my name, and my father's name. I have given him my signet-ring, and some other little things to forward to my father. Mr. Elliott will write that a horse threw me and broke my neck. He has pledged himself to preserve my secret, and I know that he will keep the pledge. Good-bye, Mr. Stephenson—forever."

Stephenson extended his hand, which the wretched criminal grasped, and pressed to his heart. It was the only time that he had shown

any emotion since the commission of the murder. Stephenson assured him of his full forgiveness and, promising to care for his wife, left him to his reflections. Upon the date set he was hanged, ascending the scaffold with firmness, declining to say anything. He died without a struggle.

Mr. Elliott, who subsequently became Premier, and whose grandsons, James A. and John Douglas, are residents of Victoria, lived for twenty-five years after the execution of Armitage, and the only thing he would ever say about him was that his family were among the highest in the kingdom, and dated their descent from William the Conqueror. I was once told that that it was more than suspected that the criminal was closely related to a duke, but Mr. Elliott would neither confirm nor deny that statement.

And what became of Mrs. Storm and her benefactor? will be asked. I wish I could reply that they were married and lived happily ever afterwards, as the story books say. All that I do know is, that about five years after the tragic events which I have recorded, William Stephenson led a lady to the altar of Grace Church, at San Francisco, where they were made one. I never saw the marriage notice, but it is a strange coincidence that, in the next number of the San Francisco city directory the name of Mrs. Ella Storm did not appear, while that of William Stephenson did.

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.

"Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives."

— *Wordsworth*

It will be news to many to whom these lines shall come, when they are told that the Government of the (then) colony, in 1858, believed that the most available route by which the mines in the upper country could be reached inexpensively and expeditiously, was that by Harrison River and the chain of lakes that lie between Douglas Portage and Lillooet, on the Fraser. Acting upon the advice of the royal engineers, the Government declared the route via Fraser River, the line now traversed by the C.P.R., to be dangerous, expensive, and altogether out of the running as a competitor for the carrying-trade to the mines. In 1858, engineers and workmen were sent to the line of the proposed route to prepare the country for the anticipated influx of a large mining population. A wagon road was constructed between the lakes, and steamboats were built to carry freight and passengers across the lakes. The town of Douglas, at the head of Harrison River, grew rapidly under the fostering care of the Government, which only discovered after the route had been opened to traffic, that

the excessive handling to which the freight was subjected (at least four portages, or exchanges, being necessary), gave to the Yale route, with only an indifferent trail, a great advantage over its competitor. When this fact dawned upon the Government mind, it retraced its steps and a wagon road along the line of the Fraser River was quickly constructed. Gradually the route via Harrison River was abandoned, the steamers and storehouses and landings were dismantled, or suffered to fall into decay, and a stillness as of death brooded over the country. The loss to the Government was heavy, but the individual losses of merchants and steamboatmen, who relied upon the judgment of the royal engineers, ran into five or six hundred thousand dollars, and not a few were ruined.

Among the hundreds who invested their means in the belief that the traffic of the mines would pass over the Government-selected route, was a young American. He had lately been married, and brought with him his pretty wife (she was a mere girl of seventeen). People married young in those days, when women were scarce, and men were numerous on the Coast. Their names were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Norton, and a more affectionate pair was never witnessed. After looking the ground over, Norton decided to start a restaurant, and, erecting a tent upon a lot which was donated by the Government, he soon had his establishment in full running order. Mrs. Norton cooked and her husband waited on the table. Whether it was

the beauty of the girl, or the excellence of her cooking, I cannot say, but in a few days the Norton restaurant had attracted all the custom in the town that was worth attracting, and their competitors lost much of their patronage.

One of the first customers of the Nortons was a Mr. Edwards. He was a tall, handsome Southerner, dark, and most gentlemanly in his deportment. To know him was to like him. He was the beau ideal of a romantic woman's notion of what a man should be, for he had many accomplishments which one does not often find men possessed of in a mining camp. Cool, calm and collected on all occasions, nothing seemed to ruffle the serenity of his manners or disturb his habitual good-nature. One evening a report was brought to town that a teamster, who was suffering from dementia, had killed a miner and barricaded himself in his cabin. He was heavily armed, and had already fired on several persons while they were passing his shack. Volunteers were asked for to proceed to the cabin and take the lunatic into custody. The first to offer his services was Mr. Edwards. Armed with rifles, the party, headed by a constable, repaired to the place, and their appearance was the signal for a fusilade from the cabin. The assailants went under cover.

One of the men was badly wounded at the first fire and was sent back to town. An effort to parley with the besieged was met with a rifleball, and another man fell. The party remained hidden

till nightfall, when they made an advance from four different quarters. A party, led by Edwards, scaled the low roof of the building, and kicked a hole through the shingles. Then Edwards dropped through the hole, and seized and downed his man, holding him in a vice-like grip until the whole posse gained admittance and secured him.

Of course, after this adventure Edwards became more popular than ever. The fair sex, who are known to favor the brave, beamed admiringly on the hero, and, among those who seemed to have lost their heads, and to be happy only when Edwards was near, was the child-wife of Frank Norton. When he came for a meal Mrs. Norton would wait upon Edwards herself, and send her husband into the kitchen, and there were always dainties to tempt the guest's appetite and make his meal palatable. It was not long before Norton observed a great change in his wife. She became moody and fretful and indifferent in the discharge of her duties. Instead of being the happiest when her husband was near, she came to regard him as repulsive, and, in place of smiles, she met him with frowns. Frank noticed the difference, and, as he was of an affectionate disposition, was greatly distressed at the changed attitude of his wife toward him. For a long time he was uncertain as to the man who had won the affections of his wife, but at last he became convinced that Edwards was the favored person. Matters had gone on in in this way for about a month, when one morning

it was given out that Mrs. Norton had decamped overnight, and that she had taken with her all her jewellery, a portion of her wearing apparel, and several hundred dollars in money. When questioned, Norton admitted that he and his wife had had words the night before, and that she had signified her intention of returning to her friends in California.

The affair created great excitement in the little town. The gossips were quite sure that she had run away, and that, although Mr. Edwards, who was still in town, had not gone with her, he would follow as soon as the matter had become a nine-days' wonder. But days and weeks rolled on, and Edwards did not leave, nor had he from the first shown any surprise at the absence of the little woman. He discussed the affair in a vaguely interested manner, but, as was his custom, showed neither excitement nor displeasure when told that his name was coupled with the departure of the woman. Enquiries were made of teamsters and boatmen who came from the direction that Mrs. Norton must have taken had she left town, but no one had seen her. She was well-known to all, and yet none had met her. In the course of a few weeks Frank Norton announced that he was leaving camp, a broken-hearted and ruined man. He compounded with his creditors and left the country, and was heard of no more. Letters addressed to Mrs. Norton continued to arrive by every post, and then letters of enquiry as to her whereabouts were

received by the Government agent; but from that day to this no trace of her was ever discovered. The finding, later in the year, in Lillooet Lake, of four bodies of murdered men, weighted with stones to sink them, was seized upon by some as furnishing a clew to the mystery; but as the bodies were those of males, the solution was not accepted as tenable.

Among the many Californians who were attracted to the Harrison-Lillooet country as a profitable field of investment, was Thomas B. Lewis. He was a native of Virginia, and one of the finest specimens of the many fine specimens of Americans who came to this country. He was a genial, whole-hearted fellow, and was universally liked. Tom was a heavy loser by the failure of the Harrison-Lillooet route, but took his reverses good-naturedly. He had known Flood and O'Brien when they kept the Auction Lunch, a "bit" grogshop near the waterfront at San Francisco. He told me that, while tending bar one day, the partners overheard two brokers, who had dropped in for a beer and a lunch, discussing in a confidential tone a plan for advancing to \$100 the price of shares in a certain Washoe mine. A few days before, a packer, named Jem Wade, had arrived from Cariboo with \$65,000 in gold. This sum he deposited in Flood & O'Brien's safe.

"If only we had a few thousand dollars," quoth Flood to O'Brien, "we could make a fortune."

"Let's ask Wade to lend us his gold for a few days," suggested O'Brien.

The idea was acted upon. Wade was asked, and, being an old friend, he consented, and the stock in the mine was secured with Wade's money. Before the firm sold out, the stock rose to nearly a thousand dollars a share. The shares, having been bought on a margin, the liquor dealers realized nearly a million dollars from the investment of \$65,000 of Cariboo gold. The next day the Auction lunchrooms were offered for sale, and in the course of a few weeks Flood bought a seat on the stock exchange and became one of the most important men on the board.

One of the pursers on the Nicaraguan line of steamships was W. C. Ralston. He made a lucky turn in stocks, and went on the board about the same time that Flood made his appearance there. They made heaps of money, and for a long time pulled together. But the day came when Ralston, who meanwhile had become cashier of the Bank of California, was "short" on one of the Comstock stocks. Knowing that Flood had a great many shares in the company, he sent for him, and asked him to lend him a sufficient number to make up the deficiency.

Flood, who had long secretly disliked Ralston, and now saw an opportunity of "downing" him, refused to grant his request. Ralston flew into a towering passion, and in his rage exclaimed:

"Look here, Flood, I'll send you back to sell liquor at a 'bit' a glass."

"If you do," retorted Flood, "I'll sell it over the counter of the Bank of California."

Ralston's affairs finally got into an inextricable tangle. He undertook to boom a new mining district, called White Pine, and failed. To meet his floating obligations, he overdrew his account at the bank, covering it up successfully for many months. At last the day came when concealment was no longer possible, and he was called before the board of trustees and confronted with a statement of his shortage. He was told that the overdraft amounted to a sum that exceeded four million dollars. He asked for time—twenty-four hours—in which to make the overdraft good. The time was granted. He left the bank and went straight to a place where he was accustomed to take a salt-water plunge daily. He disrobed and put on a pair of trunks, all the time conversing and joking with the attendants and a few friends whom he met on the bathing-float. Then he entered the water and swam about two hundred feet from the shore. No one appeared to take much interest in his movements. Certainly not a soul thought for a moment that the good-natured, jovial man who had left the bathing-house a few moments before with a smile and a joke on his lips, was about to dive into the great sea of eternity that circles the world about, and would be seen no more of men.

Others were taking a dip at the same time, and as Ralston passed a group of swimmers he remarked that the water was cold. The swimmers agreed with him, and he swam farther out. That was the last ever seen alive of the banker and broker who for so long a time had controlled the financial

interests of San Francisco. A few minutes later he was observed to be floating with the tide, helpless, his face downward, his body partially submerged. A boat was sent out and the body brought ashore. It was still warm, but life was extinct. The surgeons said that he had taken laudanum and that he fell asleep in the water, and passed away painlessly. Almost in the twinkling of an eye this great man had become a bit of human wreckage, tossed to and fro by the billows on the bosom of mother ocean. But yesterday a financial king, before whom men cringed, and upon whom they fawned. Now an inert, insensate form—dead to all things earthly—afloat without compass or chart or rudder to direct his course. In recalling the sad fate of Ralston, how forcibly one is reminded of the words from Timothy, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." The Bank of California suspended for a brief period, but the shareholders were all rich, and subscribed new capital, and the bank is now one of the strongest in the United States.

Associated with Flood and O'Brien later on, was John W. Mackey, one of the most charming and unostentatious of all the suddenly-made-rich men through the discoveries in the great Bonanza. Mackey mined in California with indifferent success, and when he went to Nevada he was very poor. His career showed that he was possessed of more than ordinary ability. Having realized many millions from the Bonanza, he went to New York,

and placed his huge capital in cable and telegraph lines. When he died a few years ago his fortune had been greatly added to by the wise character of his investments. It was said of him that he never forgot men who had rendered him a service when he was poor, and that his benefactions were large all the world is aware.

Flood became a banker, and a successful one, too. He gathered about him able financiers, and, following their advice, made the Bank of Nevada a strong financial institution.

One day, in the course of conversation I asked Lewis if he had any theory as to the fate of Mrs. Norton.

"Yes," he replied, "I have always believed that Norton, in a fit of jealousy, killed her and buried her body, or hurled it into the river."

"How do you account for Edwards' indifference?" I asked.

"Easily enough," he responded. "Edwards was not in love with the poor girl, and was rather relieved than otherwise to think that she had gone away. He was a fine man and would not have done anything wrong under any circumstances. He did not believe that there had been a murder, and, as I have said, was glad to think that the woman, who wearied him with her attentions, had gone away."

Nearly ten years after this conversation, I read in a San Francisco newspaper the alleged confession of a man named Norton. He was believed to

be dying, and said that he had had a difficulty with his wife in British Columbia and had killed her by a blow on the head with a potato-masher. He said he buried the body beneath the house, and gave out that she had eloped, taking with her much money and valuable property. The man died, and that was all the information I ever obtained of the tragic affair.

Lewis went from here to San Francisco in 1867 in a stone-broke condition. In that year a real-estate movement set in, and Lewis shared in the general prosperity that resulted. He bought a huge tract of land in the suburbs of the city, and plotted it, realizing many thousand dollars from the sale. His first step after realizing a considerable fortune was to pay all his indebtedness in this country. His next was to open a savings bank. In the first he was eminently successful, all his creditors were paid. The savings bank, however, proved his ruin. He lost all his own and a large part of the money of his friends. He died at San Francisco about ten years ago, deeply regretted by all who knew him, for he was a good sort, and the world would be better off if there were more of his kind. But they shouldn't start savings banks.

William Smithe, who succeeded Mr. Beaven as Premier in 1883, used to give an amusing account of how he once got ahead of Ralston. Smithe was then on the reportorial staff of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and the editor of that newspaper

was desirous of obtaining an interview with Ralston, to glean information as to a great project that that capitalist and his friends had in hand. Reporter after reporter had been turned away from the capitalist's door with the reply that Mr. Ralston had nothing to communicate. At length, Smithe volunteered to get the required information. It happened that he was very little known in the city, and when he sent his card in to Mr. Ralston's private office as "William Smithe, Boston, Mass.," he was received with cordiality and every consideration. It happened that it was Boston capitalists whom Ralston was anxious to interest in his scheme, and he had had correspondence with a gentleman named Smith on the subject. Without noticing the redundant "e" at the end of his visitor's name, he naturally concluded that he was identical with his Boston correspondent, and so at once proceeded to a discussion of the subject which just then lay nearest his heart. Smithe, of course, was in a fog, for he was densely ignorant of the whole business, but, being a bright young fellow, he soon picked up a thread here and there, and led Ralston along until he obtained a cue that opened the door of his mind to the project and gave him material for a splendid sensational article. Mr. Ralston was delighted with his visitor, and invited him to dine with him at Menlo Park the same evening, promising to call for him with his carriage at six o'clock at the Palace Hotel.

"But," said Smithe, "you may be sure I did not

go. I never believe in tempting Providence. I had got all I wanted. I had got what none of the other reporters had been able to get, so I thought I had better not run the risk of being discovered and kicked out. Besides, I had never been in Boston, and ten chances to one my entertainer would have invited some Boston men to meet me, and then I should have been in a bad fix. So, when Ralston called for me at the hotel at six o'clock, he found that no one of my name was stopping there. That probably set him thinking, and when next morning he found the interview in the *Chronicle*, he must have sworn vengeance against the whole Smith family, whether with or without the final "e."

William Smithe was one of the ablest men who ever entered politics in this country. By sheer force of intellect and untiring industry he rose to the position of Premier of the province, and held office until his death, which occurred in the spring of 1887. It was during his administration that arrangements were made with the C.P.R. to extend its line from the temporary terminus at Port Moody to Vancouver. A pet theory of Smithe's was both original and startling. He believed that the country west of a line drawn through the Province of Manitoba, and through the Western States of America to the Gulf of Mexico, would all form one nation, and that within the borders of the territory lying west of that line would be produced a new type of man, the intellectual and

physical superior of every other race, who would rule the world, with Winnipeg as the capital.

In the summer of 1885, about fifty members of the American press visited Victoria, and in return for courtesies shown them by the local Government and press, they invited their entertainers to a luncheon on board the steamer *Princess Louise*. About a hundred persons sat down at the table and when the toast of the local Government was drunk, the Premier rose to respond. To the surprise of all he launched at once into the subject nearest his heart. Once having made a start upon his favorite theme, the Premier spoke for nearly an hour. He appeared to have lost all idea of the flight of time, and the departure whistle was blown before he sat down. Then it was too late for the other guests to give utterance to the pretty thoughts which they had intended to say, and, after a few pleasant interchanges of compliments the party left for their own country. Of course, the Opposition press came down with thundering force on the Premier, but that gentleman, calm and serene in the conviction that he had imparted information that would prove of value to the visitors, laughed at his critics, and took their gibes in good part. Some American papers took the matter up, and discussed the Premier's speech with heated and contemptuous words.

Readers of American history at the time when the war between the North and South was waged, will call to mind that at the beginning of the

struggle General Dix, who was one of the Ministers at Washington, having been informed by one of his officers at the port of New Orelans that Holt, the collector of customs at that port, had threatened to remove the American flag from the Customs House, telegraphed this memorable reply: "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." Shortly after the delivery of Smithe's speech at the banquet I took passage one day upon a steamboat bound for New Westminster. On board were a bright, chatty little Southern American lady and her aged father. They had lately returned from a trip around the world, and, as they were very talkative, we soon got acquainted. Then the old gentleman told me that he was collector of customs at New Orleans when the rebellion broke out, that his name was Holt, and that he was the man whom Dix ordered to be shot on the spot if he should dare to haul down the American flag. After discussing the war, secession, and many other topics, the lady took up Mr. Smithe's speech at the banquet, and scored him heavily. While she spoke, a canoe put out from the Cowichan shore and signalled the steamer. The vessel stopped and received on board another passenger, in the person of the Premier of British Columbia. Now, it was believed that Miss Holt was not acquainted with Mr. Smithe, and that she was not aware that he had come on board; so it occurred to some wags who

were on the steamer to have a little amusement at the expense of the little Southern lady and the Premier. Smithe was conducted to a seat not far from, and within hearing distance of, Miss Holt. She was still discussing the banquet incident, and one of the wags pretended to defend the Premier. At this she displayed great wrath and, raising her voice, said that the Premier should be drummed out of the country.

"Why," she continued, "if we had him in the South, we'd tar and feather him. A new race, indeed! If I lived here, I'd race him out of the province. The idea! If his physical and mental conditions need toning up, let it be done. But let him leave other people's conditions alone, until they ask his advice."

There was a burst of approval from the passengers, who had gathered about, and were in the secret. Smithe, who had heard every word of the tirade, said nothing, but looked as if he wished he had not come on board.

"What sort of a looking man would you take Mr. Smithe to be?" asked one of the group.

"Why, I should say that the man who could give utterance to such sentiments must be a mean, sawed-off, undersized, measly little fellow, with weedy hair and whiskers, a snub nose and rheumy eyes. Just the sort of looking man a woman would run away from if she met him in the dark." (Smithe was a very tall, handsome man, with full black whiskers, and most agreeable manners.)

Peal after peal of laughter went up, as some one led the Premier forward, and said:

"Miss Holt, allow me to introduce the Hon. Mr. Smithe, Premier of British Columbia." Smithe raised his hat, and the lady, rising, extended her hand, which Smithe took and shook warmly.

"I trust that you and your father have been quite well since we met at Government House the other evening," said Smithe.

The lady assured him that she and her father were very well; then, taking the Premier's arm, she withdrew from the group, and the two walked up and down on the hurricane deck, the laughter which came from the pair convincing the wags that they were the victims of their own joke. Mr. and Miss Holt remained in town several days, and then departed for home. But it was a long time before the wits, who had been so sadly discomfited and outwitted by the sweet little Southern lady, heard the last of their adventure on the New Westminster steamboat.

THE WOMAN WITH THE FORGET-ME-NOTS.

“ Nothing in his life
Became him like his leaving it ; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.”

—*Macbeth.*

I SAW her first at Vancouver, in a Granville Street car. She was a brunette with dark, expressive eyes, an oval face of a faint olive hue, and a glorious crown of intensely black hair. She was dressed in black. Her figure was round and full, and her appearance was that of a beautiful young woman, educated and refined. She held in her hand a hymn-book, and by her side there rested a parasol with a carved handle of exquisite design. Pinned to her breast was a small bunch of that lovely flower called the forget-me-not. With her companions, two ladies and a gentleman, she was evidently returning from an evening service at one of the churches. By chance I occupied a seat directly opposite the young lady. Presently our eyes met, and to my surprise she gave a slight start, and a frightened look stole into her eyes as for a brief moment they rested on my face. I

looked toward the end of the car. The situation was embarrassing to me, at least, for I have now and always have had an uncommon horror of being counted with that disagreeable class of people known in society as "mashers." When I again allowed myself to turn toward the lady she was looking intently at the floor, while she carried on an animated conversation with her friends. Her voice, I call to mind, was low and sweet, and gave evidence of culture and refinement. Presently she raised her head and gazed full at me. Her glance swept my face, and a deep, inquiring look crept into her fine eyes. They said to me, almost as plainly as if she had uttered the words:

"Where have I seen this man before? Under what circumstances have we met?"

At the corner of Davie Street I left the car, and the lady and her friends continued on.

The next day and the next passed without my meeting the charming woman, though I rode up and down the line several times in the hope of seeing her. I was impressed with the belief that there existed a reason for the lady's strange agitation, and I was anxious to obtain an explanation, if possible. On the third evening my persistence was rewarded. The strange lady and her friends entered the car, and I found myself seated opposite her. She was plainly but neatly attired in some dark stuff, and on her breast reposed a beautiful bunch of forget-me-nots. As I looked, I detected her again scanning my face with a questioning,

eager, frightened expression. I only glanced at her, but as I dropped my eyes to the floor I was conscious that she was studying my face closely and drawing upon the cells of her memory to recall my features. That she associated me with some startling event in her past life was evident, but, rack my brain as I might, I could not remember having seen her before.

"This," I said to myself, "is a woman with a history. She has a past, and it is an eventful one. She has seen trouble—lots of it, and, perhaps, she has sinned. As a last resort she has thrown herself at the foot of the Cross and asked for mercy from Him who is the refuge for all bruised, despairing hearts. Why does she regard me so intently and show agitation when we meet? Have we met in some other land, and if so, where, and under what circumstances? What act could this lovely woman have committed against human or divine law, the recollection of which causes her so much uneasiness, lest I, knowing her offence, should proclaim her record from the housetops?"

As I looked towards her again I caught her gazing full at me, studying me with the same indescribable, almost frightened expression that I had noticed before. When she found that I was observing her she swiftly withdrew her eyes and resumed the conversation with her friends. Presently she opened the hymn-book, and after consulting the index, turned to the 277th hymn, which begins, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and seemed to read it.

“Poor girl,” I mentally remarked, “she is seeking strength.”

As I mused, something struck my knee and fell to the floor. It was the lady’s parasol, which, while standing at her side, had lost its balance and fallen across the car. I picked it up and handed it to her. She received it graciously, with a sweet smile and a glance from those deep, black eyes which seemed to say, “My future depends upon your silence. I trust you. Have mercy!”

At least, that was how I divined the look, for I was amazed at the deep interest which the lady seemed to take in me, and the wild, startled, beseeching air with which she regarded me. I then and there determined to fathom the mystery—for such it seemed. I gazed full into the deep jet orbs. She responded with a long stare, and I thought that an expression of defiance, like that of an animal at bay, crept into her face, and that from an humble suppliant of a moment before she had become a defiant antagonist. The contest was one of the blue against the black, and at last I dropped my eyes and gave up the struggle. All this had occupied scarcely ten seconds, and was unnoticed, save by the actors. Presently the party rose to leave the car. The strange lady was the last to file by me, and as she passed I felt something drop upon my knee and then fall to the floor. I looked, and it was the lady’s bunch of forget-me-nots! I picked the sweet flowers up and held them in my hand. It never once occurred to me that they had been intention-

ally dropped by the owner in the hope that I would restore them, and so open an avenue for an interview, although subsequent revelations would seem to show that they were purposely placed within my reach. I kept the flowers until they faded, and often and often I looked into their depths and wondered who and what the woman was, and why she was so deeply interested in me and I in her.

On two or three occasions I encountered the strange lady, once in a dry goods store, where she was purchasing some goods, but she resolutely refrained from looking toward me, and gave no sign that she saw me then or had ever seen me before. Her face was set and impenetrable. Once, when she found herself seated opposite me in the car, she rose and walked to the rear end, and took a seat on the other side, finally leaving the car without giving the slightest evidence that she had ever seen me before. On every occasion I observed that she wore a small nosegay of forget-me-nots.

In a week or two the ladies and gentleman who had accompanied the lady to and from divine service entered the car without her. At first I thought that she might be ill, but after awhile I came to the conclusion that she had gone away, for I saw her no more. A month, two months, passed, and one evening I addressed the gentleman who had accompanied her this question:

"What has become of the lady who was accustomed to go with your family to and from church? I mean the lady who was always dressed in black,

and who always wore a bunch of forget-me-nots."

"Oh," replied the gentleman, "she has gone to Seattle."

"What is her name?" I asked.

"Royce," he replied.

"What does she do for a living?" I persisted.

"She is a stenographer and typewriter."

"I had an idea that I have met her before somewhere," I said, "under extraordinary circumstances."

"Very likely," he replied. "She is a most unfortunate woman. After her trial and acquittal she joined our church, and we offered her a home for a short time. She is a good Christian woman now, whatever she may have been before."

"Her trial and acquittal!" I exclaimed with astonishment. "Of what could that lovely woman have been suspected?"

"Of the murder of her husband."

I was silent for a moment, for I was overwhelmed with surprise. I asked myself if it were possible that this gentle-faced, innocent-looking, well-bred lady had really been tried for her life? There must surely be some mistake. If she really killed her husband it must have been a misadventure, but if she did it deliberately, I shall never trust a pretty face again.

"Did she really kill him?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, she killed him fast enough, and she meant to do it, too. There was only one fault to find with her. She ought to have killed him long before she did."

"What had he done?" I asked.

"Everything that is bad," he replied, as he walked away.

After my friend had departed I turned the name Royce over and over again in my mind. Where had I heard it before? I asked myself. Seattle was the scene of the tragedy, was it? At last, after many hours passed in reflection, the truth dawned upon me. I remembered that some months before, having business with a newspaperman at Seattle, I found him in the Criminal Court taking evidence. A woman stood indicted for the murder of her husband. She sat by the side of her lawyer listening to the evidence, and I took a seat among the reporters and watched the proceedings for a long time. The prisoner sat exactly opposite me, and I observed that she wore on her breast a small bunch of forget-me-nots. Unquestionably she had seen me in the court-room, and recognized me when we met in the street-car. Piece by piece the sad story, as it reached the court, came back until at last it stood before me as plain as a picture on the wall. The victim's name was Royce. He was a *litterateur*, and some years before had married a beautiful girl who loved him devotedly. Matters went on pleasantly until the husband took to gambling. His wife got employment as a stenographer, and turned her earnings over to her husband. They were insufficient to satisfy his needs, and he urged her to take to the street, and so add to his income. For a long time she refused, but at last she yielded.

Her earnings were large, but not sufficiently large to meet her husband's requirements.

One night he entered their apartment. Inflamed by liquor, he was in a savage mood, for he had lost heavily at the gaming table. His wife reclined on a lounge.

"Here," the man roared, "what are you doing lying here? Why are you not hustling? Get out of this—quick—for I want more money. I must have it to-night."

"Charlie," the woman responded, "I shall not go out. I shall never go out again. I am done with it all. To-morrow we part forever, unless you will promise to leave this town with me and try and lead a better life."

The man flew into an ecstasy of passion. Anger choked his utterance, and he could only beat the air with his hands and stamp and swear. At last he contrived to blurt out that there was no necessity for reformation, and she should return to the street at once or he would kick her out of the house. "Go now," he continued, "and don't let me see you again until you have some cash for me."

The woman rose to her feet and stood before her husband.

"Listen to me, Charlie," she implored, "only for a few minutes. I have met a godly man who has pointed out to me my errors—our errors. He has shown me the road that leads to eternal life. He has opened the door of heaven to me, and has convinced me that you and I will be surely lost

through all eternity if we do not abandon our evil courses."

"Stop that snivelling, you fool," interrupted the man, "and let's talk business. Who is this —— scoundrel who has dared to come between man and wife? Give him a name that I may beat him like a dog."

"His name is Barnes. He preaches every night on the streets. Two nights ago I stopped while on my rounds and listened to his kind and gentle words. To-night I heard him again. When he had finished he spoke to me, and bade me be of good cheer, for he had seen me weeping. He implored me to quit this dreadful life, and I promised him that I would. He also made me promise to bring you to him that he might talk and pray with you. He says we should go away and start life in some place where we are not known. I beg of you, my husband, to listen to me. Let us leave everything behind us and go away to-night—to-morrow. I am ready to start now."

She paused and looked anxiously at her husband. He regarded her with a sneer on his face for a moment, and then burst into a torrent of abuse and profanity.

"Want to go right away, do you?" he snarled. "Ready to start at once, are you? Want to join the psalm-singers, do you? Next you'll ask me to join the Salvation Army and carry a banner, while you beat a tamborine and pass it around for stray quarters. A nice occupation you've found for me, haven't you? Look here, my lady, if I catch that

Gospel sharp loafing about here I'll break his —— neck—see? You'll go back to the street. I'm your husband, whom you swore to love, honor and obey. Now, stop your crying and praying, and start out. I want money—money, do you hear? I have a system by which I can break McNulty's bank, and we can live in wealth and comfort for ever afterwards. But I must have cash to do it with, and you've got to get it for me."

During this tirade the woman fell on her knees, and with clasped hands and with her face turned heavenward had prayed silently for help. "Oh! Charlie, Charlie!" she cried, "I will forgive you freely for what you have done to me if you will only come away now and give up your evil habits. If you could but hear that good man talk and pray I am sure he would convince you that even sinners like you and I can be saved. He gave out a hymn that was a favorite with my dear old mother, and I joined in the singing with some other girls. I hurried home from the meeting and ran upstairs to this room. I tore off my hat and trampled it under my feet. I got a pair of scissors and cut my silk street dress into little bits and strewed the fragments on the floor. I washed the paint and powder from my face, then I threw my jewels into the street. I'll never wear any of them more. They would scorch my flesh and burn like acid into my soul. To-morrow I shall leave this town. Must I go alone? Come with me, Charlie, I beg of you. I implore you to come with me to some quiet place where we shall not be known, and where amid new

scenes and new faces we may devote ourselves to good objects. Come, Charlie, say you will come."

Royce burst forth into the most horrid imprecations. "How did you dare destroy your clothes and cast away your jewels? They were my property. I shall beat you for destroying them," and he advanced upon his wife with his hand raised as if to strike her.

"Stand back!" the woman cried. "Don't dare to lay your hands on me. Unless you go with me you shall never touch me again. You have disgraced and degraded me. You have insulted my womanhood, but I will forgive everything if you will repent. Do not come near me till you have promised to go with me."

Despite her warning the man continued to advance. She retreated, her face paling, her bosom heaving and her eyes blazing like red-hot coals in a furnace. Overcome by her emotions the woman fell backward upon the lounge.

Royce sprang forward and, seizing her by the shoulders, raised her to her feet.

"Curse you, you devil!" he shouted. "I'll not let you go. You shall stay and work for me. If you will not I'll beat you—I'll kill you, if necessary. Do you hear me? You are my property, and I'll treat you as I like!"

The woman again sought the lounge and sat down upon it, smoothing one of the cushions. Then she looked up at her husband, and said quietly, "I'll go all the same."

The man again broke into a torrent of abuse.

"You'll not go!" he shouted. "I'll kick you till you'll be too sore to walk, and you have no money to pay for a ride. Get up, you ——," and he struck her a violent blow with his open hand on the left side of her face. The delicate flesh where the blow fell turned crimson, while all about the red mark the face was deathly pale. The mark seemed like the brand of a hot iron.

The woman's hand sought the cushion again as if to smooth it. Then she turned quickly and confronted her husband. She pointed to her cheek and looked as if all the devil in her nature was aroused. For a moment there was a deep silence. The man himself seemed appalled at his own act. They had had many differences, but he had never struck her before. It was the woman who spoke first.

"All is over between us for ever. Never again shall I live with you. Go your way and I will go mine. You only struck my face, but the blow has reached my heart and seared it. Never in this world or in the next shall I forgive you. May you be accursed for ever and ever!"

Her words added fuel to the man's anger, and he advanced towards her with his clenched fist raised as if to strike her.

"Back!" cried his wife, as she retreated to the wall and stood there like a hunted animal at bay. She raised one hand to push him back, but the right hand hung by her side. Something glistened in it. Was it a knife or a pistol?

Royce seized the left hand and crushed it in his strong grasp.

"Release me," she cried, "or I will not be responsible for what I may do!"

He laughed insanely, and in his frenzy drew near to again strike her.

"Back," she screamed, "or your blood will be upon your own head."

"You can't scare me," the infuriated fool said. He still crushed the left hand and made an effort to seize the right.

"Release me!" the woman cried.

"Not till I've broken every bone in your body!" he shouted.

"Then may God have mercy on your soul!" she shrieked.

There was a loud report. Royce lifted his hands above his head, and fell heavily to the floor. He uttered no word, nor did he move. A few heavy sighs, and the turbulent, wicked spirit had passed away, all unprepared, to its Maker.

The report attracted the attention of the passers on the street and of the other inmates of the house. They rushed into the room. The woman stood with the smoking pistol in her hand, her eyes dry, and, save for the crimson mark of that wicked hand, her face pale as death. She pointed calmly towards the body on the floor, and said, "I shot him! He struck me and I killed him. Take me to prison!" She was arrested and confined in a cell awaiting trial. Her spiritual adviser was Rev. Mr. Barnes, whose street-preaching had awakened her slumbering conscience. He stirred up the Christian sentiment of the town in her behalf. Able counsel were

procured for her, and every day good men and women prayed with her. Flowers, among them the favorite forget-me-not, and fruit and food and luxuries were sent to her cell.

She was acquitted. Upon her discharge Rev. Mr. Barnes proposed marriage to her. She declined, and came to Vancouver to stay with some friends here who had been attracted to her by the story of her sufferings. The clergyman went mad, and was sent to the state lunatic asylum. It was during her stay in Vancouver that I met her in the car, and to that incident may be attributed this story. After leaving here Mrs. Royce returned to the Sound, where she sought employment as a stenographer and typewriter. But who cared to employ a woman who had once walked the streets and who had been tried for killing her husband? It was true that she was a regenerate, and that she now belonged to a church and went to communion. It was urged that she had been forced to sin by a dissolute husband, and that she had committed a righteous act in ridding the world of him. All argument was of no effect. No one wanted her. Even those ladies who had visited her in prison and sent her food and fruit and flowers, and who had prayed with her, objected to their husbands or sons taking the beautiful creature into their business offices, and in the end—well, she turned from the new life and went back to the old!

“Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun.”

